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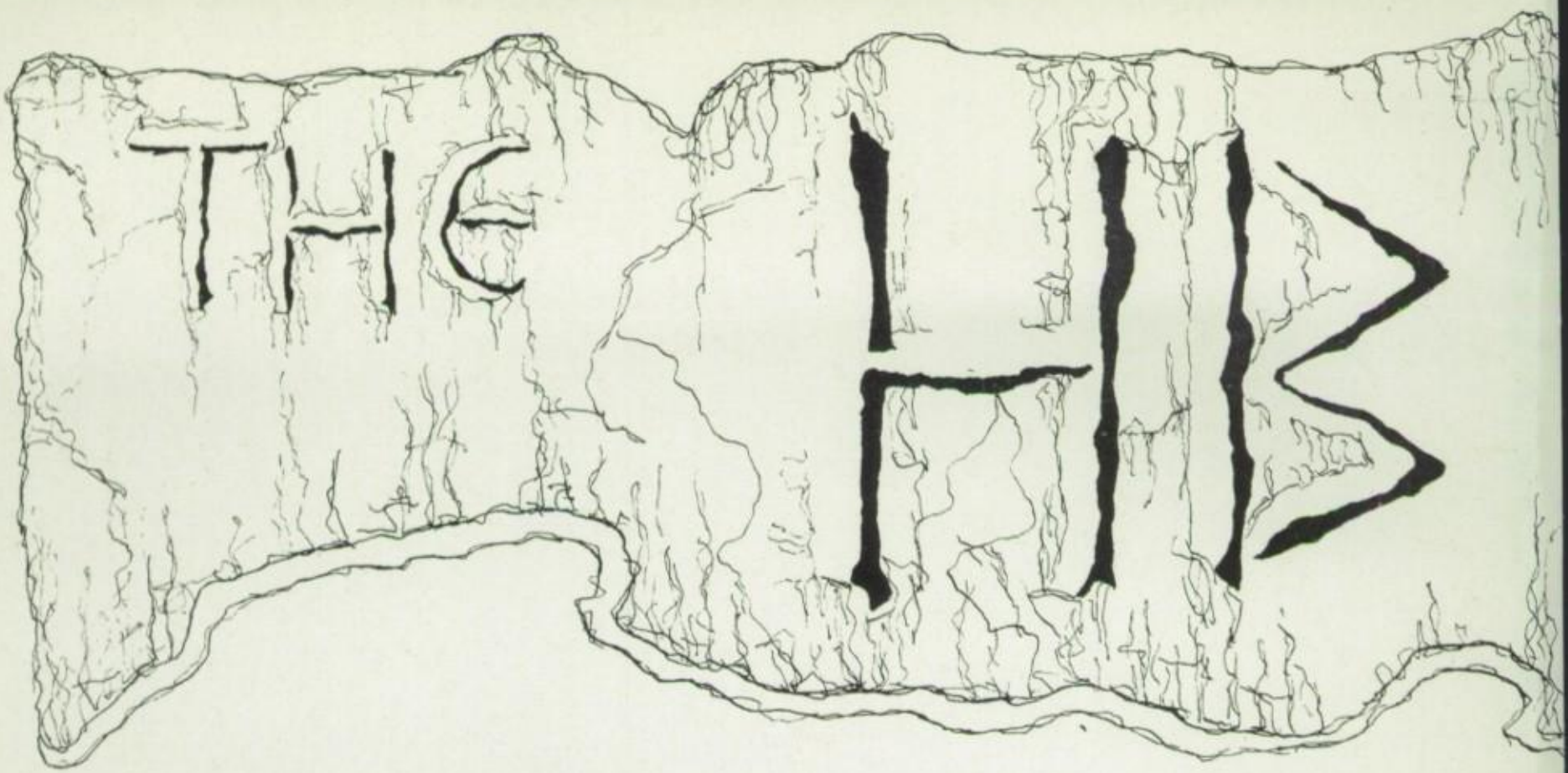
VALLATA

Hathaway Brown School

1963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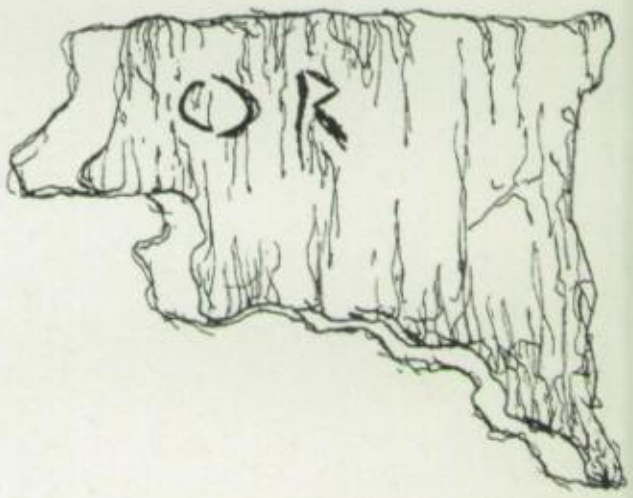
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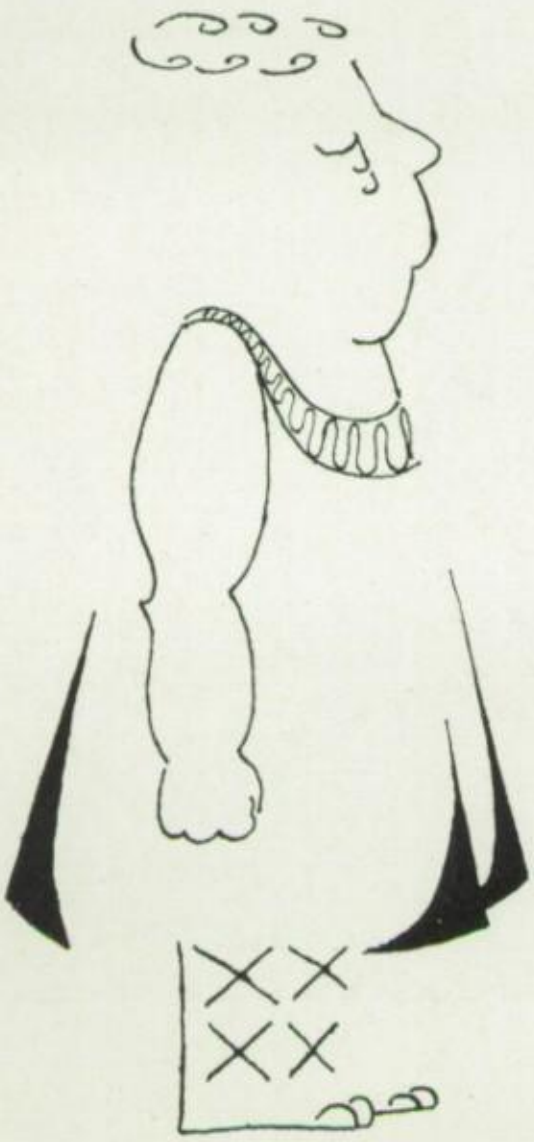
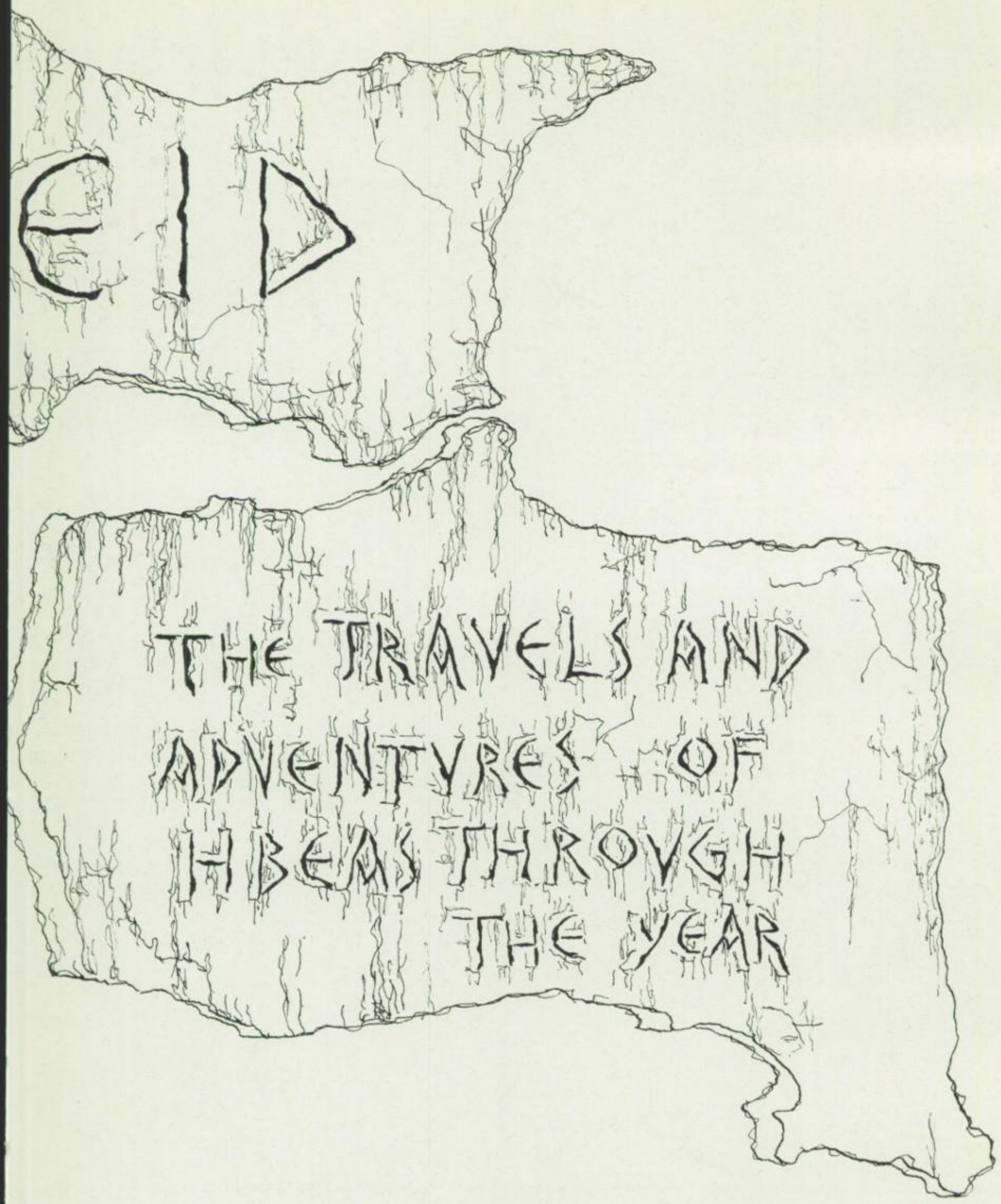
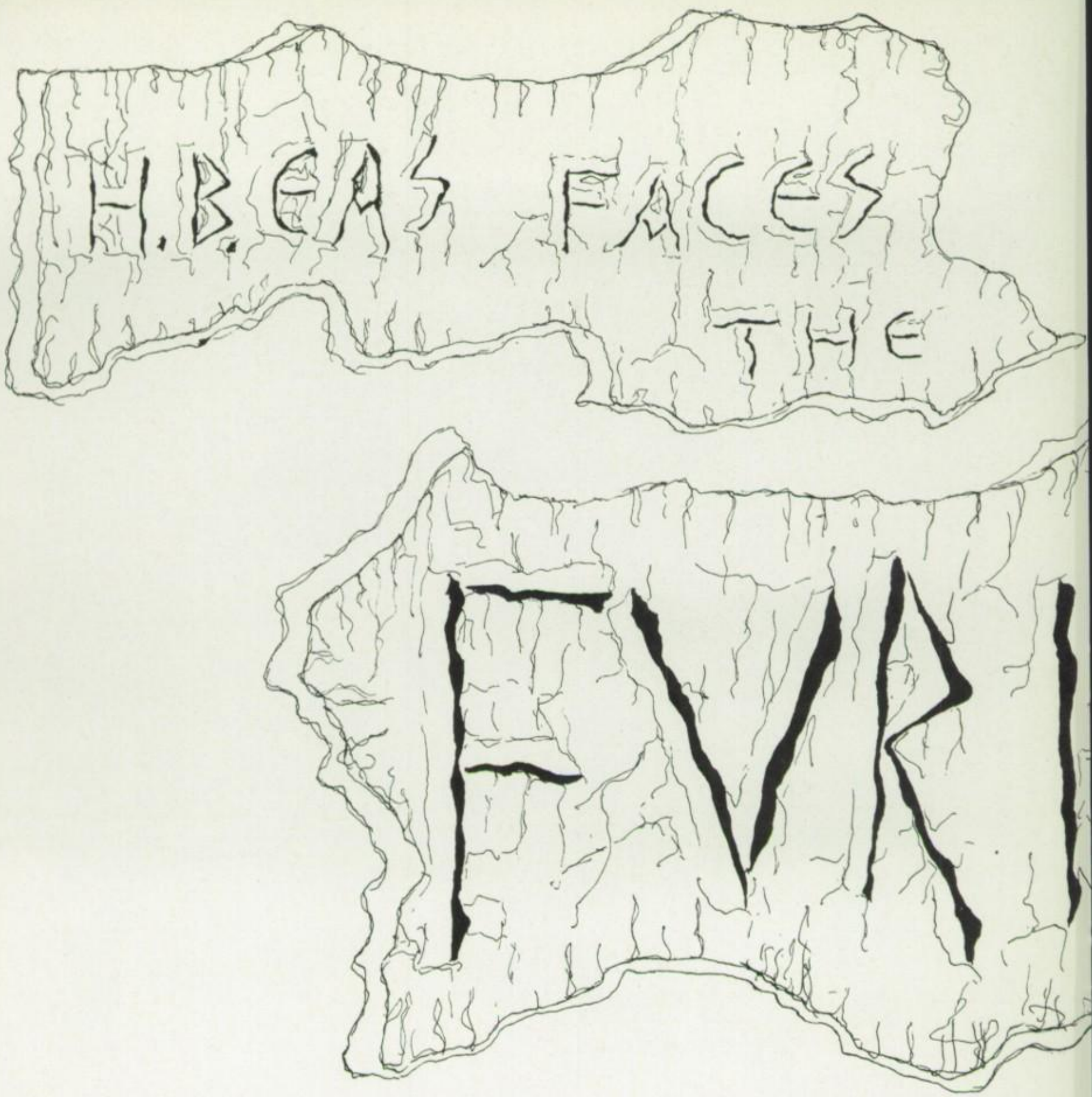



EID
THE TRAVELS AND
ADVENTYRES OF
THBEARS THROVGH
THE YEAR

To Miss Coburn . . .

For this year and for all the years,
For the memory of our past and for the promise of our future,
For your dignity, wisdom, and sympathy,
For what you have made us and what you have made our school,
We thank you,
And with our love
We dedicate this book.


H.B.GAS FACES
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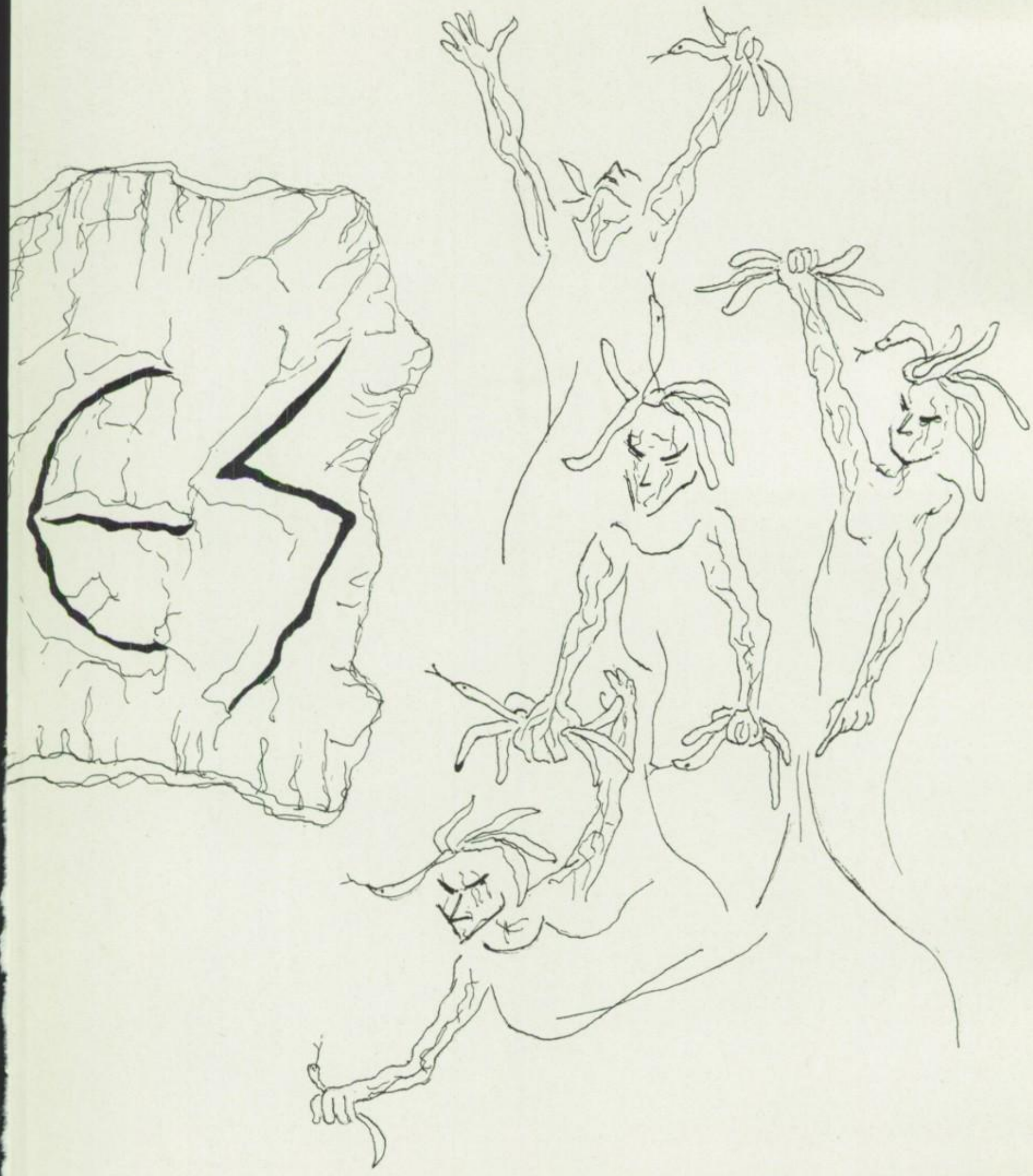

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Headmistress

MISS CHARLOTTE VAN HOUTEN
Head of Primary Department

MRS. SETH HAMMOND
Head of the Preparatory Department

Miss Sarah Birney
English

Miss Sue M. Betzold
Latin

Miss Ada Bruce
English

Miss Bonnie Bruce
Nursery School

Miss Marion Caul
Assistant Treasurer

Mrs. Ben H. Davis
English

Miss Mary Ann Doerner
Secretary

Miss Dorothea Dudley
Nursery School

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Latin

Miss Grace E. Finley
French

Mrs. Robert H. Foulkes
Music

Mrs. Robert J. Gregg
Preparatory Spelling and Reading

Mrs. Aubrey Hackenburg
Grade II

Miss Clarice Haigh
English

Mrs. Meriam Herrick
Primary Art

Mrs. Robert J. Hole
Preparatory Mathematics and English

Mrs. Charles Hudson
French

Mrs. E. W. Huffer
Mathematics

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American History

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Mrs. Foster Miller
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Art

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Music

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Assistant to the Headmistress

Mrs. Thomas Piwonka
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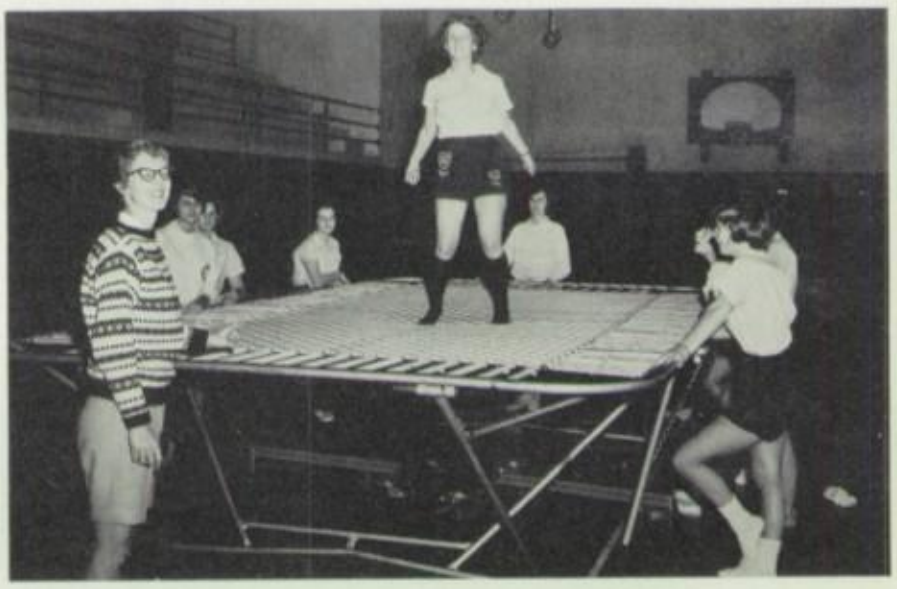
Mrs. F. Scott Rodgers
Preparatory Art



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Grade II

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Dietician and Director of Personnel

Mrs. Clark H. Sturgeon
Home Economics

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Preparatory Science

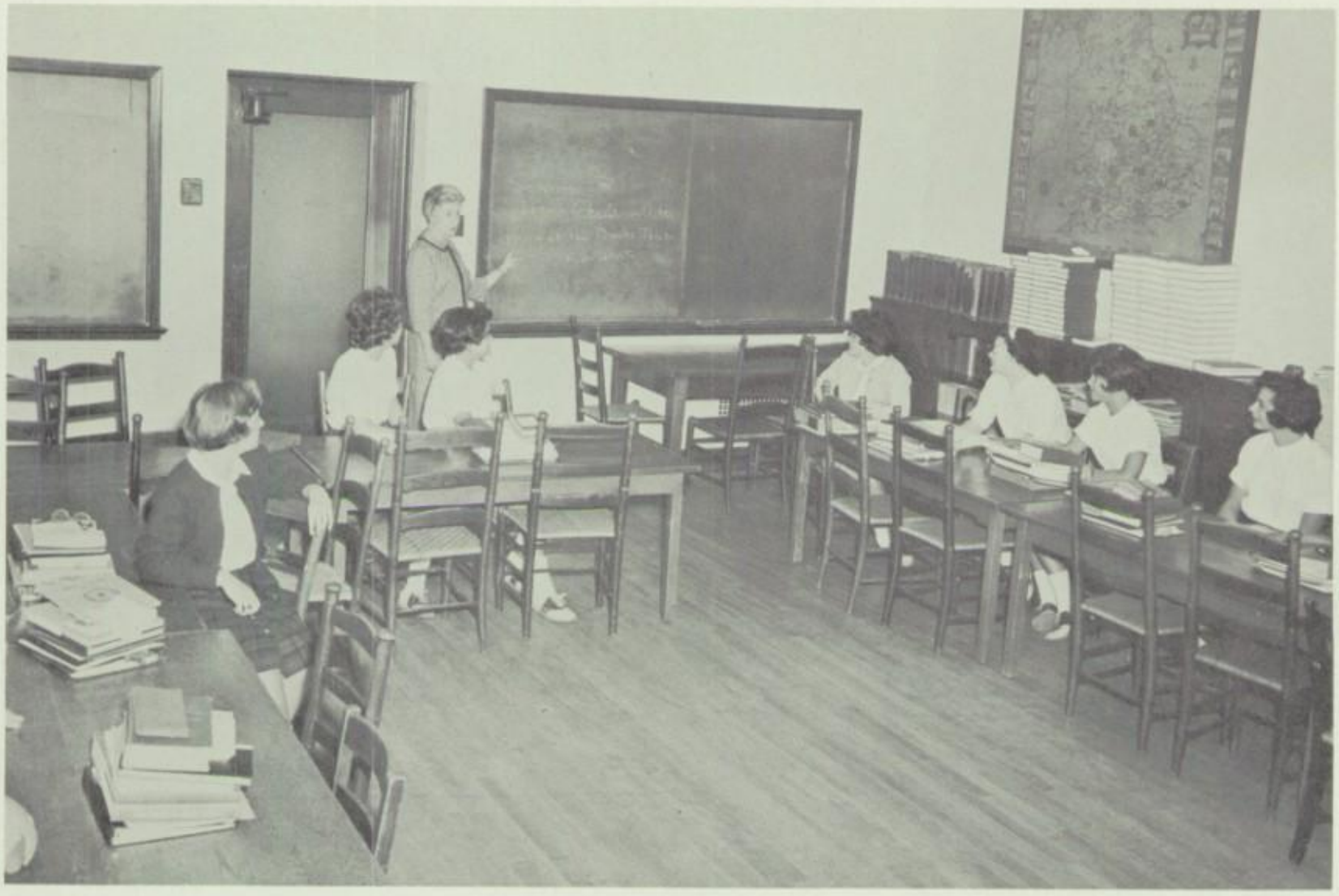
Miss Audrey Wilk
Dramatics

MRS. JOHN N. WILKIN
Kindergarten

MRS. GUY WILSON
French

MR. GUY WILSON
Ancient and Modern History

MISS GRETCHEN ZEITER
Science



THE

H.B.C.AS

QUAKES

BEFORE

OLYMPIANS

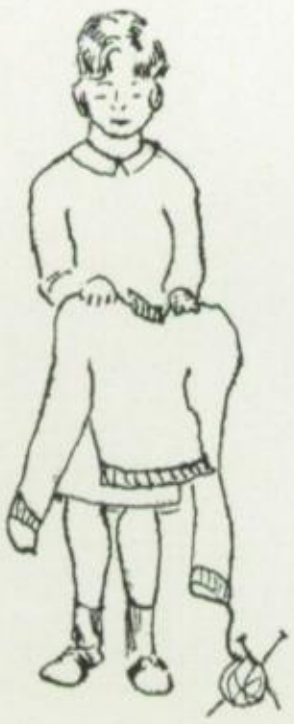
Sally El Adams

Sally is one of the original Skating Club "rink rats" whose desertion of the sport was a loss to the Club. A good athlete, Sal is also interested in swimming, tennis, and curling. Her fondest memories are centered in Maine summer vacations in a converted mill. One of Sally's finest qualities is her willingness to do anyone a favor anytime, no matter what her plans may be. She is one of those hard workers who, while they may not always be in the spotlight, are the real contributors to the class.

Carolyn Hubbard Arms

Carol has been at H. B. long enough to be an outstanding participant in several athletic May Days. Her artistic talent was formally recognized when she was elected president of Art Club. A conscientious individualist, she is noted for her "piggies" and varying degrees of grubbiness in informal attire. Her house is meeting place for people from as far away as Brecksville (wherever that is). Carol's personality is impossible to describe; she finds something funny in every situation and unconsciously transmits it to those around her. Above all, she is a loyal friend, a sympathetic listener, and an unusually sensitive individual.

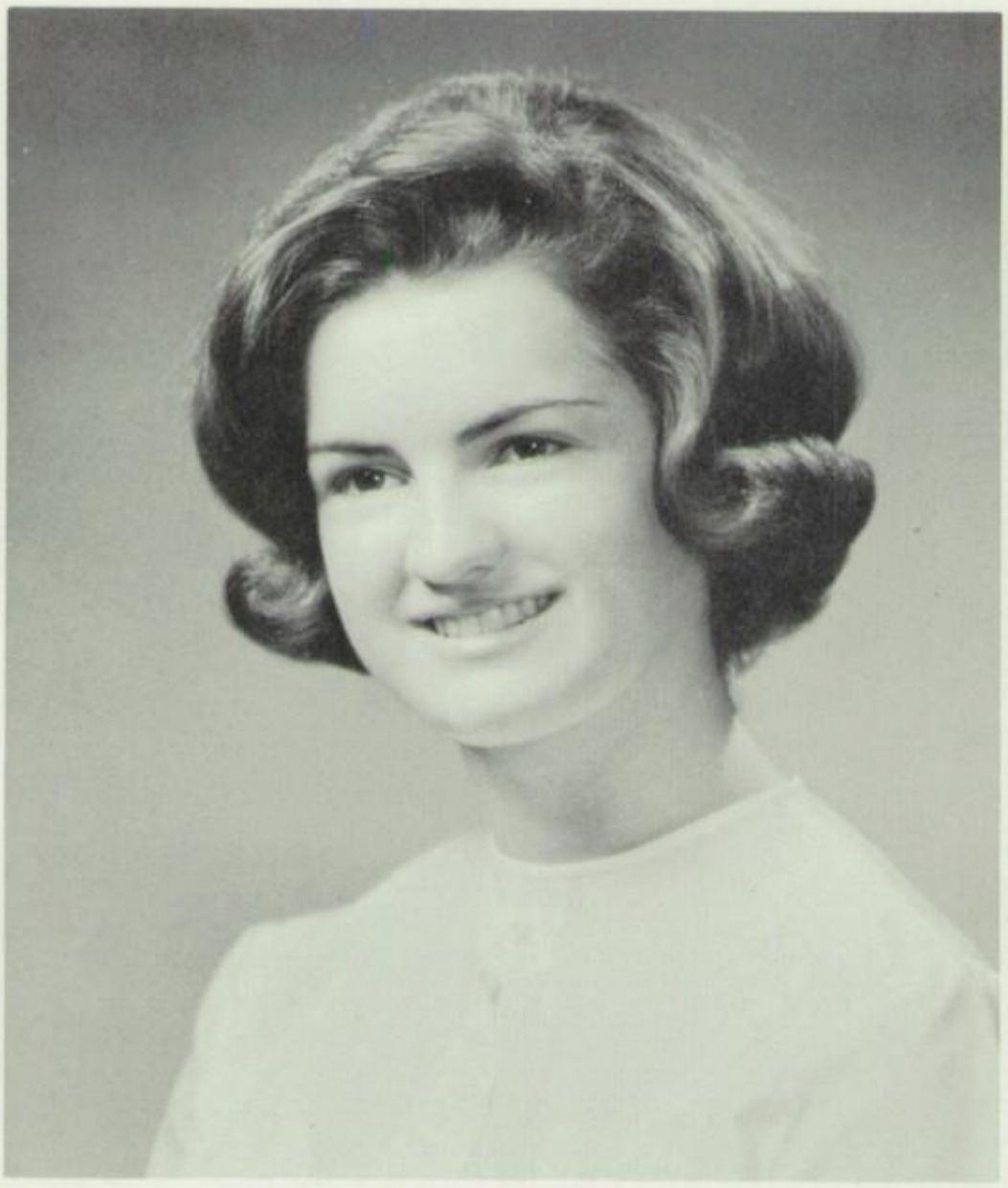
Laura Ann Beatty



Four-year member of Glee Club and welcome modern dancer senior year, Laura Jane can always be counted on for enthusiastic support of any project. She is rarely without a smile or an admirer, although she prefers bulldogs. Our Virginian-Floridian Froggy is an original member of the Mayfield loafers though she can boast faithful service to the Hunt Club day campers. Her unaffected personality, combining an intense love of life with deep sensitivity to feelings of others, makes Laurie a memorable addition to '63 and a true friend.

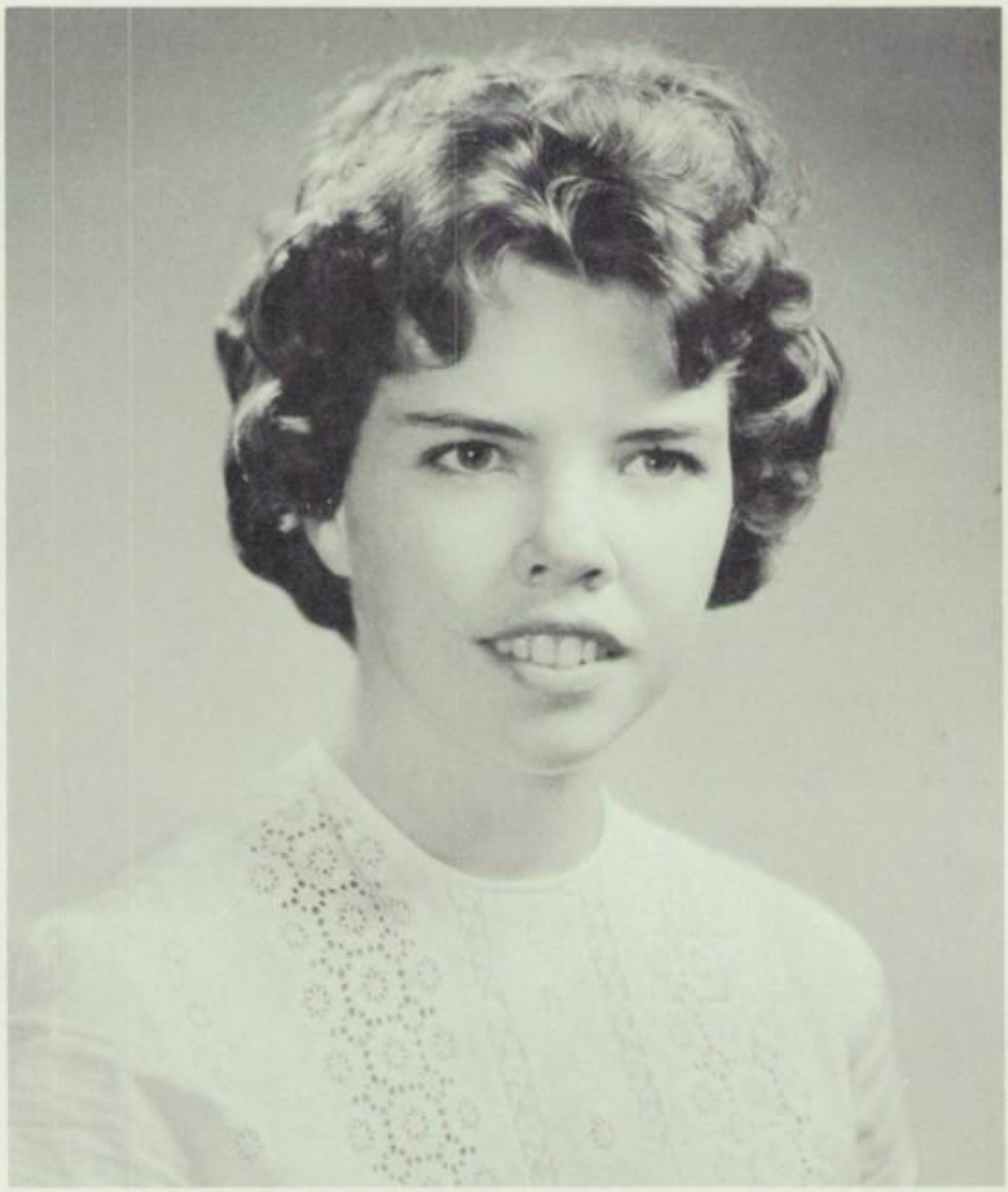
Nancy Lee Belden

A loud "A-oo-ga!" from outside can only mean that Nance has arrived. On numerous trips to the country, she maneuvers her car at breakneck speed, but with the ease of familiarity. An H.B.ite since nursery school and perpetual A.A. Board representative, Nance maintains a strong devotion to her school, its ideals, and its endeavors. Unselfish and completely loyal to her friends, Nance is always a joy to talk to, for she possesses the quality of warmth and friendliness able to cheer a depressed companion. Her friends will long recall the infectious laugh which typifies her love of life.



Nancy Ann Bigler

Always well-groomed and refined, she would be strikingly attractive even without an exotic resemblance to a beautiful First Lady. An accomplished equestrienne who has ridden in shows all across the country, she is the fond owner of Tarquin. She has a riot of fun wherever she goes, and she has been everywhere from Palm Beach to Europe. The gracious hostess in "the big white house," with her own flair in Drama Club, meets every situation with poise and assurance. Nance —

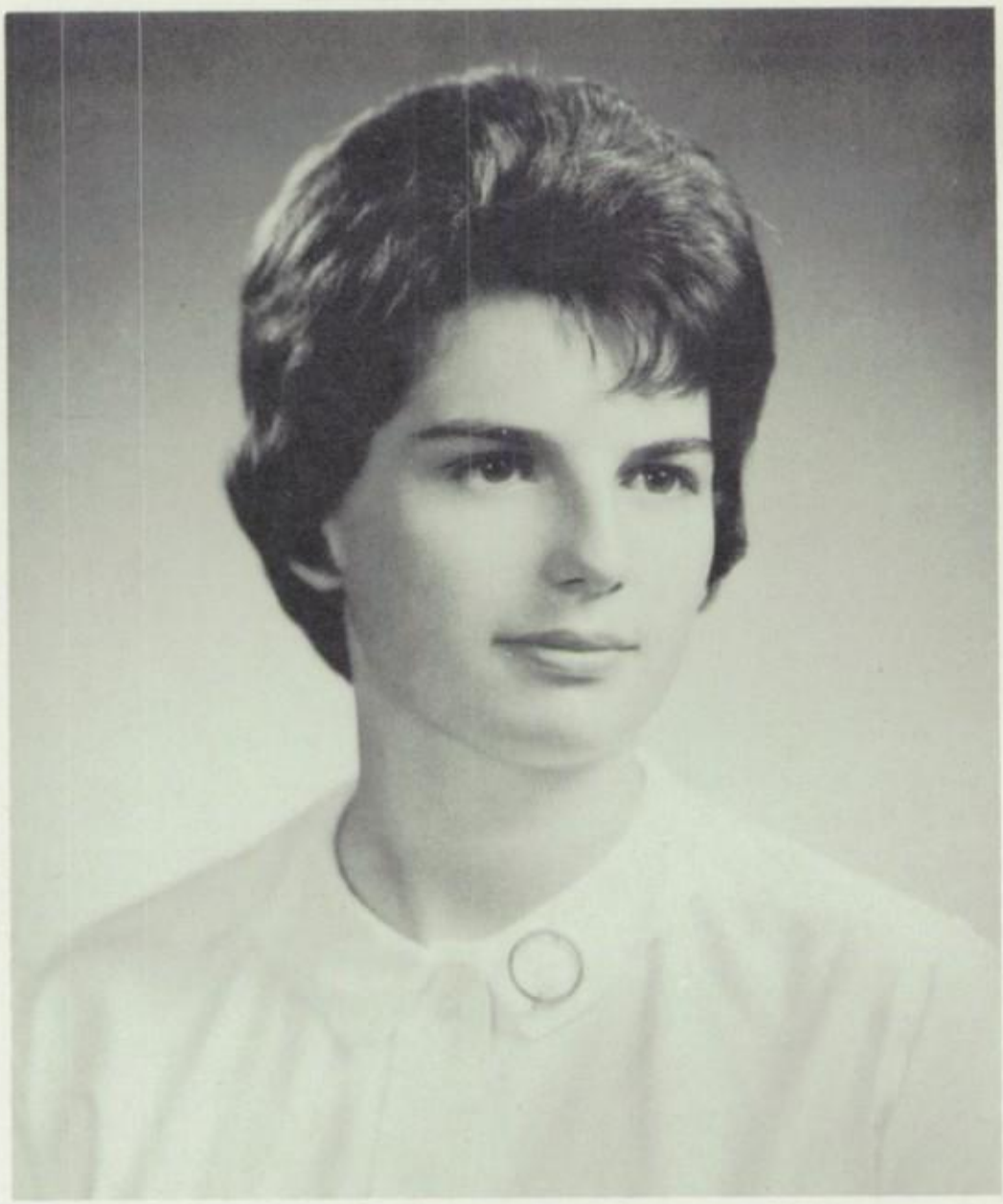


Mary Joe Bregenzer

Is the cloistered visionary eating apples to *The Messiah* the same girl who is first out on the floor with a sultry twist? From abstracted meditation to the wildest enthusiasm, the many Josies defy definition. Generous, optimistic, with strong bonds to places — Aloha, Nantucket, Canada —but mostly to her friends, she makes herself a part of all their moods. As a conscientious class officer, assistant editor of *Review,* our First Scholar, and the renowned Editor-in-Chief of this glorious publication, she brings out the best in us all. Hers is an inspired life lived fully.

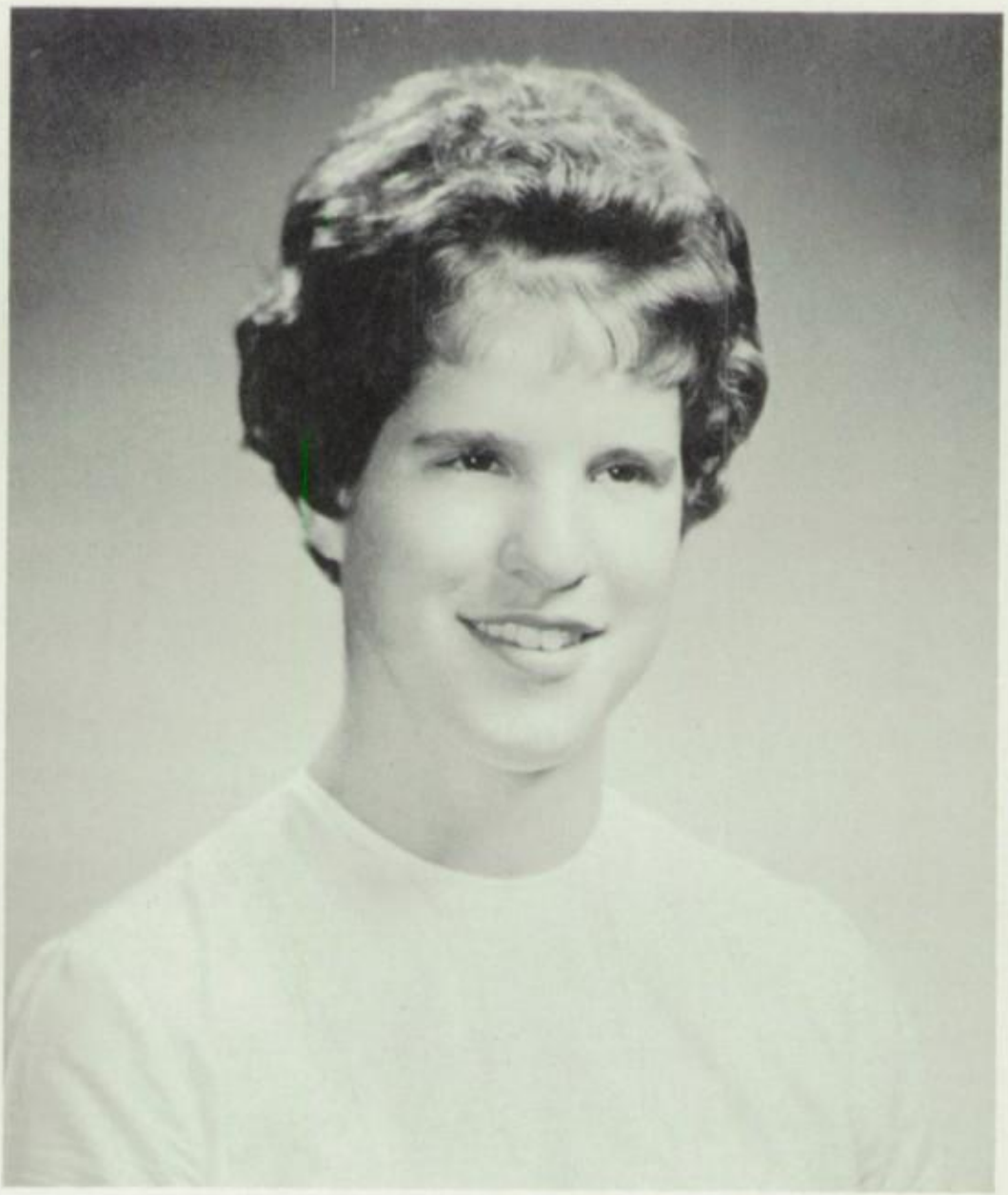
Claudia Ann Coleman

A radiating friendliness is the quality which distinguishes Claudia, day student turned dormite. An avid reader of *Vogue, Bazaar,* and *Seventeen,* she is considered '63's fashion authority. Her gesticulating arm is always laden with dangly bracelets. A good organizer, she proved her ability as one of the chairmen of *A Dab O' Ali Baba's* successful craft shop and as sophomore prom chairman. This ability coupled with a keen interest in drama is the inspiration behind her hard work in the Drama Club. With Claudia's warm smile she soon makes any stranger feel at home.



Susan Althea Corrigan

If anyone has seen a short brunette calmly looking for her skipperless sailboat, undoubtedly this was Sue Corrigan. Though Sue has trouble keeping track of her runaway boat, she is probably the most organized senior without whom Drama Club would be missing a vitally needed vice-president. With a special kind of gaiety and yet profound seriousness, she combines commendable ambition, determination, wisdom, and startling frankness. Sue takes her place in life with a "what's your problem, dear?" a mind of her own, and an ability for concealing her problems.



Ann Louise DeLancey

Ann does everything with a seriousness of purpose and that deep sense of goodness and right that is so much a part of her. She always manages to do a little more studying than the rest of us, but always with the same gay determination not to! When her usually grave exterior is transformed by a flash of enthusiasm and impish gaiety, she reveals another delightful side of her personality. She is noted for grace on the hockey field, loyalty to her camp, and capability as J.C.W.A. president. Knowing Ann has meant a great deal to us, for her integrity and generous spirit are inspiring.

Sanne Lynn Dinkel

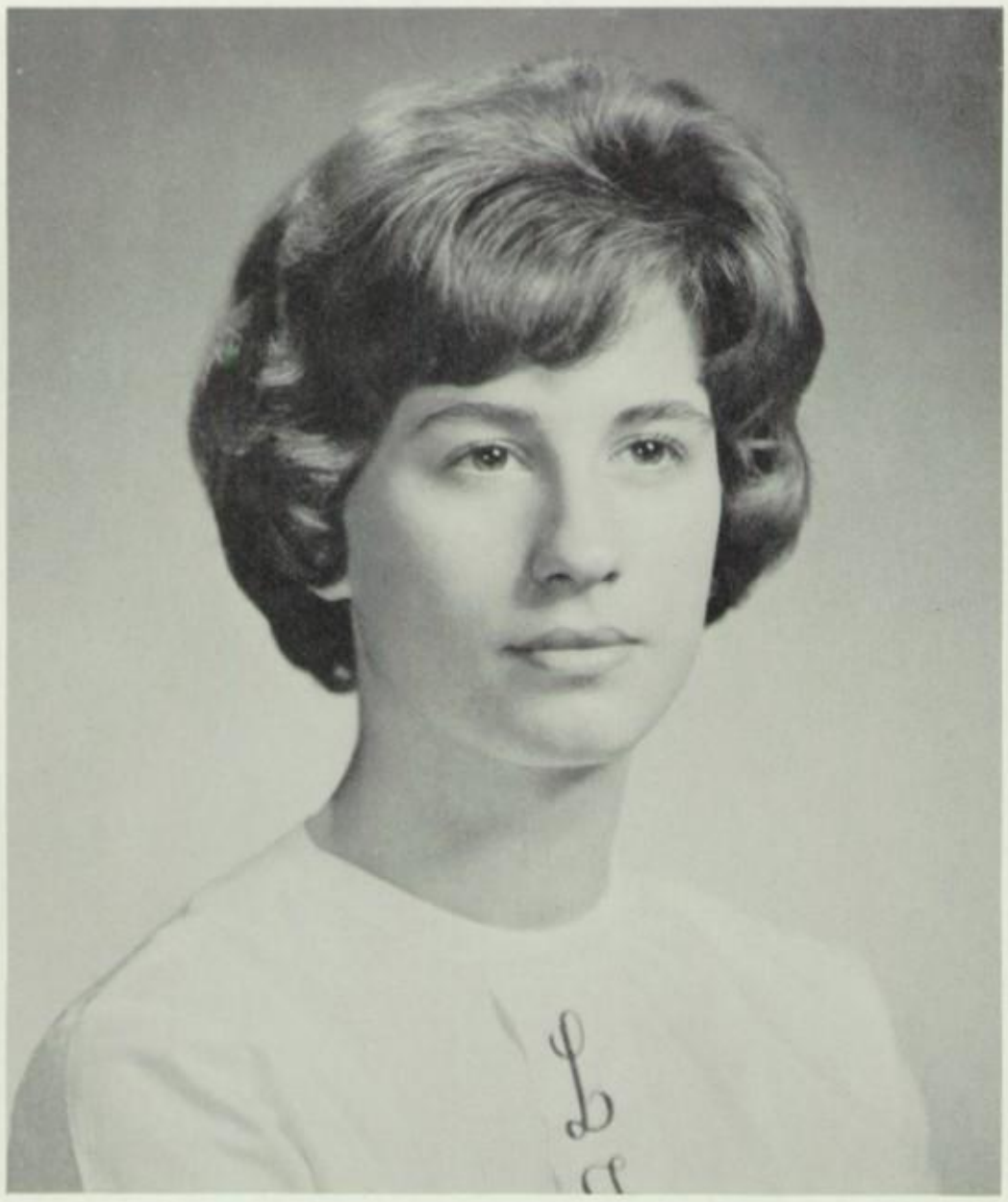
Sanne is a gentle person. Her smile is warm, and her eyes reflect her innate kindness. Coming from North Carolina, she seems to represent the real Southern lady in her gentility. This quality renders her strong. With one word in her liquid drawl she can command the attention of all those around her. She is respected in the dormitory and the Drama Club as one who does not become easily upset and injects into everything she does a quiet gaiety. Her charm has endeared her to all at H.B.

Ingeborg Drolshammer

The combination of Inge's enthusiastic appreciation of American life and her intense devotion to her native Switzerland has inspired great respect for the A.F.S. addition to our senior class. With poise and maturity Inge has adjusted to her new life. Cheerfully scatterbrained, she is nevertheless acutely concerned with world-wide tensions and conscientiously keeps herself well-informed. She is sincerely grateful for her chance to see America and has taken full advantage of her opportunity. But the debt of gratitude lies with her classmates: Inge has given us much more than she will take away.

Jean Elizabeth Ehrke

Who is the only girl in the class who finishes her themes before Sunday night? Who is a most loyal Republican, ardent dieter, and chief authority on movie stars and T.V. programs? Beth. Her interest in drama encompasses enthusiastic participation in the Drama Club as well as her enjoyment of professional productions. In her dry humor is an infectious friendliness. She inspires admiration for her faithfulness to her beliefs and delight at her impulsive extravagance. Beth's special quality is her capacity for loyal friendship.



Lynn Fauver

Lynn is exceptional for her kindness. Everything she does is characterized by a sincere interest in others. Because of her ability to give sympathetic understanding, she is a personal friend of every girl in the dormitory. Her contributions to the Drama Club are critical and appreciative. She is intelligent and perceptive, but is not afflicted with a consuming desire to shine. As a result she helps form the lifeblood of the class. She is one who truly cares more about others than about herself.

Megan Glen Feather

Meg entered H.B. in seventh grade with the rest of the Malvern crowd and was promptly chosen May Queen attendant. One of 63's original members of Modern Dance Club, she had to give it up senior year for Student Council meetings. Of late "Feathers" can be heard singing a medley of "Bay Head We Love You" and the Colgate fight song. An incomparable mimic who keeps everybody laughing, she is also a serious and talented member of Drama Club. Meg combines capability and leadership with an innate and infectious love of fun.

Farrell Fitch

Farrell is a wonderfully creative person. She has the power to turn the mundane into the magical. A sensitive artist, she creates pictures of intense emotional impact. As secretary of the Drama Club she is a well-known comedienne and has the rare gift of perfect timing. Her lovely, lilting soprano voice forms a vital part of the Ensemble. Farrell is totally caught up in the vibrancy of life and searches for beauty in everyone. A naturally happy person, she loves to laugh and does so at the slightest provocation. Life is not wasted on Farrell.

Helen Savery Fitz-Gerald

She is a free soul, unhampered by prejudice or conformity, reaching out and finding in everything the beauty, in everything a new reason for loving life. To Art Club, Glee Club, Ensemble, Modern Dance, she has brought the fullness of her creative spirit, to class offices her boundless enthusiasm, to offices in her youth fellowship her warmth and sincerity. She is a cherubic clown with a "song and dance" of unpremediated joy. The magic of her life is its simplicity.

Caroline Chalmers Floyd

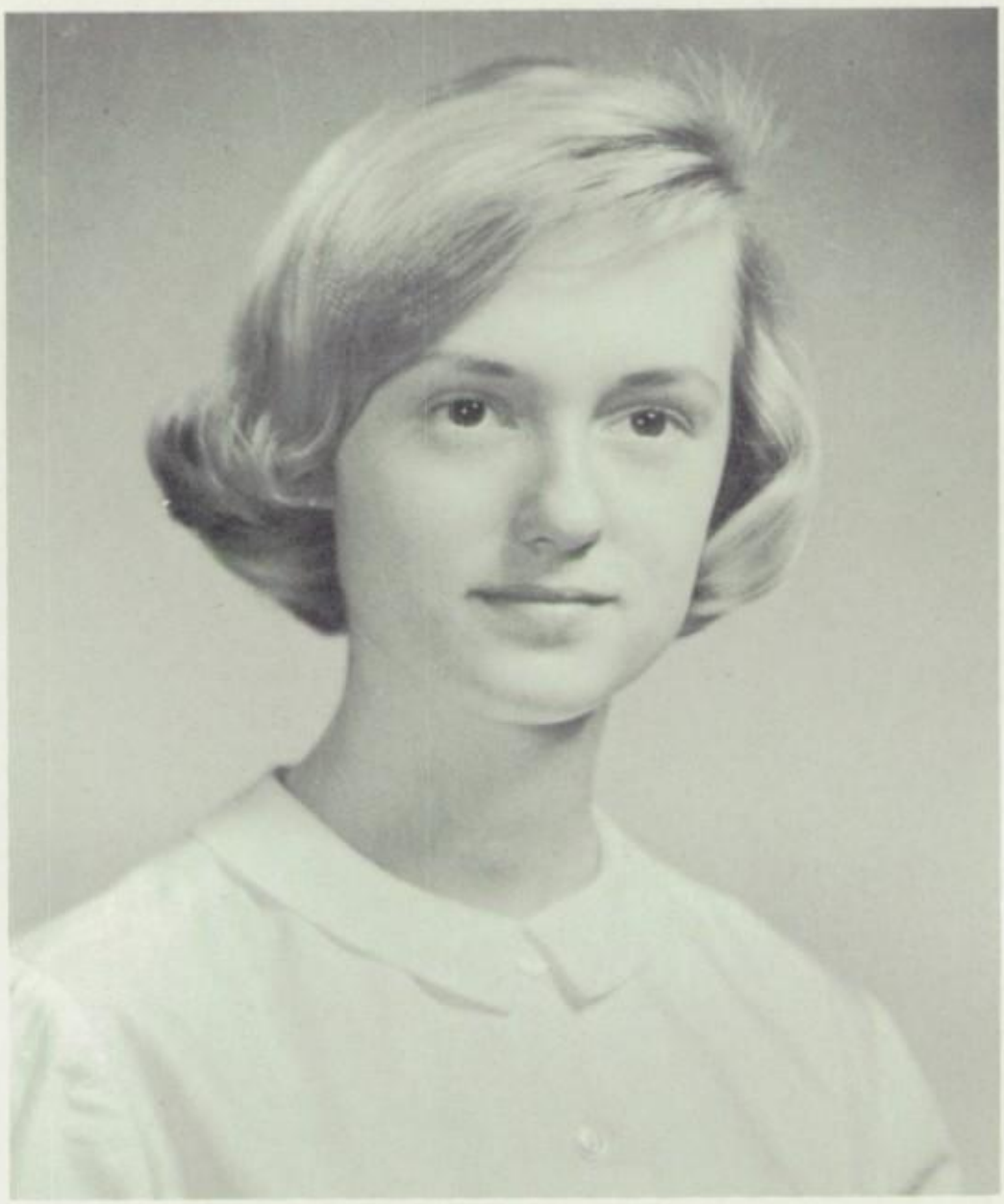
"How divine!" Caroline visits the Cape and returns tan and blond. New member of the contact lens clan, Caroline set a new record by losing one lens the first week. Her perseverance as A.A. member junior year resulted in the most lucrative Hockey Playday ever. Linee has excellent coordination in every form of athletics, including modern dance, where she has been an eager participant for four years. She has spent most of her life contemplating the importance of the number "4," whether on a day or a uniform. Caroline's outgoing personality and interest in others have made her a valuable member of '63.

Martha Louise Frohring

There are two sides to Martha. One side is a sophisticated, worldly young woman who has a fondness for jewelry, especially charm bracelets, and who has traveled to the exciting capitals of the world. On the other side is a quiet, thoughtful family girl whose Saturday mornings are filled with solitary walks through the woods of her adored farm. Any way we look at Marsie, we see an unaffected, poised, charming girl who has added much to Hathaway Brown as Spanish Club president, Glee Club alto, and enthusiastic Drama Club member.

Betsy Lynn Frush

Betsy enjoys life. She can see the humorous side of all situations. Always with incisive wit she comments on life around her. For four years she has added to the cheerful atmosphere of the dorm. As a member of Drama Club she is respected for her real gift for comedy. No one will forget her hysterical interpretation of Mrs. Duke. Yet Betsy's lightheartedness masks a deep sensitivity to others. She can sense immediately the prevailing emotions around her. She never cuts herself off from others, but feels everything acutely.

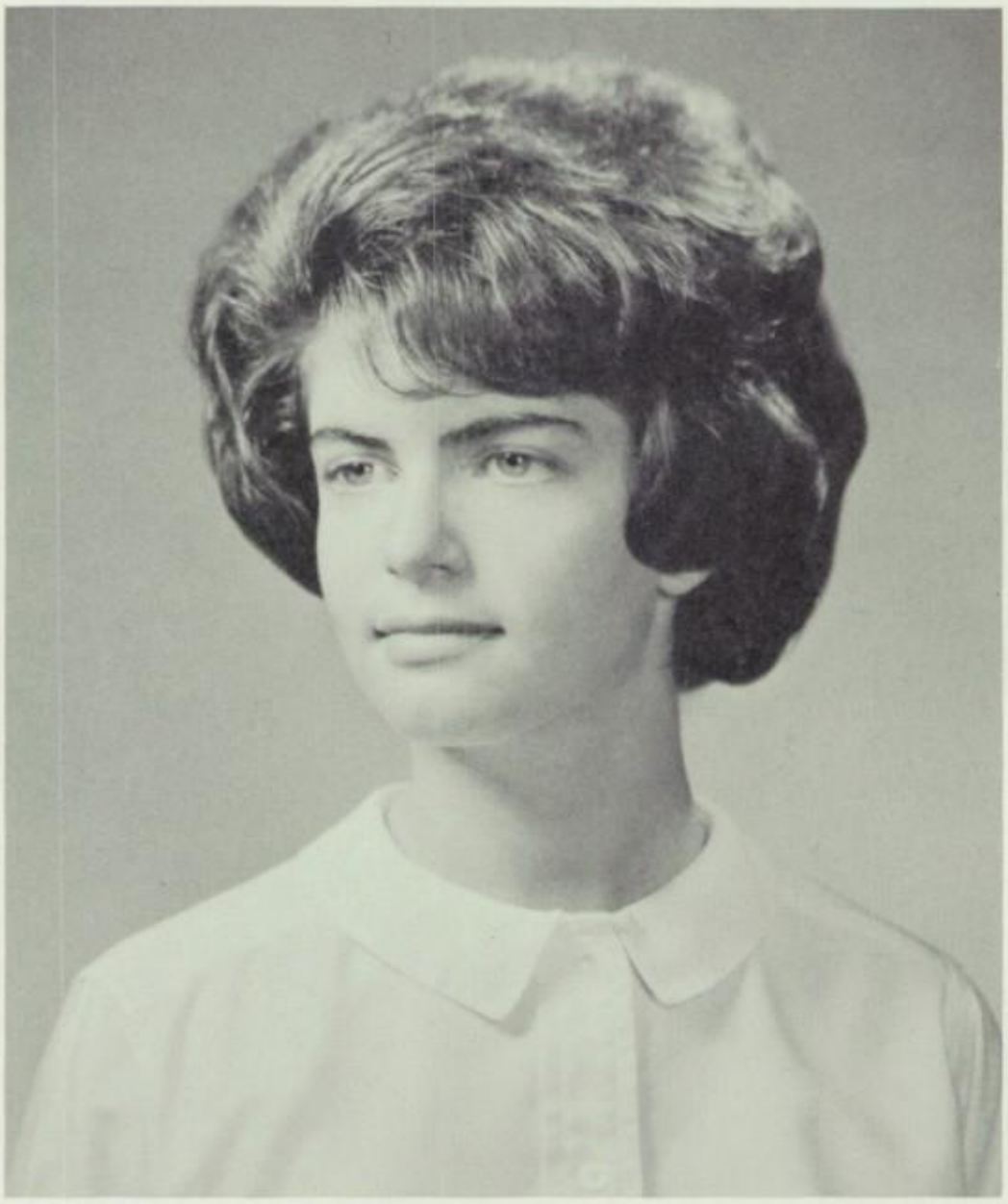


Katherine Louise Garlick

No one will forget Kathy, for she is an individual certain of her place in life. With her tastes always sharply defined, she devours books as individual as herself. She is a strong member of the dormitory and of the Drama Club. Caring passionately about those close to her, she inspires their frank devotion. Wonderfully attractive, she has many beaux. Though change is inevitable, it is certain that she will always remain utterly Kathy.

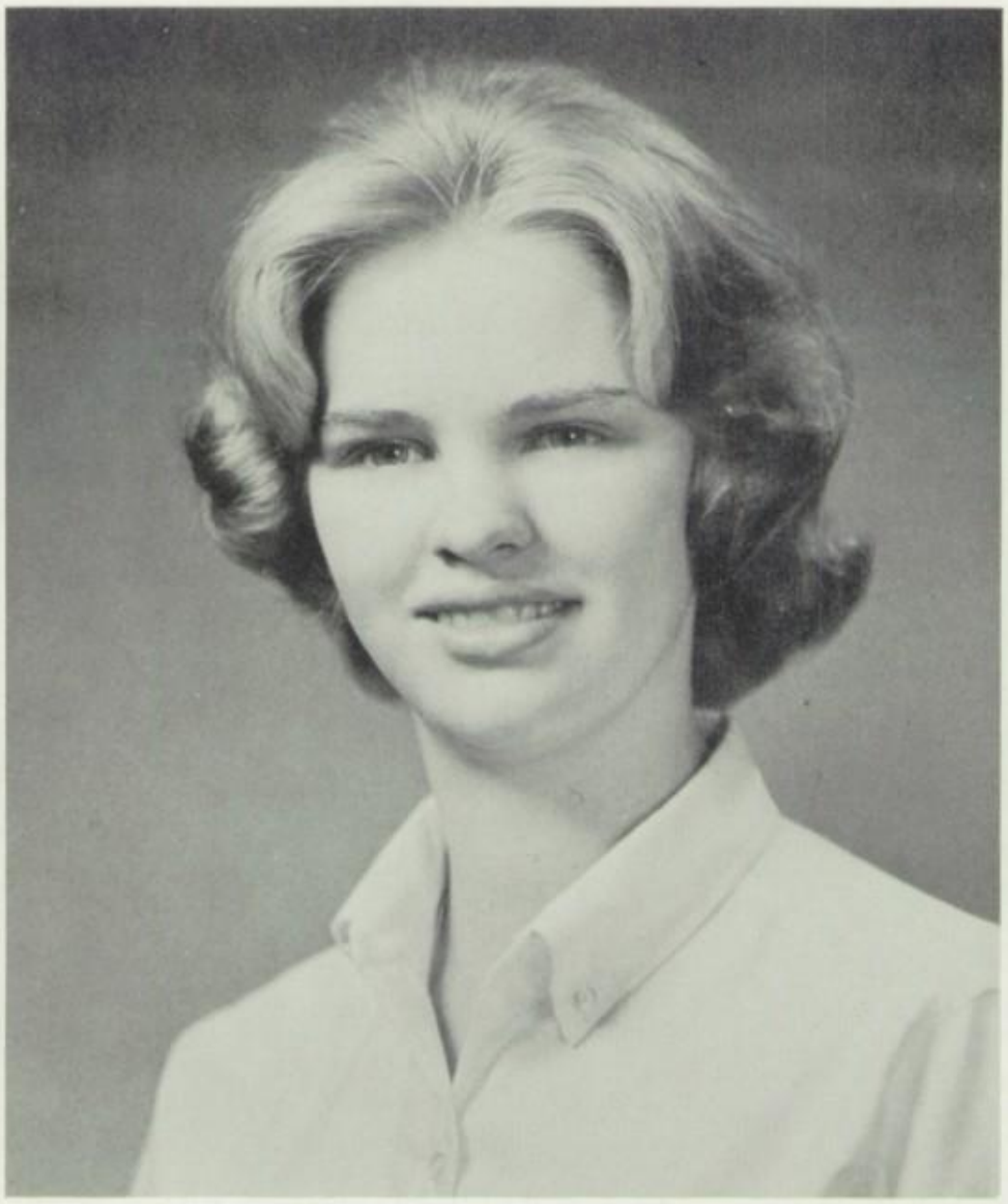
Linda Williams Gibson

Typical Gibson jargon: "Say, guys, it's about this hockey game." (Twenty-one terrified seniors stood stock still watching a ball sailing down the field with Linda pounding after it.) Yes, that energy came from a mighty Gibson; but although Linda is absolutely frightening on the hockey field or the tennis courts, she is by no means so in the calmer pursuits. In Linda we have found a cheerful optimist who honestly desires the happiness of others, we have found a remarkable loyalty to everyone and everything she believes, but most of all we have found a friend.



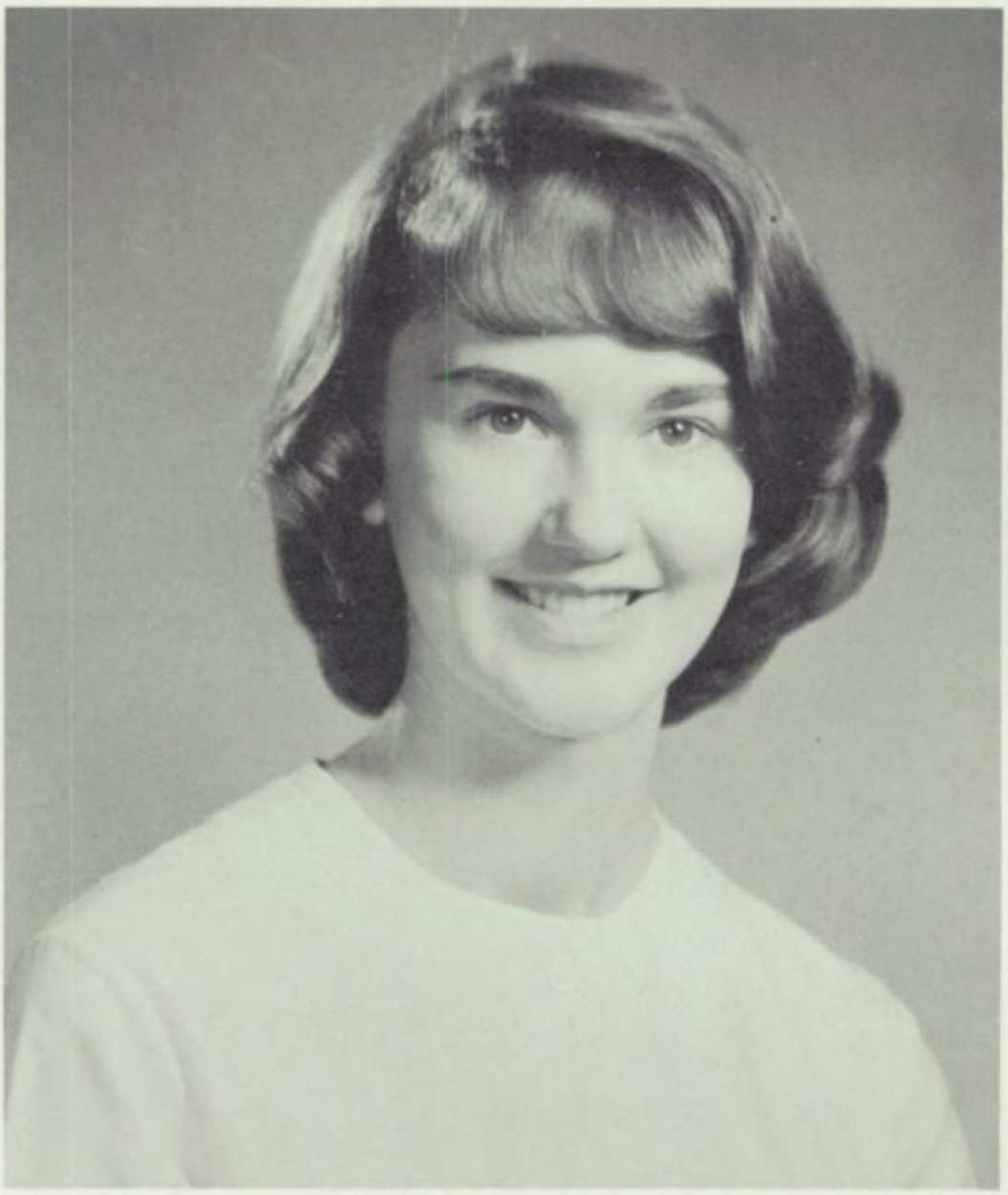
Mary Hall

Mary is easily distinguishable by her famed Akron accent. Hoping to be known as the world's worst driver and greatest hypochondriac, she still hides in her closet the remnants of a visit with an orthopedic surgeon. Devoted to her second home "where the boys are," Mary is the envied possessor of an extensive social life reaching to the South and the East, including a would-be stand-in for George Maharis. Her leg dance and other athletic endeavors have endeared her to her classmates. Complementing her frivolity and fun-loving nature, though, are the intelligence and sensitivity which make Mary a wonderful individual.



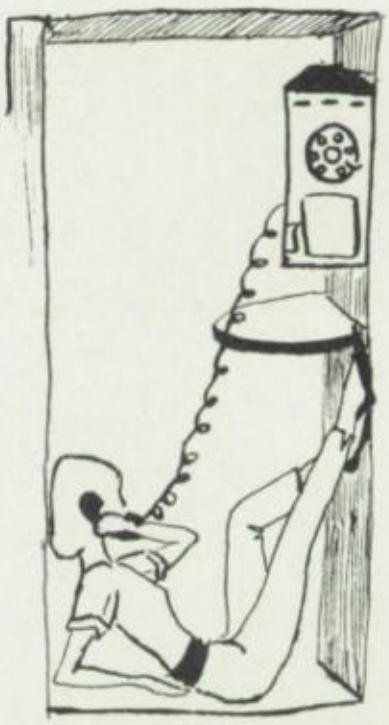
Sara Ann Hall

Sally is distinguished by her straightforwardness and sincerity. Honest about her likes and dislikes, she never fails to have an opinion. She is the understanding confidante of all dormites and is respected in the Drama Club for her ability to distinguish the meaningful from the artificial. She never prejudges anyone; she always seeks out his personality for herself. She enjoys everything, including an exciting social life. Rarely is she without a smile or some reason to be glad, and all of us have through her become aware of the happiness of one who is content with her life and with others.



Sarah Anne Holden

Sal will stand out everywhere for her beauty and for her sincerity. Her gracefulness, glorious looks, and immaculate dress form the exterior of a sympathetic and wonderful personality. This excellent horse-woman, modern dancer, May Queen attendant, and freshman vice-president has traveled in Hawaii, Europe, and Arizona, but retains a strong bond of affection for Painesville and Harvey School. Though she is very industrious in her school work, her writer's cramp could very possibly be the result of too much letter writing. Her vitality and quiet grace give her a special charm.



Jan Storrs Hubbard

Jan is a little above the rest of us, not because she is looking down, but because she is looking up. Hers is the cause of righteousness which she will find in people, which she will extol, which she will defend with all her strength and creativity. She is a lover of New England, especially Maine, and her family, Smith, and the underdog, all with vehemence and without undue sentiment. Sometimes a defiant clown, she bemoans with characteristic pained expression her imagined shortcomings. A wonderfully impractical extremist and struggling idealist, Jan has an inner spirit of fire and beauty.

Barbara Ellen Kalkas

Hers is a life of constant giving, kind thoughts, presents, hospitality. She is the able vice-president of the Junior Council on World Affairs, in which she has been a very active member for four years; the secretary-treasurer of a revitalized Art Club; a first soprano in Glee Club; and a National Merit Semifinalist. Still this Greek bears her greatest gifts hidden. Sensitive idealist, perfectionist, devoted friend, she lives by her beliefs with a quiet, unobtrusive strength.

Barbara Knapp Kinder

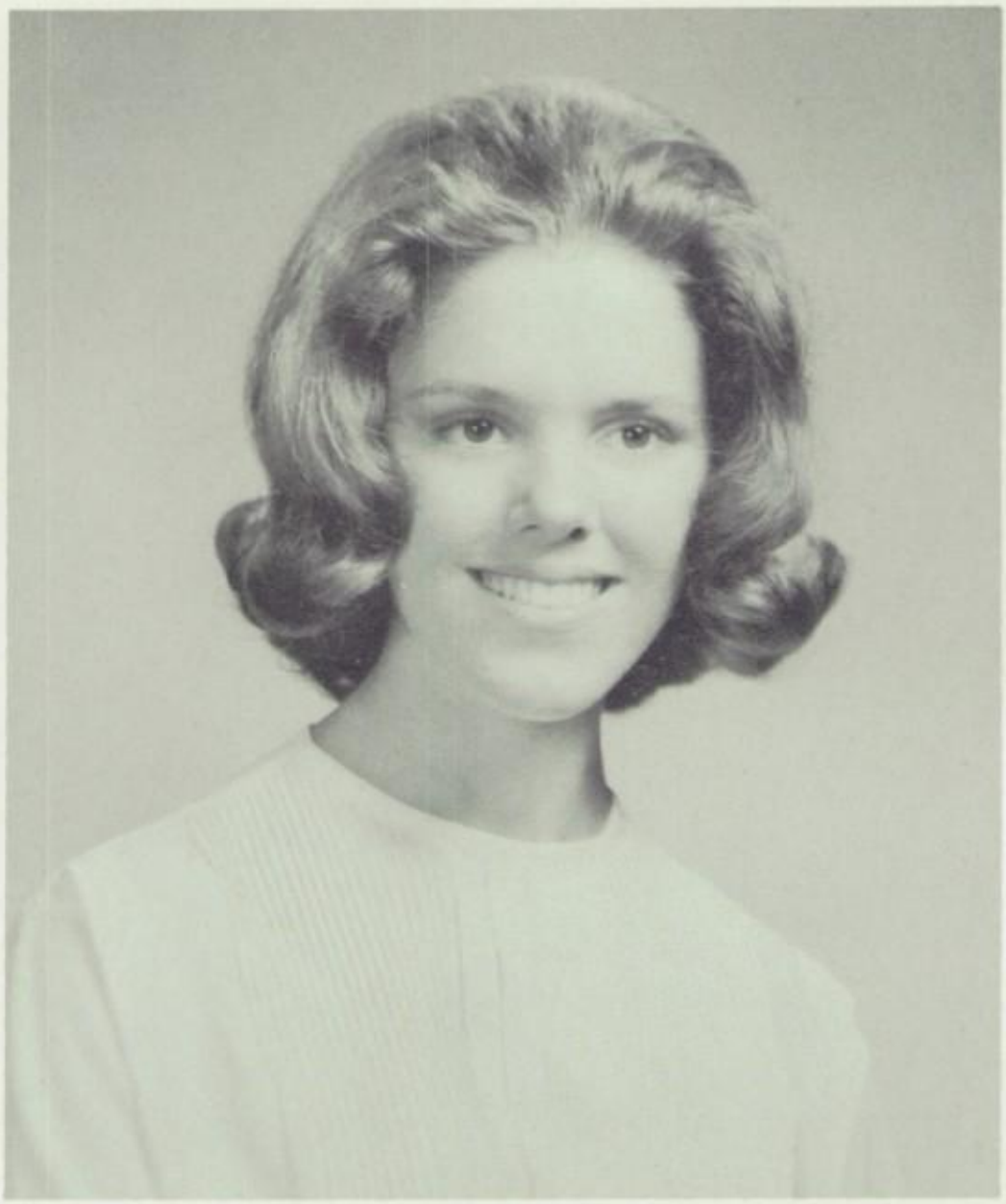
What can we say about Barb? We could say that as revered president of Student Council and recipient of the Janet McGean award, she meets every situation with poise and tact. We could say that her prowess at tennis, at skating, at any sport is amazing. We could say that, while she abhors the term "a brain," she is one. She can sing, too. On the human side this dry-witted cynic is extremely loyal and sympathetic to friends and such projects as knitting. In short, if we were to pick someone to represent our class or H.B. and all that it means to us, we should pick Barby.

Kathleen Anne Klie

Kathy remains as loyal to the Lake Lucerne clan as she is to H.B. Nothing is halfway for Kathy; everything she feels, she feels so deeply that her intensity influences others without words. Starting as one of P.P.F.H. and C., Kath went on to become the able president of Glee Club and strong soprano in Ensemble as well as a fine actress. Her love of all animals, her sincere concern for the welfare of her friends, and her deep devotion to her family are characteristic of Kathy's love of life and the beauty which she finds in it.

Christiana Ford Lassen

If a tall brunette with bandages on either her neck or fingers stands up in Chapel grinning, "Bring in your Grab Bag articles!" it is unmistakably Chriss. Although her home is in Youngstown, Chriss has her own private dorm in Cleveland Heights. She shows a staunch devotion to her brother, Yale, and Carnival's highly successful Grab Bag, which sold over six thousand articles. Chriss, always willing to lend support, can be depended on to do her share and more. Her jovial sense of humor is heartening on any occasion.

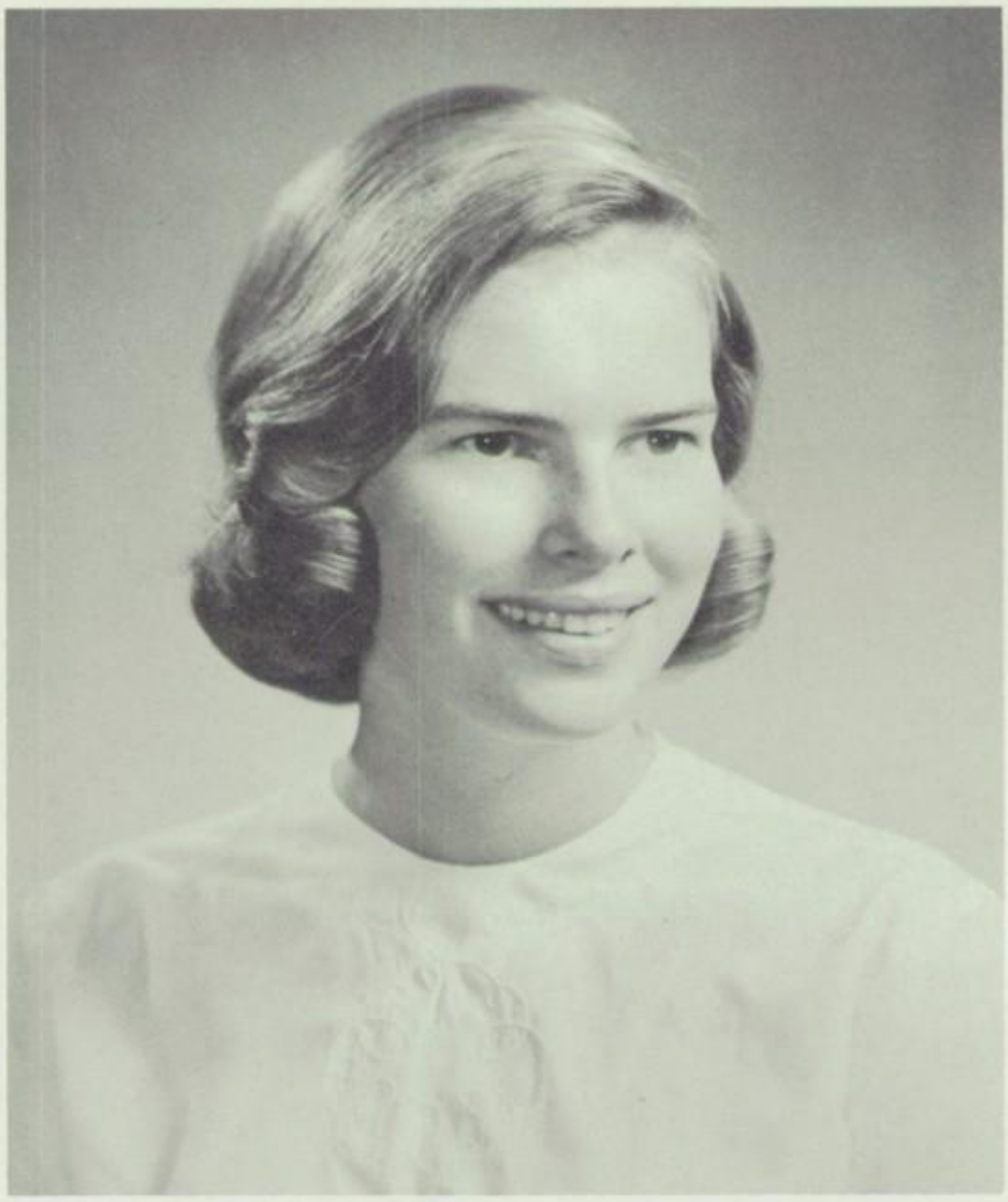


Anne Bath Mackenzie

Anne makes the daily trek in from the country with the Lake Lucerne clan. An accomplished skier and a dancer familiar with all the newest steps, Anne is a two-year veteran of Modern Dance Club. She is an avid reader of *Newsweek, Time,* and the newspapers, and one of the few really informed on current events. Anne's interest in politics and diplomacy made her a capable and popular sophomore class president. Deeply devoted to her family, especially her twin, she is a true sentimentalist. Sparkling brown eyes, a vivacious manner, and a friendly, ever-present smile are Anne.

Leslie Elizabeth Mackenzie

Leslie, with her long blond hair and penetrating blue eyes, has a striking appearance. She is an individualist, yet she remains especially close and loyal to her twin. Her love of travel and the outdoor life has led her on many exciting adventures, including a memorable hostel trip to Europe, which she recounts with her own special enthusiasm. A sensitive person, Les shows a compassionate love for suffering animals and an understanding sympathy with her friends' feelings. Les is Les, and she would never try to be somebody she is not.

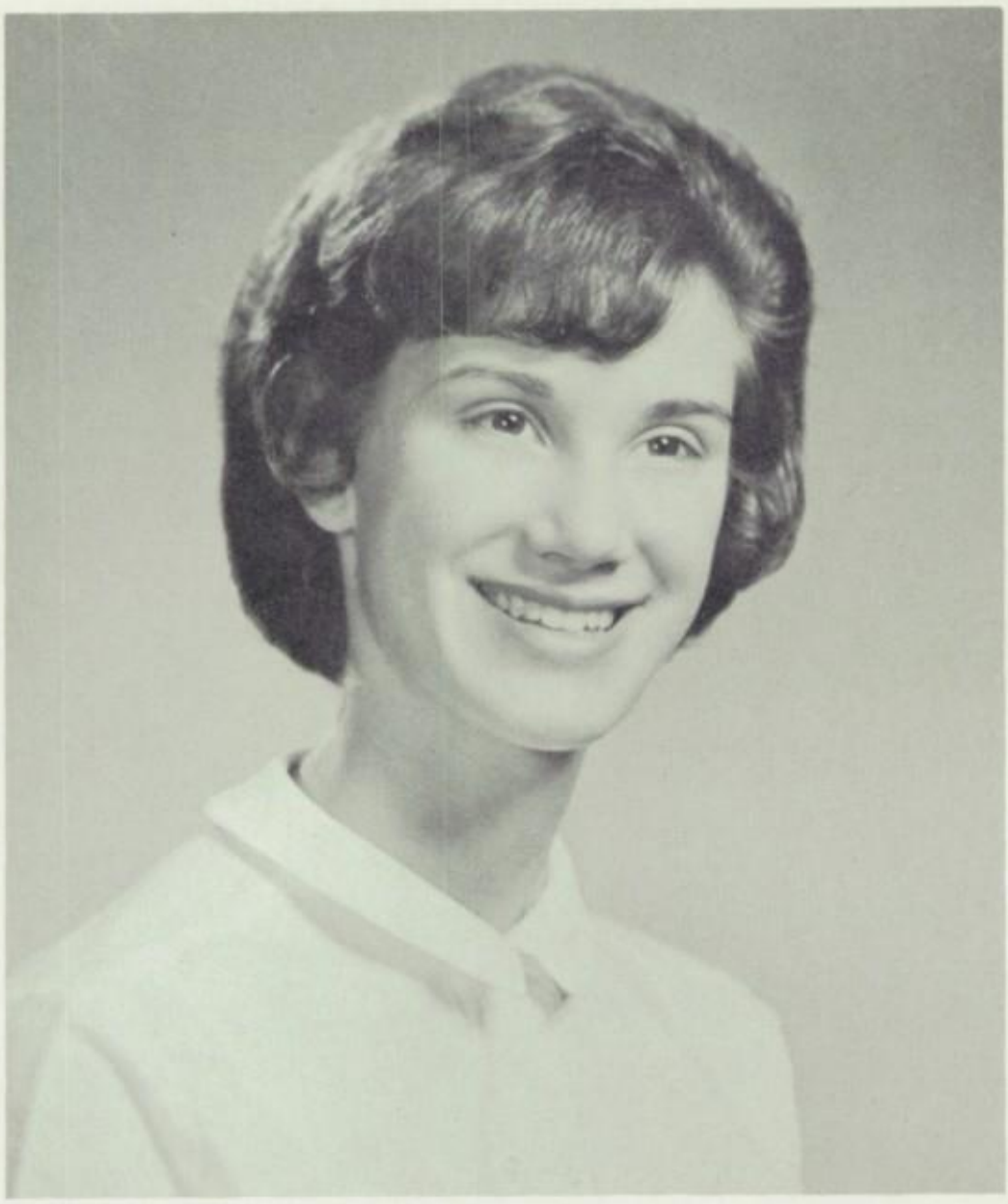


Mary Frances Mathay

An indescribable individualist, Frannie, president of Raymond Hall, seems to swagger through life with an ease envied by her classmates. Usually reserved, Fran rarely exhibits straightforward enthusiasm — except when bowlegs are mentioned. Her flashes of vivid animation and her unparalleled dry sense of humor have added greatly to Drama Club and Glee Club productions. She is noted for being a good listener, an excellent bridge player, and one of V.M.I.'s most loyal supporters. Wonderfully inconsistent, Frannie adds life to every gathering.

Sara Edith May

"Well, what d'ya say?" Theatrically minded Sara has devoted her summers to drama camp and her winters to H.B.'s Drama Club, of which she is the program chairman. Her dramatic coiffures never cease to astound her classmates. Her poise on stage is matched by her grace as a hostess; she has welcomed friends to her Daisy Hill estate for several memorable parties and picnics. A joking procrastinator, particularly in absence slips, Maysie never becomes depressed. Her smiling face and laughing voice can always be found behind the wheel of her beloved "Newport Special."



Anne Mielziner

Anne will do anything for anybody with a grace that puts all at ease. In an unobtrusive, silent way she leaves remembrances of a gentle and knowing personality, whether she is volunteering at St. Luke's, working on a Christmas project, or helping elsewhere. She contributes everywhere of her enthusiasm, of her knowledge of space gained by her vacation-time neighbors at Canaveral, of her time on her position as keeper of lost articles. For fourteen years she has enriched her class and her school.

Susan Charlotte Narten

Knowing Susie is an adventure, for there seems to be no end to the facets of her personality. A fine artist, she excels in the field of realism. Yet her tastes run to the bizarre, and, indeed, there is an air of unexpectedness about her. She made her singing debut with P.P.F.H. and C. and is the most co-ordinated member of the Modern Dance Club. Susie has graced the May Court twice and is always surrounded by a host of admirers, yet at the same time remains uniquely independent. Outstandingly thoughtful and fascinated by people, she in turn fascinates everyone, for Susie means excitement.

Suzanne Nave

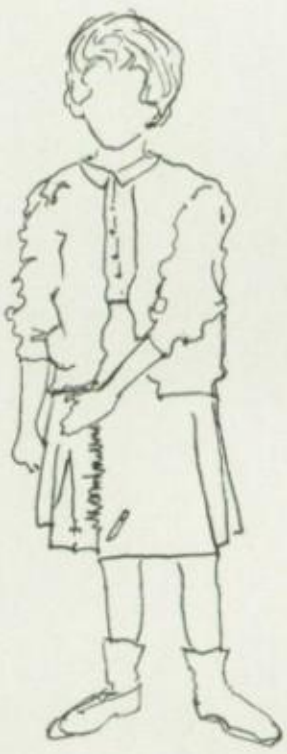
Indescribability and Sue Nave are one and the same. A serious student, she is also an absolute nut with a sense of humor that provokes hearty laughter. Though to outsiders she is reserved, to those she knows she is an invaluable friend. When she is not at the golf course, where she is Junior Girls' Champion, or at the skiing lodges, she can be found at the movies eating popcorn, in a red Volkswagen, or in St. Luke's pediatric ward serving as a co-operative Playlady. With amazing tact Sue supports her own convictions.

Philippa Nulsen

Nulsen twin Susie has a wonderful capacity to make friends with all kinds of people, friends she makes to feel very special by her happy glow. As president of the Latin Club she has delightedly presided over many a wild Roman adventure. Her outside interests, all loved with a passion, include skiing, riding, the "country," U.S., the "ranch," and people who suffer. Her power of empathy makes her a beloved confidante. Susie is known for her sweetness and her incomparable radiance.

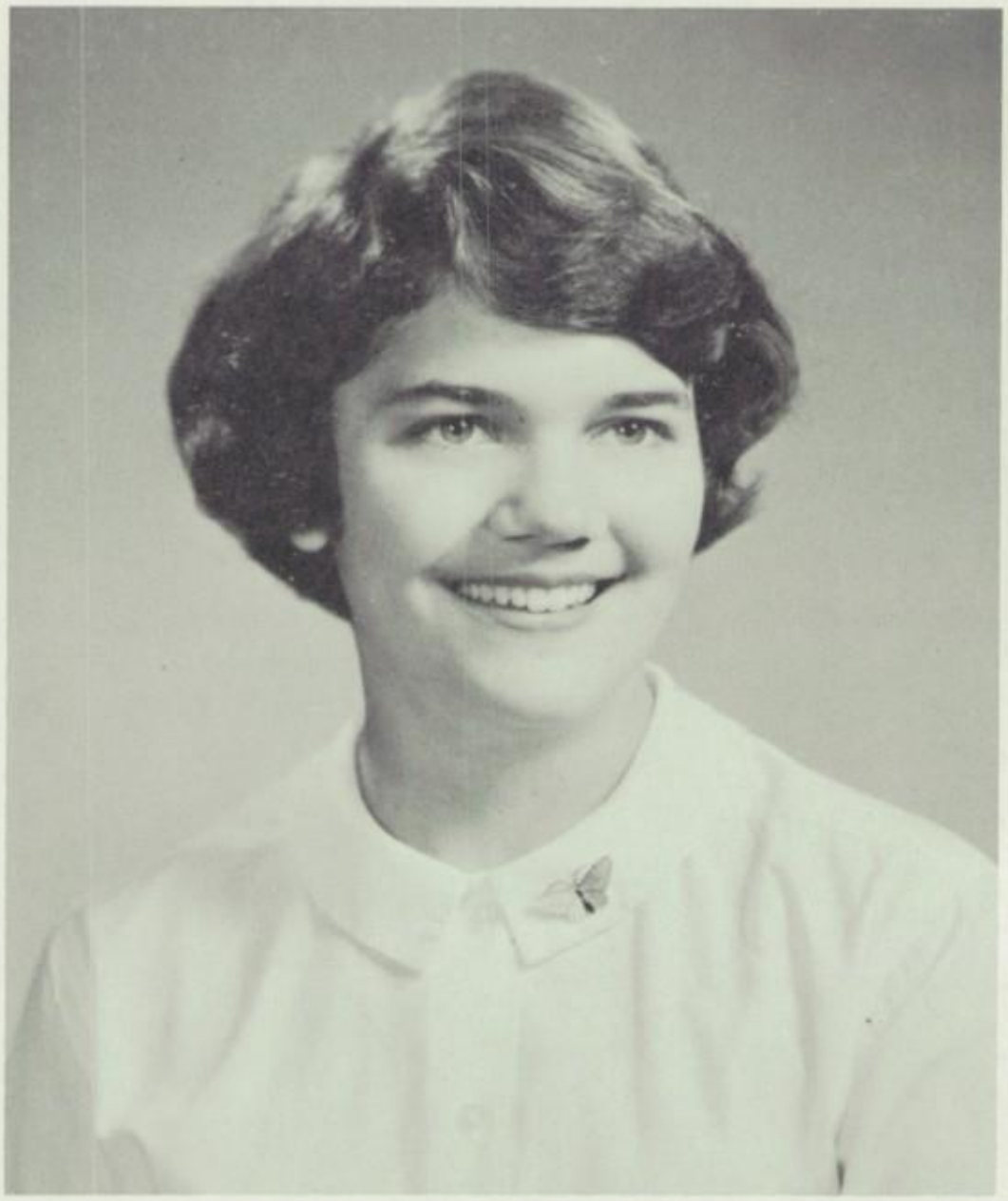
Virginia Nulsen

One half of the Nulsen contingent in the Class of '63, Ginny has an unexpected, trenchant sense of humor that delights her friends. Her fierce loyalty extends to any past experience: western and eastern camps, Europe, Glee Club, certain ski lodges, Michigan, but most of all her twin and her friends. Sometimes sprightly and sometimes serene, she is fun to be with in every situation and every mood. Whether full of righteous wrath, devilment, determination, or deep sentiment, Ginny has an unselfish spirit beautiful to believe in.



Nancy Carole Pendery

A four-year veteran of all first teams, Nance was formally recognized as athlete of the class with her election to the presidency of the Athletic Association. "Stella" is, moreover, one of the more "highly humorous" members of our class. Completely natural, "Melon" is at all times ready to second enthusiastically all proposed projects, especially those concerning our neighboring institution, where she apparently has some interest. Pen has acquired unusual perception in her understanding of others and maturity in her outlook on a life tempered with just the right amounts of humor and seriousness.

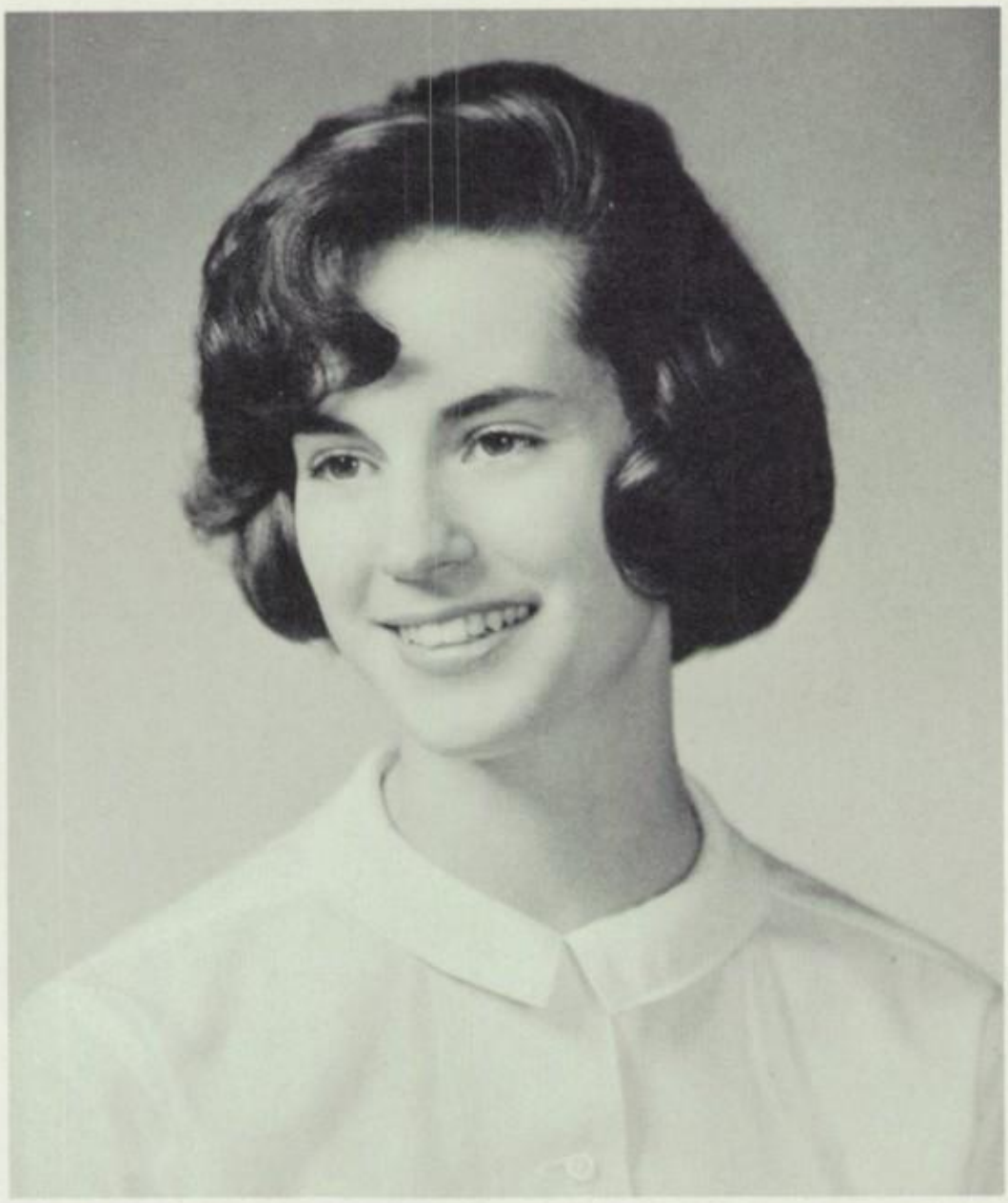


Diana Louise Pritchard

There is something especially bright about Diana. Maybe it is her bright smile or maybe her happy way of living. Beloved president of O.W.S., she enthusiastically led *A Dab o' Ali Baba* to record-breaking success. She is a family girl devoted not only to her real family but also to her two Greek homes, where she spent an unforgettable A.F.S. summer. We shall remember her clear alto voice in Ensemble, her sharp way of understanding people, her disarming frankness when frankness is needed. Diana's presence is especially appreciated both in moments of gaiety and in moments of trouble.

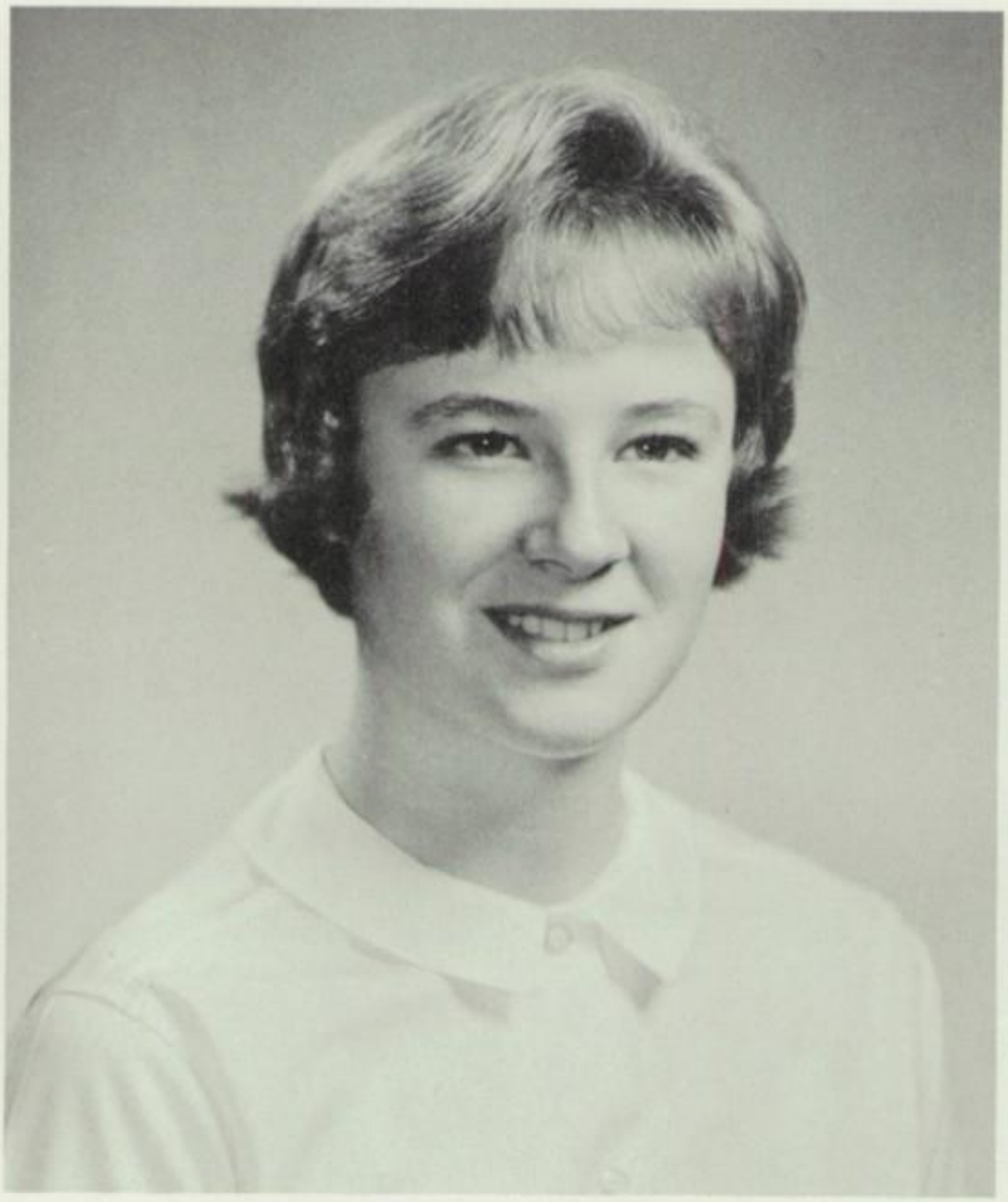
Linda Barbara Reichert

A contagiously cheerful stentorian voice, a raccoon coat, and a beloved Edsel announce that Linda has arrived. A true comedienne with a mischievous glint in her eye, she provokes hilarity. Her wit is never biting but always catching; her friendship is loyal and giving; her connections with U.S. are strong. She is a proud aunt and a devoted sister who tends to play Cupid. She is a strong four-year member of Glee Club and a recorder player much in demand. Linda has the gift of happiness.



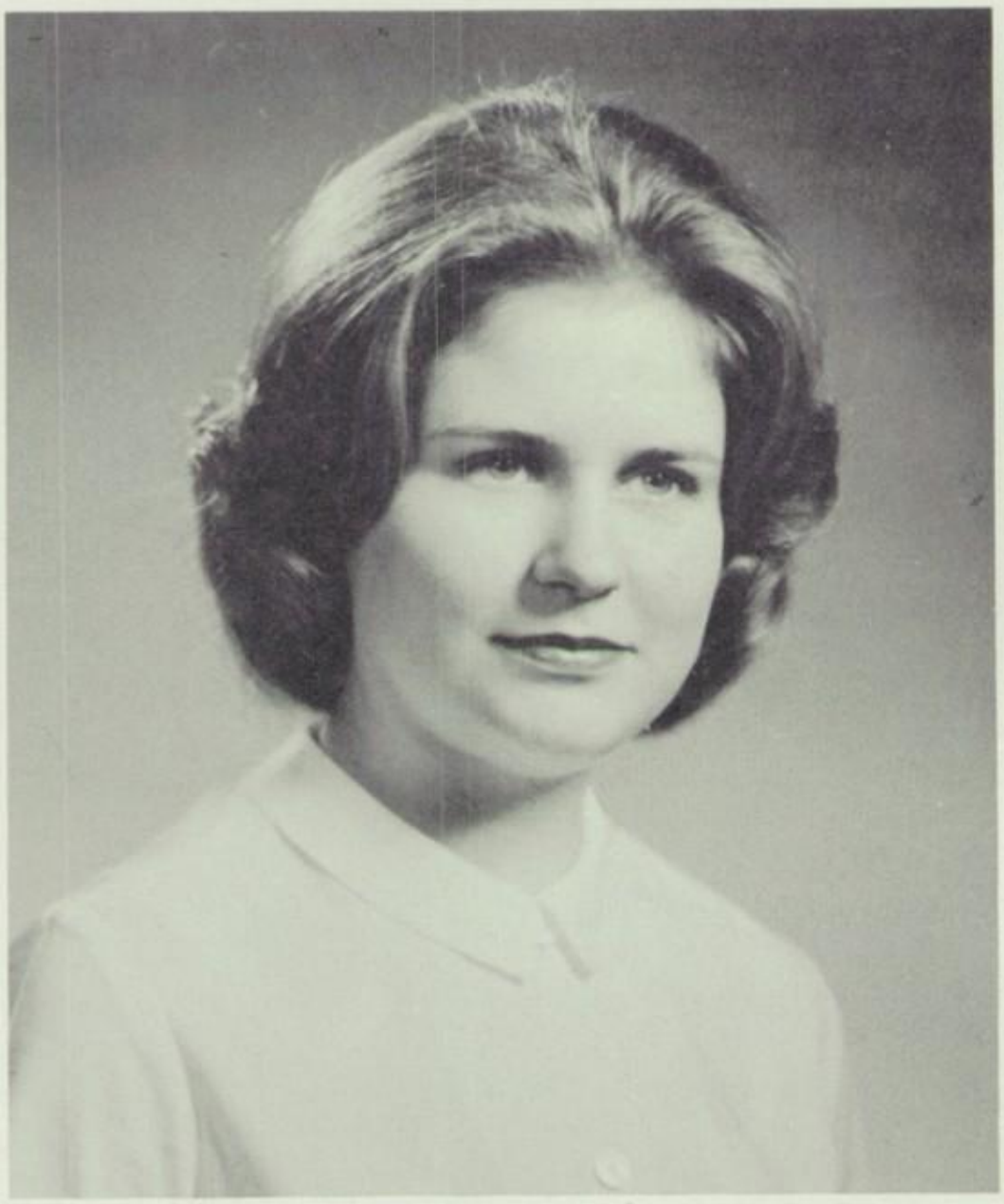
Anne McMillan Robinson

The one member of '63 who really has breadth of intellectual interest, Anne is informed on subjects ranging from the latest fashions to politics, art, and literature. In applying her store of knowledge to daily life, Anne has added true sophistication and creativity to her every endeavor. To Drama Club she has given the glamour and talent of a professional; to class discussion she brings the stimulation of the avant garde. With a quick wit and a vital concern for her friends, Turnip is genuinely appreciative of the goodness in people and the meaning in the commonplace. She is amazing.



Patricia Dickey Roos

Pat Roos — the name has a short, determined sound for a short, determined girl (five feet two and oh, how proud of it), a first soprano in Ensemble, secretary of Glee Club, and formidable tackle at football games. Allergic to sentiment, chocolate eclairs, and rick-rack, she is our own elf who will tell you so if she likes you and knock you over if she does not, a girl who is ready with all the force of her independence for good fun or a good fight, a girl who will defend her friends with everything in her.



Cynthia Rosenthal

Cynthia, multi - domiciled senior class president, has to her credit twelve years of outstanding devotion to her class and school. Her business acumen raised her from the position of business manager of *Review* to that of *Spec*. Her flair for drama or perhaps melodrama was first evidenced in her singing with P.P.F.H. and C. and later in the Drama Club. With a play of humor alternately satirical and ridiculous and with poise, Cynth is at ease in any situation. Her unhesitating loyalty to those ideals in which she believes has made her a strong leader and exceptional individual.

Sandra Murtfeldt Shenk

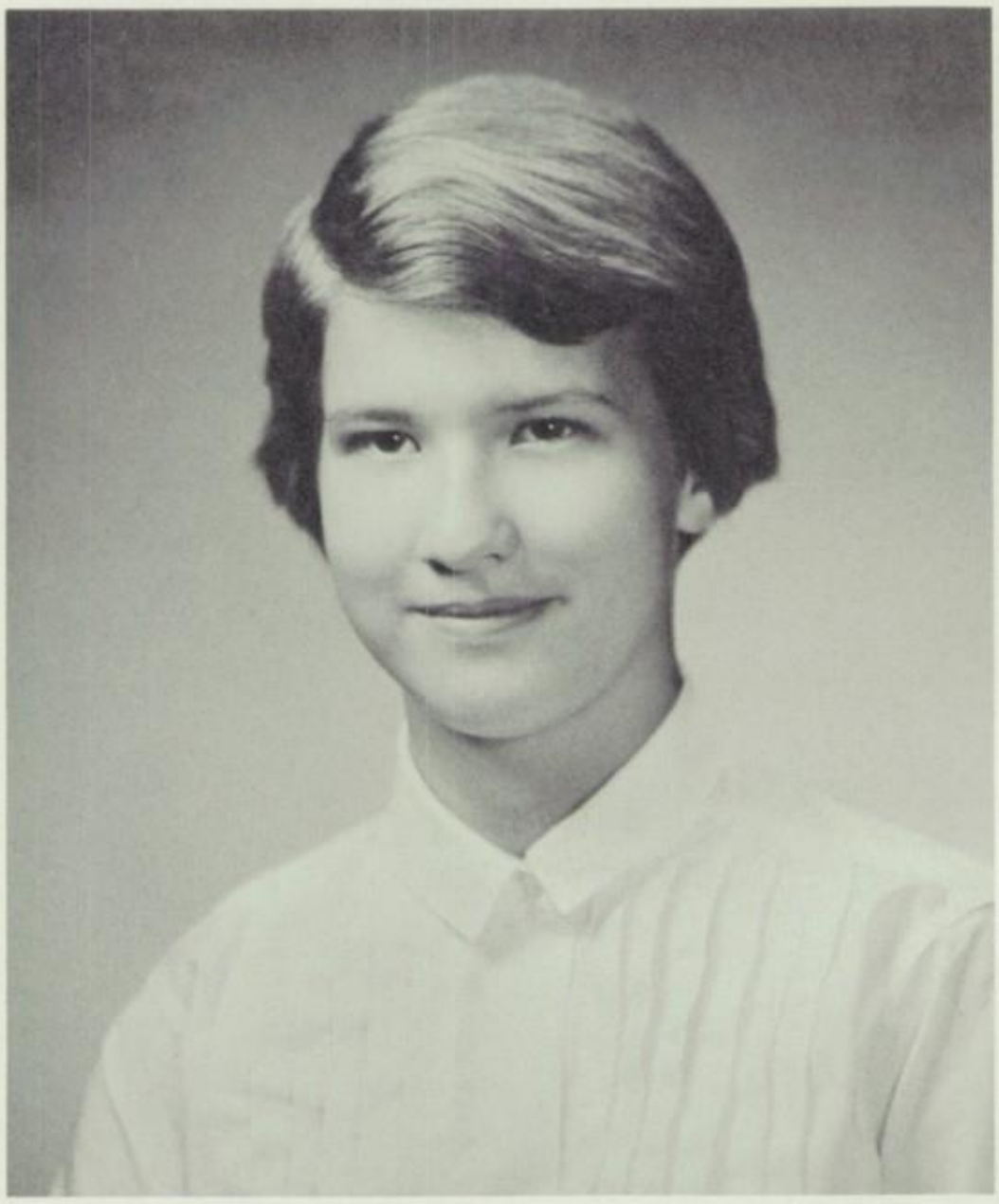
With her red hair and contagious and ever-present laughter, Sandy is one of the easiest seniors to spot. She made her singing debut with the renowned Patience, Prudence, Faith, Hope, and Charity act and went on to become a versatile second soprano in Glee Club. After being a class officer most of her years at H.B., Sandy was elected vice-president of the Student Council. Sandy's sincerity tinged with more than a little of the mischievous and her willingness to laugh or cry with you, depending on the situation, make her a true friend and valuable classmate.

Anne Dunbar Shepard

Anne is a refreshing diversion in grayest days of study, because her casual outlook makes us again see everything in the right proportion. She plops enthusiastically into the center of things, usually declaiming the assets of her current favorite pastime or person. Her enthusiasm and strong loyalty make meaningful everything she does and everything she believes in: her beloved camp in the White Mountains, Glee Club and Ensemble, and a certain men's college with a patriotic name. Anne's friends are her life.

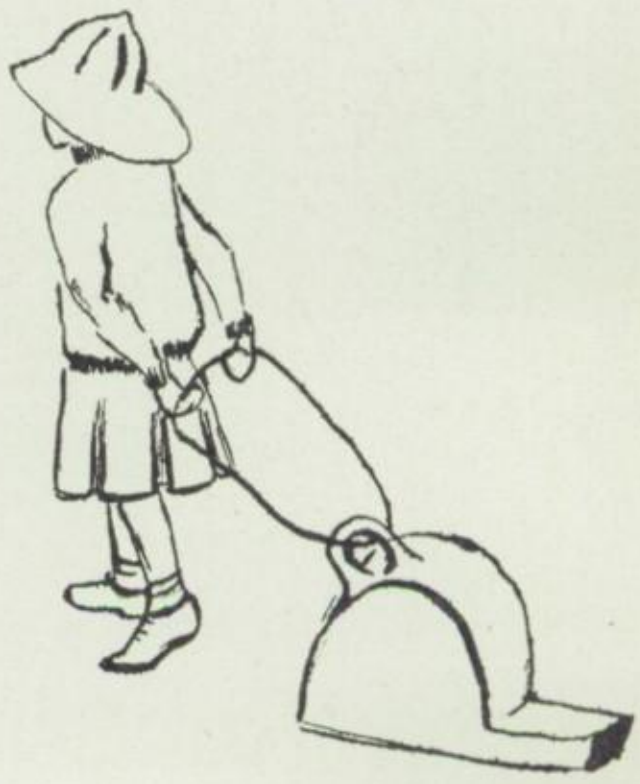
Caroline Elizabeth Frazer Smallwood

Smally makes the impossible possible with a kindness, a concern for others, a graciousness, and an exuberance that breeds mischief and gladness. With an air of mystery she treasures her little secrets; with an air of gaiety she flaunts bright colors. She has impressed us with her responsible and devoted role in a large family and with her charm as a hostess. Making use of a marvelous coordination and high intelligence, Caroline is willing to work for her goals.



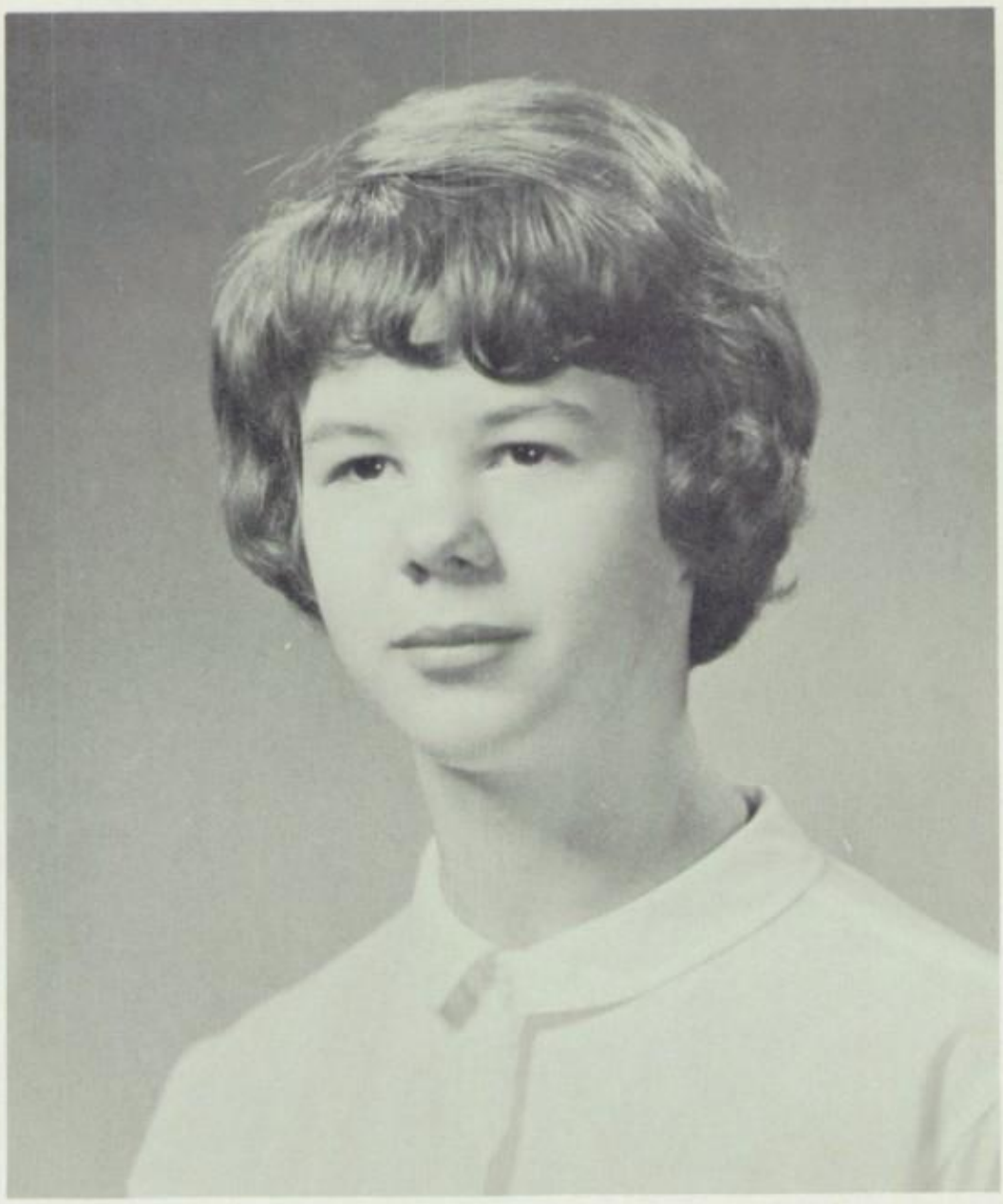
Elisabeth Alicyn Smith

In two short years at H.B. Betty has proved herself a perpetually happy person. She instills in her apathetic classmates an unflagging spirit of fun and adventure; it is Betty who begins our memorable class discussions and Betty who captured the spirit of carnival with "Nasser's Gasser." She has bestowed unprecedented glamour upon her role as fire chief. Betty is quick in both the goal cage and the classroom, where in many tense moments she has saved the day by her timely remarks. She is the unofficial Morale Booster of the Senior Class.



Nancy Ann Smythe

Our own Floridian "biddly," whose extensive vocabulary begins and ends with "Haunky," can be found almost any time knitting oversized sweaters. Having had a far-reaching social life, including more boys than can be named, Nancy has come to attach her loyalty and devotion to University School, its football teams in particular. Enthusiastic Modern Dance president and Glee Club and Ensemble member, she has carried her love for singing and dancing into everything she does. With a ringing laugh and a concern for each person to whom she speaks, Nancy brightens every gathering with her presence.

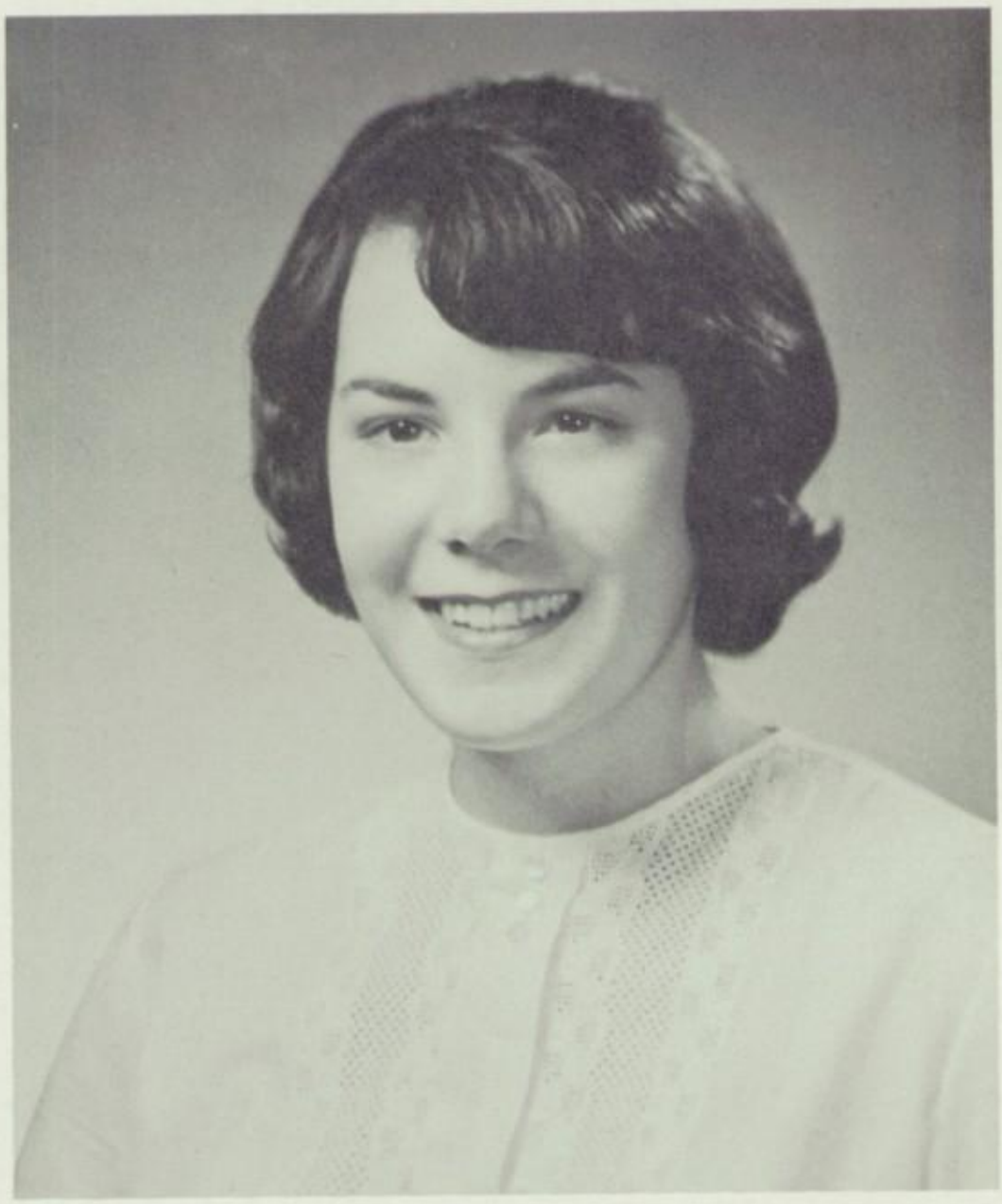


Nancy Jennings Sorace

"But why? . . . Oh, beans!" Nan has an inquisitive and intelligent mind which showed itself in the National Merit Scholarship Test. Independent and willful, she is a unique combination of airplane pilot, cook, and Sunday school teacher. She also has a sensitive appreciation of art and interior decorating. With patience and understanding that are rewarding to see, she shares a close friendship with her younger brother and sister. With untied shoes or no shoes at all, she typifies casualness. Nan will always be able to conquer "blue Monday" for herself and those around her because of her warm cheerfulness.

Carole Elaine Steadman

When all those in favor say "aye," Carole keeps alive the opposition and says "nay." An individualist with a strong will of her own, she frequently expresses her feelings with an emphatic, "What a fake-out!" Carole is one of the few veterans of H.B. who have been here since nursery school. With many fond memories of annual vacations in Florida and a summer in California, she also knows and loves the other sections of the country. She is easy-going and patient with those who need her. Her sense of humor at just the right moments brightens up the day for those around her.



Sandra Grace Stevens

A boat + Lake James + boys = Sandie. With a wittiness that is purely off the cuff and the aptitude for recounting innumerable jokes, Sandie is enjoyment and hearty fun. Combining moments of constant chatter and those of great thought, she keeps everyone guessing. She is the epitome of neatness; no one has ever seen dust on a Stevens' car. She is full of gracious hospitality and sympathy, always ready with an open house or ear. A broken finger and a roaring voice in English will be our little reminders of the Snow White of '63; her kindness and sweetness the big reminders.

Judith Lynne Turnock

What would we do without Judy's confidence and level-headedness to calm down the rest of us? Even when everything seems wrong, she has a way of making it right again. Although Weenie has not yet reached the five-foot mark, she towers above us in more than one respect. She is a natural mathematician and an alto in Glee Club and Ensemble with an amazing ear for music. She saves a special glow and excitement for talking about special faraway places. With her sharp wit, keen insight, and admirable confidence in herself and life around her, Judy will always be able to master the moment.

Len Apter Weatherhead

A recognized leader in many fields, Len has regularly been a class officer and was secretary of O.W.S. and class treasurer this year. Her satirical, perceptive wit and perfect frankness spiced *Review* meetings junior year and *Spec* meetings senior year. One of the few who really can "think in the abstract," Len never fails to astound her classmates with her English recitations. Her power of self-discipline and her natural intelligence will place the loftiest goals within her reach. Len is an honest and gifted individualist with a depth of spirit which renders her a stimulating companion and valuable friend.

Mona Lisa Vabitziano

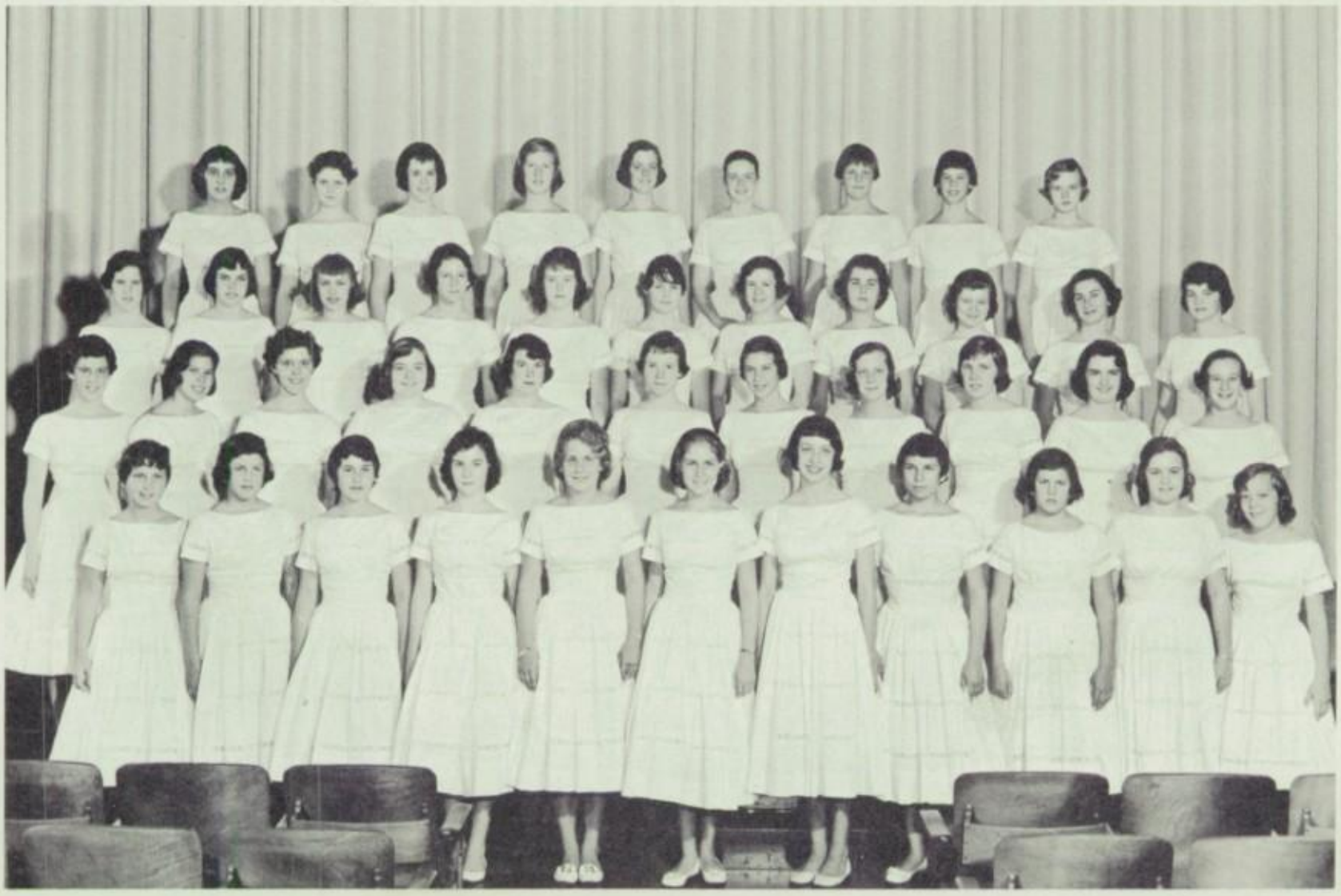
One of the more mature members of our class, Mona scorns the Prepper level. An acknowledged literary buff, she will be remembered for her essay "Keep Smiling." This mysterious senior is rarely seen on weekends, yet appears appropriately haggard on Tuesday. To the delight of her classmates, shy and retiring Mona made quite a stir on her recent visit to Washington, where she was alert and remembered her number. Particularly outstanding is her quiet, unruffled grace. No one will forget her stabilizing presence at Manners accompanied by her aloof and rather arty escort, Leonard. Let us say in closing that her influence upon the class has been enormous, and we are confident that it will continue indefinitely.

We would like to include the names of these absentee members of '63 in our yearbook.

Mary Alderdice
Judy Blainey
Cynthia Blythe
Jane Christie
Cindy Firman

Sue Hall
Lisa Knudsen
Katie Meister
Linda Parks
Lornie Perkins

Sandy Perkins
Penny Rodebaugh
Caroline Taplin
Pam Thoburn
Becky Walcott



Josie

Shep

Farrell

Sanne

Gibson

Linee

De Lance

Chriss

Barby

Robinson

Marsie

G. and S.

Maisie

Belden

Nan

Savery

Beth

Claud

Sue

Shenk

Beatty

Sandie

Anne

Sally

Feathers

Kath

Smally

Flush

Haunky

Annie

Betty

Weenie

Nancy

S. Hall

Franny

Pritch

Cynth

Sois

Pat

Sal

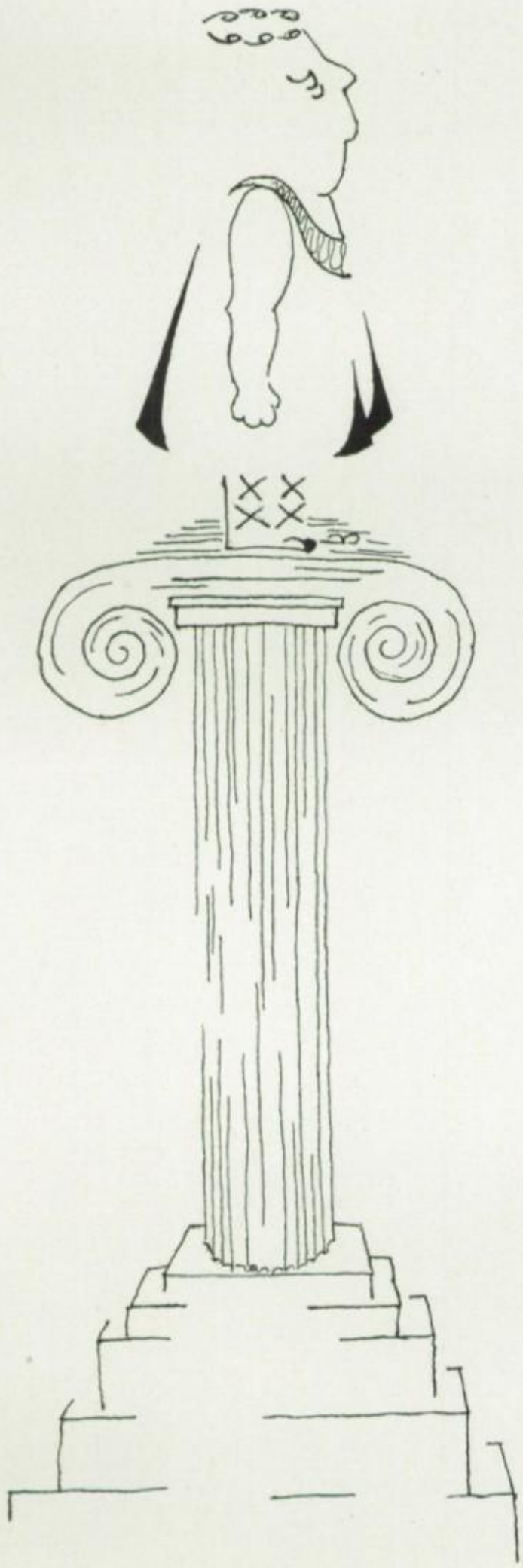
Reichert

B.K.

Len

Barrell

"SENIOR year, two words
Of endings and beginnings,
Of memories and aspirations,
Of childhood and maturity;
A time
Of strangeness and tradition,
New freedoms and new duties,
Apprehensions and reliefs;
A milestone,
A starting point,
A branching out, a blossoming
Of gratitude for many things,
Indebtedness to many people;
A scattering and a coming
together —
Senior class, two words
Of unity.



CAST
MEETS
THE
LESSER
DEITIES

Left to right

SECOND ROW

J. Andrews
L. Cameron
J. Berry
S. Colebrook
G. Chapman
L. Brown
A. Colborn

FIRST ROW

B. Bass
H. Body
L. Baker
C. Bellamy
B. Bauer

Clas

Left to right

THIRD ROW

C. Dalzell
K. Dunlop
D. Horsburgh
T. Garver

SECOND ROW

M. Davenport
B. Fauver
S. Crocker
N. Dalton
N. Davis

FIRST ROW

J. Hall
J. Green
G. Fewsmith

f 1964

Left to right

THIRD ROW
J. Hutton
J. Maas
K. McMillan
D. Jones

SECOND ROW
J. Lockwood
G. Lumb
C. Johnson
C. Potter
T. Hunkin

FIRST ROW
J. Nordstrom
S. Miller
M. Miller

Left to right

SECOND ROW
M. Tompkins
V. Prescott
C. White
M. Spitler
D. Regal
J. White
N. Travis
P. Prescott
D. Smith

FIRST ROW
C. Shannon
S. Weaver
B. Sloan

Left to right

SECOND ROW

S. Booze
L. Drinko
J. Buschman
J. A. Ernst
J. Caponigro
J. Curtiss
C. Davey
S. Disbro
B. Edwards

FIRST ROW

M. Gibson
K. Cleveland
C. Campbell
M. Barry
J. Alspaugh
M. Fairbank

Clas

Left to right

SECOND ROW

P. Ginn
E. Kregelius
N. Houck
S. Harwin
S. Holan
K. Hellman
J. L. Hand
P. Hay

FIRST ROW

B. Hobbs
P. Latimer
B. Jones
N. Hacker
J. Loegler
J. Glendinning

ABSENT

L. Hickox

Left to right

P. Page
S. Meyer
S. Pohto
S. Prescott
A. Oliver
G. Oppmann
M. Pritchard
S. Merkel
K. McKinney
N. Moonan
P. Poffenberger
C. Robbins

ABSENT

K. Peck
J. North

f 1965

Left to right

A. Winant
S. Turnock
N. Williams
E. Scovil
A. Tovar
N. Shilling
D. Vail
C. Shenk
S. Robechek
K. Schneider
M. Upp
B. White
N. Tillinghast
J. Russell

Left to right

THIRD ROW

J. Beatty
S. Carter
L. Berger
S. Bowser
M. Eakin
M. Adams

SECOND ROW

H. Bradley
S. Ainsworth
A. Baxter
C. Clarke

FIRST ROW

J. Clark
A. Craig
M. Coleman

Clas

Left to right

THIRD ROW

H. Grubb
C. Holsen
C. Fuller
M. Hudson
N. Hitchcock
B. Jewitt
D. Feather

SECOND ROW

K. Holden
A. Flaherty
D. Kuhn
C. Keil

FIRST ROW

P. Ide
S. Klie
C. Emeny

f 1966

Left to right

THIRD ROW

L. Meister
S. Mayer
B. Schweitzer
K. Parsons
C. McMullen
B. Merrick
P. Lilley

SECOND ROW

M. Sloan
P. Myers
G. Nulsen
P. Nathanson

FIRST ROW

M. Magee
M. Larkins
M. Lee

Left to right

THIRD ROW

J. Strong
N. Vaughn
R. Whittlesey
V. Watkins
J. Weller
P. Young
G. Stell

SECOND ROW

K. Willians
W. Thomson
T. Sprow
M. Swander

FIRST ROW

R. Timms
M. Wick
L. Walters

Left to right

FOURTH ROW
J. Quayle
B. Dell Isola
M. Ochs
L. Hills
F. Volk

THIRD ROW
L. Kent
R. Wick
M. Taylor
T. Batchelor
O. Hovey
M. Mackley
S. Henshaw

SECOND ROW
P. Eide
J. Fogg
M. Bolton
S. Files
D. Crocker

FIRST ROW
M. Merrick
A. Prescott
C. Nordstrom

Fourth Preparatory Class

Left to right

FOURTH ROW
M. Leppelmeier
N. Rau
M. Enos
L. White
D. Floyd

THIRD ROW
P. Bassett
J. Jewitt
C. Williams
E. Hersey
B. Body
T. Neff

SECOND ROW
N. Hollington
A. Daley
L. Hacker
E. Norweb
L. Dempsey

FIRST ROW
D. VanDuzer
W. Perkins
S. Manuel
D. Price

ABSENT
V. Comte

Left to right

THIRD ROW

P. Frohring
W. Augustus
R. Coakley
A. Knight
K. Dykema
C. Black
C. Eaton

SECOND ROW

P. Allen
M. Campbell
L. Case
E. Cleveland
L. Hayes
S. Jones
J. Jordan

FIRST ROW

S. Kendrick
B. Buss
K. Knutsen
H. Kuss
S. Crocker
S. Hay

ABSENT

L. Armington

Third Preparatory Class

Left to right

FOURTH ROW

B. Oldenburg
S. Page
J. Russell
P. Talbott
S. Mitchell
M. McCreary

THIRD ROW

J. Newell
P. Prescott
M. Morrison
D. Legros
D. Steadman
K. Simon
M. White

SECOND ROW

S. Rountree
M. Lee
S. Sayle
M. Van Ordstrand
M. Wilbur
J. Wierdsma

FIRST ROW

A. Wick
A. Worthington

Left to right

FIFTH ROW

M. A. Meister
M. McDaniel
P. Page
L. Vilas
V. Robinson

FOURTH ROW

J. Baker
F. Sayle
M. Hitchcock
M. Tovar

THIRD ROW

C. Butler
B. Campbell
B. Burry

SECOND ROW

V. Milestone
A. Thomas
L. White
P. Dworken
M. Nulsen

FIRST ROW

M. Horth
B. Brown
D. Perkins
R. Swetland
C. Cronin

ABSENT

E. Farrington

Second Preparatory Class

FIFTH ROW

B. Sylvester
H. Veale
C. Jones

FOURTH ROW

C. Neville
S. Paul
H. Foster
C. Norweb

THIRD ROW

V. Grant
W. Evans
A. Rosendale
C. Kuss

SECOND ROW

C. Costello
L. Harris
M. McDaniel
B. Blossom
L. Stirn

FIRST ROW

S. Taylor
S. Rogers
S. Johnson
J. Rosenthal
B. Hunkin
E. Rogers

ABSENT

L. Ireland
L. Horsburgh

First Preparatory Class

Left to right

SIXTH ROW
N. Milestone
H. Whitney
S. Gottfried
P. Gardner

FIFTH ROW
E. King
J. Tracy
L. Upson
B. Reinartz
C. DesPrez
D. Hitchcock

FOURTH ROW
H. Dworken
A. Simeone
C. Calfee
L. Bowler
H. Boyer
E. Fritzsche

THIRD ROW
C. Horner
H. Richardson
W. White
M. Rose
A. Nash
J. Stevens
M. McWilliams
K. Oliva

SECOND ROW
C. Lux
L. Rogers
N. McDaniel
A. Weatherhead
A. Bassett
M. Daniels
L. Bearden

FIRST ROW
D. Meister
D. Wolf
A. Hecker
G. Dempsey
D. Augustus
C. Newpher
L. Enos
M. White

ABSENT
A. Ephrussi
L. James
B. Smythe
L. Taylor

Third and Fourth Primary

Left to right

THIRD ROW
M. Alexander
J. Nicholl
H. France
S. Smythe
B. Ireland
S. Smith
E. Rosendale
S. Lamprecht
L. Meacham
J. Hadden
C. Campbell

SECOND ROW
M. Fritzsche
L. deWindt
G. White
E. Eaton
J. Lowden
P. Hughes
H. Munger
C. Cameron
K. Hoffman
M. Fischer
C. Whiite
S. Feather

FIRST ROW
S. Vail
P. Allen
J. Wagonlander
J. Whitney
M. Smallwood
C. Tolles
M. Dempsey
C. Stevenson
C. Rhinelander
P. White
A. Kitchel
M. Simeone

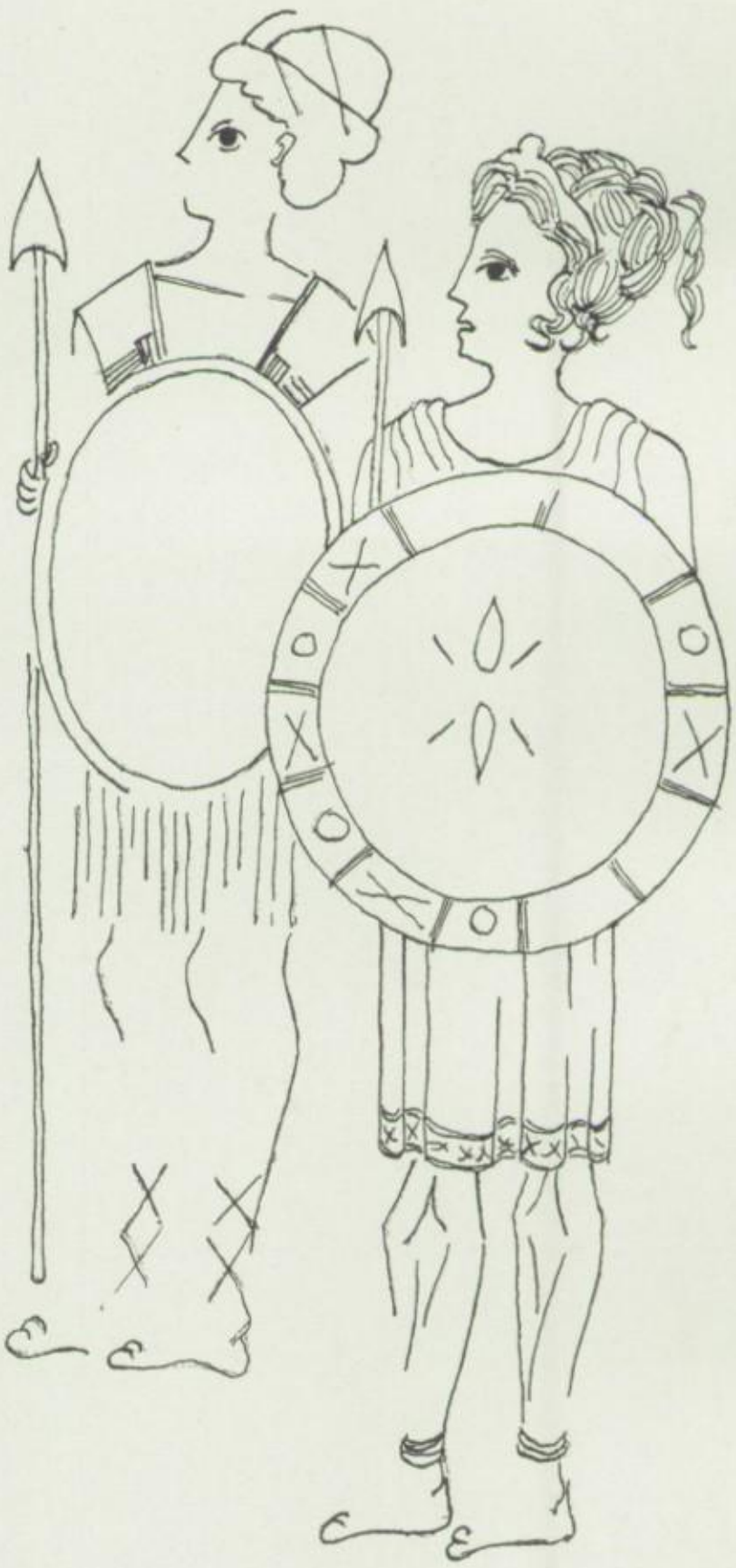
ABSENT
C. Wachter
A. Ward
S. Chamberlin
H. Hickox
M. Steingass

First and Second Primary

Nursery School

Kindergarten

H.B.EMS VISIT
THE
AMAZO



Student Council

President: Barb Kinder
Vice-president: Sandy Shenk
Secretary: Diana Pritchard
Faculty Advisor: Miss Petrequin

Members

SENIORS: Megan Feather, Cynthia Rosenthal

JUNIORS: Ann Colborn, Jan Nordstrom, Marcy Tompkins, Cathy White

SOPHOMORES: Julie North, Gretchen Oppmann, Marian Pritchard, Claire Shenk

FRESHMEN: Alicia Flaherty, Helen Grubb, Mary Hudson, Pam Meyers

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Vice-president:	Margot Davenport
Secretary:	Len Weatherhead
Treasurer:	Megan Feather
Faculty Advisor:	Mrs. Simmons

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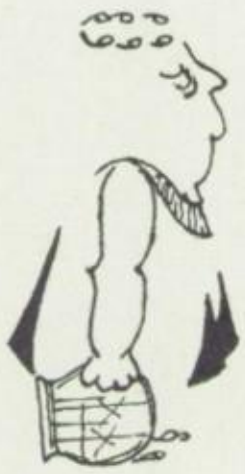

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Treasurer:	Linda Gibson
Secretary:	Nancy Belden
Faculty Advisor:	Miss Rosenberger
Members	
JUNIORS:	Debby Jones, Sue Miller
SOPHOMORES:	Pam Hay, Nancy Tillinghast
FRESHMEN:	Molly Adams, Suki Klie

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Faculty Advisor: Mrs. Foulkes

Third Preps: Peggy Allen, Linda Armington, Wendy Augustus, Cristina Black, Betsy Buss, Mary Campbell, Elizabeth Cleveland, Robin Coakley, Cathy Eaton, Paula Frohring, Leslie Hayes, Susan Kendrick, Kathy Knutsen, Helen Kuss, Margo McCreary, Mary Morrison, Beth Oldenburg, Sherry Page, Pam Prescott, Sarah Rountree, Jacquie Russell, Suzy Sayle, Kay Simon, Dottie Steadmen, Page Talbott, Margaret White, Adele Wick, Jane Wierdsma, Maren Wilbur, Ann Worthington

Second Preps: Jane Baker, Barbara Burry, Beth Campbell, Edibeth Farrington, Peggy Hitchcock, Mary Horth, Marny McDaniel, Vicky Milestone, Margy Nulsen, Derry Perkins, Ginny Robinson, Franny Sayle, Ruth Swetland, Laurie White

	A City	A Song	A Book
Adams	Portland	"Down by the Old Mill Stream	*Adam of the Road*
Arms	Brecksville (wherever that is)	"The Happy Farmer"	*Tobacco Road*
Beatty	New Haven	"Deep Purple"	*Uncle Tom's Cabin*
Belden	Monte Carlo	"The Coca Cola Song"	*The Party Dress*
Bigler	Washington	"I Got a Horse Right Here"	*Justin Morgan Had a Horse*
Bregenzer	Greenwich Village	"The Nutcracker Suite"	*Love with a Harvard Accent*
Coleman	Scarsdale	"Gold Mine in the Sky"	*Vogue*
Corrigan	Dublin	"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"	*Active Service*
DeLancey	Chatham	"Climb Ev'ry Mountain"	*North of Boston*
Dinkel	Atlanta	"I'll Take My Chances"	*The Postman Always Rings Twi*
Drolshammer	Cleveland	"You'll Never Walk Alone"	*A Farewell to Arms*
Ehrke	Ames	"Where the Boys Are"	*The Boy Next Door*
Fauver	Denver	"Over Hill, Over Dale"	*Sense and Sensibility*
Feather	Bay Head	"Little Chippy Wah Wah"	*The Philadelphian*
Fitch	Martha's Vineyard	"La Belle Polonaise"	*The Madwoman of Chaillot*
Fitz-Gerald	Mobile	"Happy Talk"	*Reading is Fun*
Floyd	Hyannisport	"Mama Said"	*You Can't Go Home Again*
Frohring	Venice	"Grand Canyon Suite"	*On the Road*
Frush	Flushing	"The Mockingbird Song"	*Please Don't Eat the Daisies*
Garlick	San Francisco	"Sophisticated Lady"	*Far from the Madding Crowd*
Gibson	Aspen	"Cockeyed Optimist"	*Winter's Tale*
Hall, M.	Death Valley	"Tripping Hither, Tripping Thither"	*The Pigeon that Took Rome*
Hall, S.	Topeka	"Big Rock Candy Mountain"	*Travels with Charley*
Holden	Niagara Falls	"Moonlight and Roses"	*A Man Called Peter*
Hubbard	Toronto	"Ivory Tower"	*I Write as I Please*
Kalkas	Athens	"Walking Down to Washington"	*The Making of the President, 1960*
Kinder	Leavenworth	"Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes"	*Crime and Punishment*
Klie	Yuma	"Don't Fence Me In"	*Whatever You Do Don't Panic*
Lassen	New Haven	"Eli Yale"	*Cherry Ames, Girl Nurse*

Sees Us As

	A City	A Song	A Book
Mackenzie, A.	Springfield	"The Pony"	*Citizen of the World*
Mackenzie, L.	Rome	"Bicycle Built for Two"	*Roman Holidays*
Mathay	Las Vegas	"Mr. Paganini"	*Dark Laughter*
May	Hollywood	"Picnic"	*What Maisie Knew*
Mielziner	Cape Canaveral	"Found Love"	*Keys of the Kingdom*
Narten	New Orleans	"Sentimental Journey"	*The Wanderer*
Nave	Pebble Beach	"Oh! Susanna"	*Ski Lodge Mystery*
Nulsen, S.	Rio de Janeiro	"The Way You Look Tonight"	*The Memory of Certain Persons*
Nulsen, G.	Paris	"The Seine"	*The Last of the Wine*
Pendery	Morristown	"Stella by Starlight"	*Gone with the Wind*
Pritchard	Naples	"We Believe in You"	*The Arabian Nights*
Reichert	Hanover	"I Whistle a Happy Tune"	*Droll Stories*
Robinson	New York	"You're Sixteen, You're Beautiful, and You're Mine"	*Youth from Ten to Sixteen*
Roos	Gates Mills	"Chances Are"	*The Court of Boyville*
Rosenthal	Palm Beach	"Make Someone Happy"	*Love's Labors Lost*
Shenk	Oslo	"Plaisir d'Amour"	*The Well-Beloved*
Shepard	Littleton	"The Stomp"	*Letting Go*
Smallwood	Gambier	"The Teddy Bear's Picnic"	*All This and Heaven Too*
Smith	Cairo	"Smokey the Bear"	*Cream of the Jest*
Smythe	Heaven Hill	"You Gotta Be a Touchdown Hero"	*On the Beach*
Sorace	Chicago	"Tan Shoes and Pink Shoelaces"	*The Absentee*
Steadman	Los Angeles	"Chopsticks"	*I'll Take My Stand*
Stevens	Angola	"Moonlight Sonata"	*The Mouse That Roared*
Turnock	Fort Lauderdale	"Oo Poo Pah Doo"	*Giants in the Earth*
Vabitziano	Florence	"A Certain Smile"	*The Agony and the Ecstasy*
Weatherhead	Nome	"Theme from Ben Casey"	*Light in August*

Our Advisors As

	A City	A Song	A Book
Miss Coburn	Northampton	"The Night Has a Thousand Eyes"	*Lead Kindly Light*
Mrs. McCreary	Nantucket	"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"	*The Cape Cod Lighter*

A DAB O'
ALI BABA
CHARITY
CARNIVAL
NOV. 16
3-8 PM
HATHAWAY BROWN SCHOOL

4
5
REST
ROOM

H.B.eas Travels Through 1962–1963

September 10	Opening Day	H.B.eas descends to Hades
November 16	Carnival	H.B.eas bows to the East
November 22-25	Thanksgiving Holiday	H.B.eas kills the fatted calf
December 15	Junior-Senior Prom Number 1	H.B.eas yields to fate
December 20 to January 8	Christmas Vacation	H.B.eas attends the orgies
January 22-25	Midyear Examinations	H.B.eas struggles along with Sisyphus
February 9	Junior-Senior Prom Number 2	H.B.eas cavorts with the goddesses
February 22-25	Washington's Birthday	H.B.eas dives into the Lethe
March 1-2	Senior Play	H.B.eas apologizes to Thespis
March 16	Freshman-Sophomore Prom	H.B.eas cavorts with the Nereids and Hamadryads
March 22 to April 9	Spring Vacation	H.B.eas worships Apollo
April 19	Glee Club Concert	H.B.eas becomes H.B.-U.S.
May 21	May Day	H.B.eas falls on his face
May 30	Holiday	H.B.eas gets brief reprieve from the underworld
May 29 to June 4	Final Examinations	H.B.eas considers the funeral prye
June 5	Last Chapel	H.B.eas weeps remembering
June 6	Prep and Prime Commencement	H.B.eas promotes the neophytes
June 7	Commencement	H.B.eas reaches the Elysian Fields
June 8	Senior Farewell	H.B.eas joins the Bacchantes

Martha Frohring

May Queen, 1963

Class Poll

Most Valuable Possession

Circle pin 49
"L'ami Bob" rien
Newports 4 (Arms, May, Beatty, M. Hall)
Peter's ring, bracelet, sweater, picture, etc. 1 (Holden)

Most Frequented Place

Draeger's 20
The Library 15
Arms' Couch 1 (Arms)
Arms' Basement (everyone else)

Best Walk

Feather 48
Fitch 6

Best Entertainment

Hall's leg dance 20
Feather's imitations of people 6
Latin orgies 5 (Latin club)
Percy's monologues 2
Upsetters 20
Butchie 1

What We'll Miss the Most

Chapel marches 54
Official absences 54
Junior class 54
Bailey 54

Favorite Pastime

Dieting 1 (Rosenthal)
Blowing up the chemistry lab 2 (Nave and Pritchard)
Remembering the splendor in the grass 35
Growing crystals 15
Playing old Chinese woman 1 (May)

Best Athlete

Miss Rosenberger 10
Stella 22
Rosenthal 22

Loudest

Kinder's imitation of Leavenworth's laugh 52
Garlick and Coleman (Hall and Fauver)

Favorite Breakfast Food

Cupcakes 1 (Beatty)
Food for thought (Mon. – Fri.) 52
Chocolate chips 1 (Feather)

Biggest Eater

Inge 10
Smythe 6
L. Mackenzie 17
S. Hall 12
Turnock 9

Wildest Driver

M. Hall 27
Belden 27

Greatest Ambition

College social life 54

Favorite Animal

Wolf 53
Weimaraner 1 (Smythe)

Favorite Expression

Here beginneth 20 (abstaining–Miss Jermyn)
Deh! 4
Babycakes 10
Let's have a blowthru! 20 (abstaining–Miss Jermyn)

Favorite School

Canton Beauty School 2 (Robinson and Hall)
Summer school 0
Experience 1 (Smallwood)
Cleveland School of Cosmetology 51

Favorite College

John Carroll University 3 (S. Hall, Corrigan, Feather)
Carnegie College 50
Iowa State 1 (Ehrke)

Best Monday Morning Smile

Miss Bruce 18
Fitz-Gerald 18
Mrs. Foulkes 18

Class Officers 1962–1963

SENIOR CLASS

President	Cynthia Rosenthal
Council Member	Megan Feather
Vice-president	Jan Hubbard
Secretary	Judy Turnock
Treasurer	Len Weatherhead

JUNIOR CLASS

	First Semester	*Second Semester*
President	Cathy White	Ann Colborn
Council Member	Marcy Tompkins	Jan Nordstrom
Vice-president	Diantha Smith	Jill Andrews
Secretary	Nancy Travis	Barbara Fauver
Treasurer	Dorsey Regal	

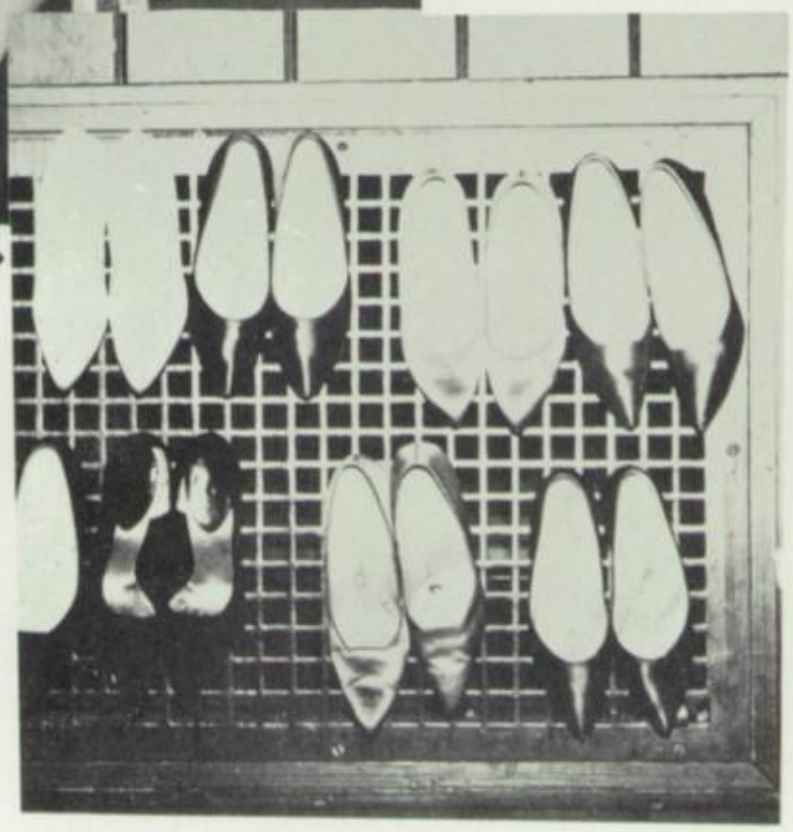
SOPHOMORE CLASS

	First Semester	*Second Semester*
President	Julie North	Mayo Pritchard
Council Member	Gretchen Oppmann	Claire Shenk
Vice-president	Jo Lynn Hand	Jean Caponigro
Secretary	Mayo Pritchard	Barbie White
Treasurer	Jo Buschman	

FRESHMAN CLASS

	First Semester	*Second Semester*
President	Mary Hudson	Pam Myers
Council Member	Helen Grubb	Alicia Flaherty
Vice-president	Priscilla Ide	Cathy Clarke
Secretary	Debbie Feather	Sue Mayer
Treasurer	Taffy Sprow	

Where's your flower, Nance ?



You can't be that hungry De Lance !

Visiter , Visiter !

Camera shy

Tonight's the night !

We never had carnivals like this in Cambridge

Smoke get into your eyes?

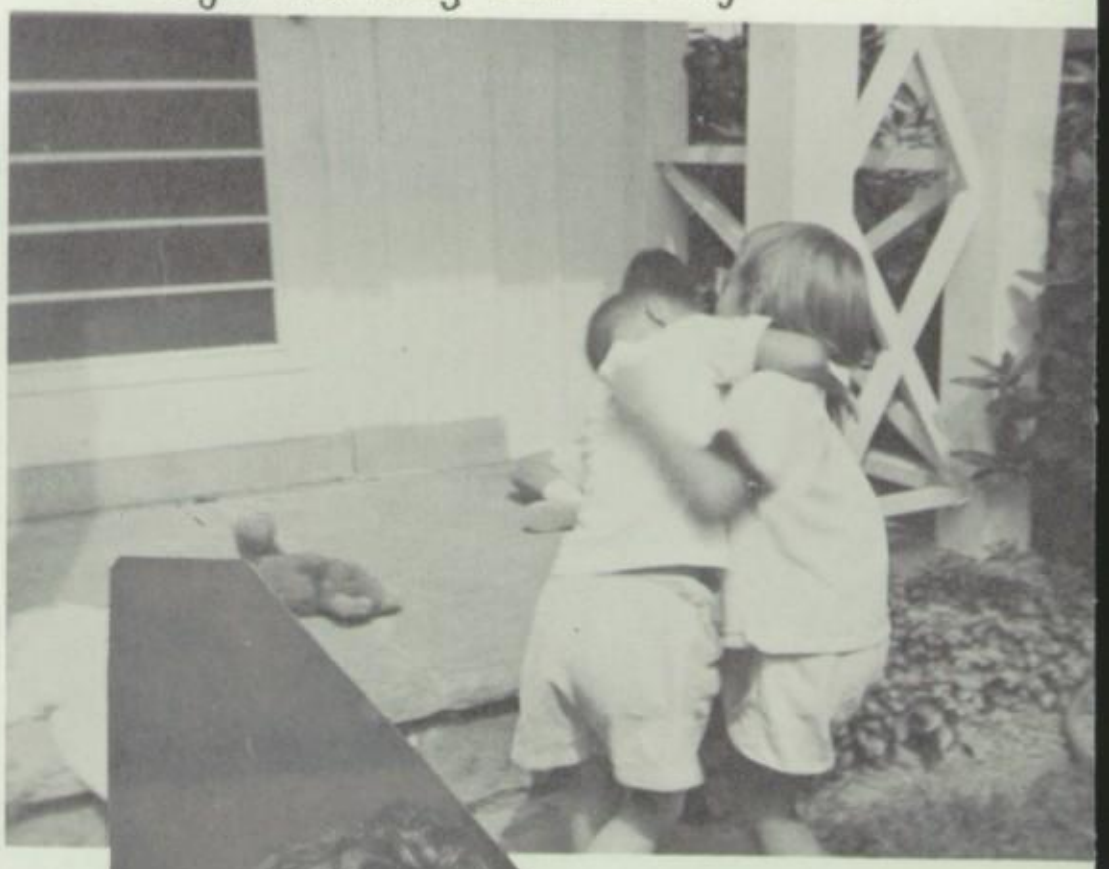
Every body loves a football player

Sure! You can take my picture

The time I "fell" in the ditch

All I ask is a little human understanding

" Though nothing can bring back - - - "



There's my little boy!

Make someone happy

Spring will be a little late this year

Shake it up, baby!

The enemy below

She's sinking fast

He materialized

Cha-Cha-Cha

Is it drama or melodrama today, Cyncie?

Review Revisited

Four Flats

The Elbow Room, Marth, the Elbow Room

Did you say, "Drums?"

We're cracking up from the lack of...

To the woods!

All I want is a little human understanding.

No, Web, I want to hold Suzy's hand!

No one gets tossed out of the window for an opinion!

Walk like a man

"Bird thou never wert"

Fairly typical

The Seniors are leaving

Hello, World!

Run, Spot, run

Yes, I see the mistletoe

The pillars of '63

Is it true what they say about coke and aspirin?

Pass the Chips, Tony!

Uh, I mean Carolyn

You were the one who wanted the sandwiches.

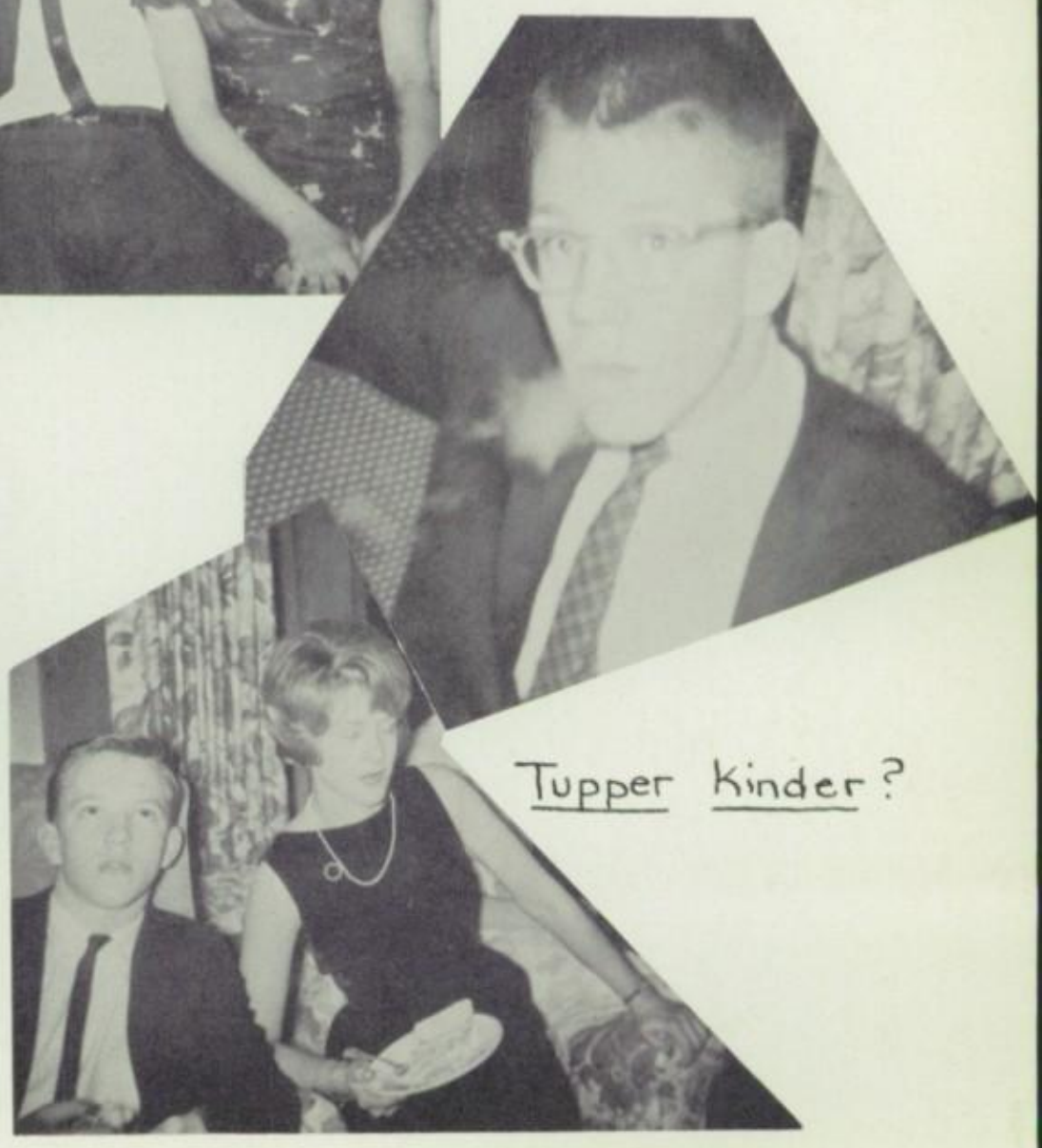
What do you mean, "Where's Brecksville?"

Ugh! That greasy kid stuff!

Turn right off
55th

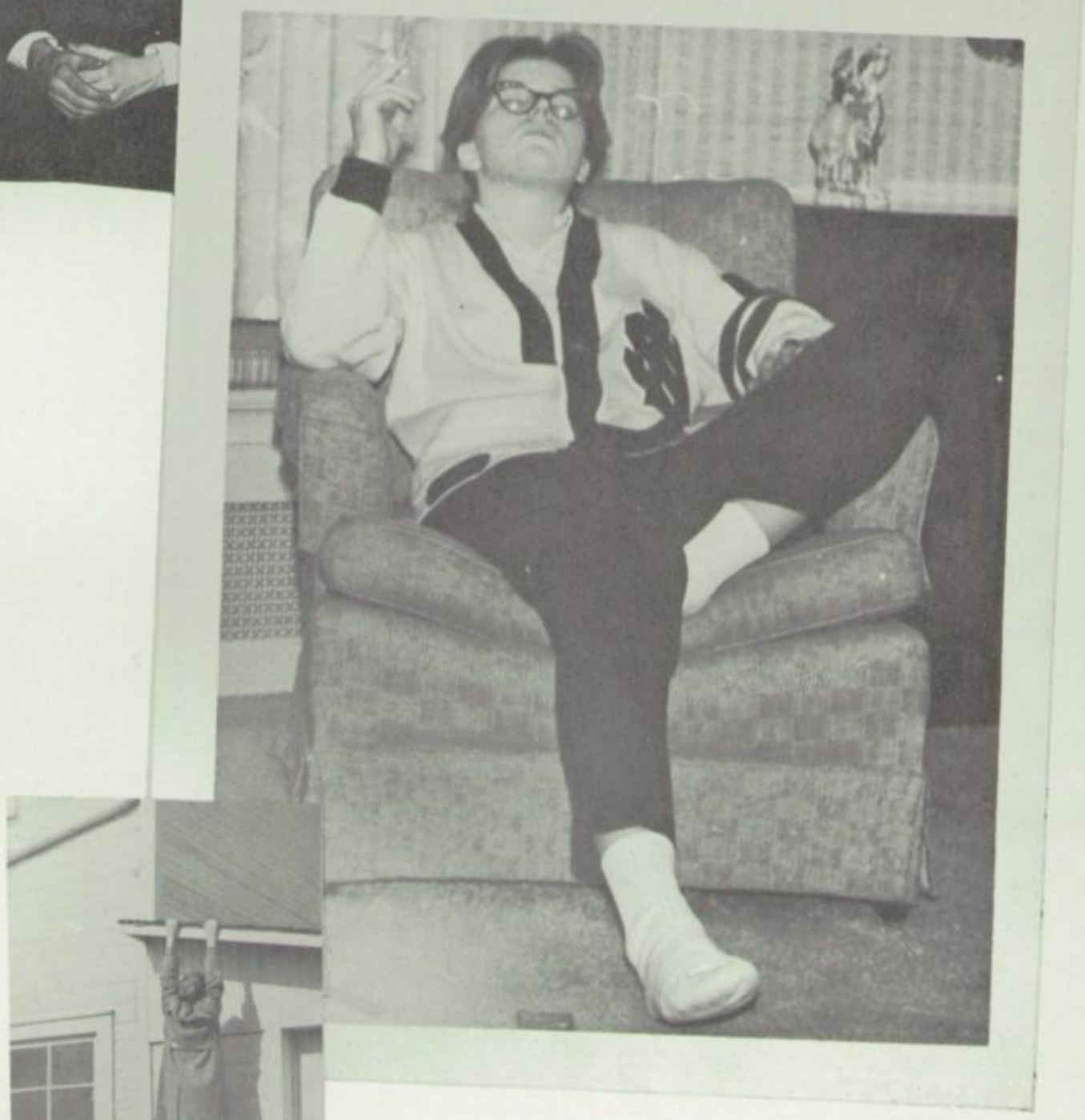
Go away
little girl

I sing too!



Tupper Kinder?

Knock, knock



I went to the Bahamas for spring vacation

I'm just dropping in to say, "Hi!"

The U.S. Mat Team? That's a good one.

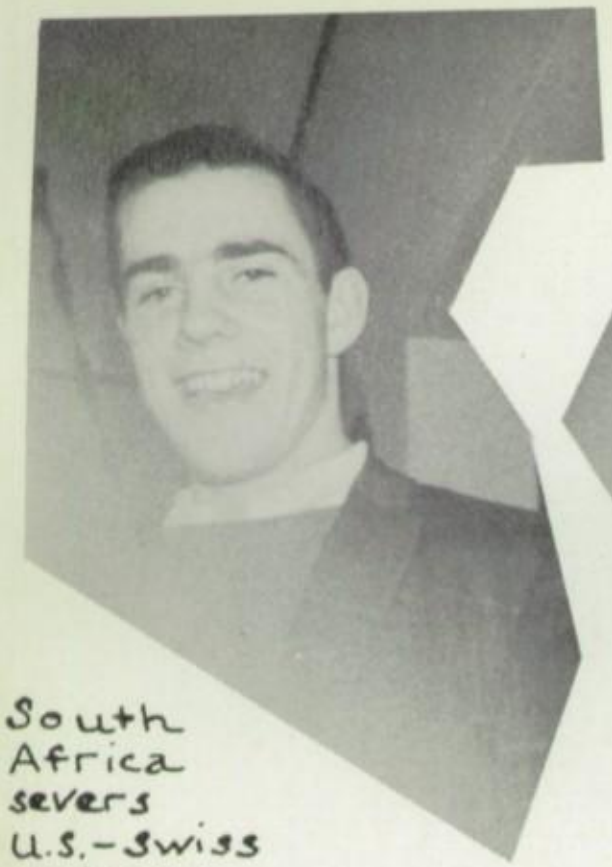
Freddie taught me . . .

Every litter bit hurts

It tickles

Just wait a couple of years

There're peas in my milk



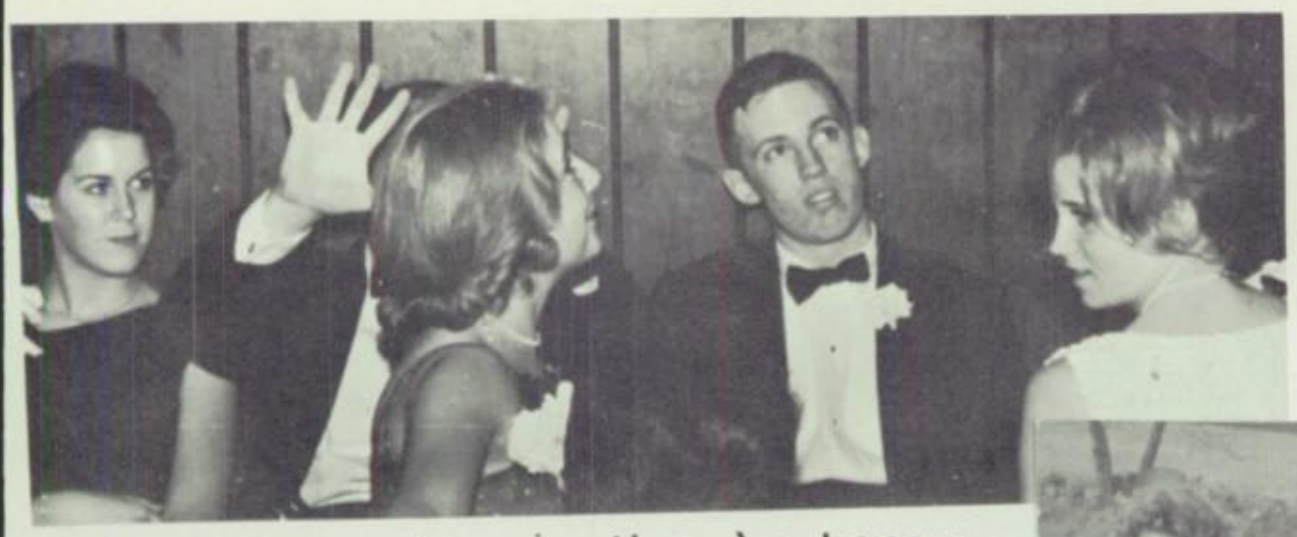
South Africa severs U.S.-Swiss alliance

This speaks for itself

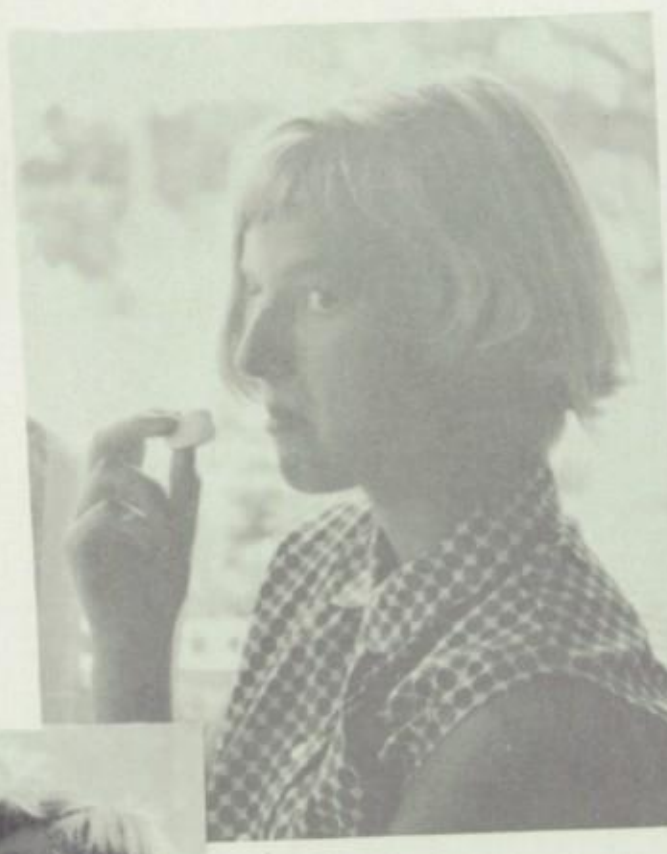
Yes, I love Girl Scouts

Me Jan! Who You?

The Grecian Gardens?



Oh let them stay in the balcony



O.K., Barb, I'll take it out to the kitchen

Now, if this were Bodie . . . .

Watch it go "oot"

$10^{-24} \times 1.0^{-3}$ --- zzzzz

Oh, Jill, where are you?

Who gets Marten this week?

And he krssed me like this.....

Let us out- wee-oo

Ah, Caroline

Then
I said
to him

Exit
stage left

It's so bush

Booze and carbonated friend

Oh, it's him again!

Yes, Tom's my brother

H.B. alert

Fairbank: "He's so cool!"
Shenk: "Not really."
Page: "Nope, reject."
White: "Are you crazy
him?"

Move over kid

Having a wonderful time . . .

"But I have never said
I love you . . . "

The Modern Sabine

You say Lavoris is 38% alcohol?

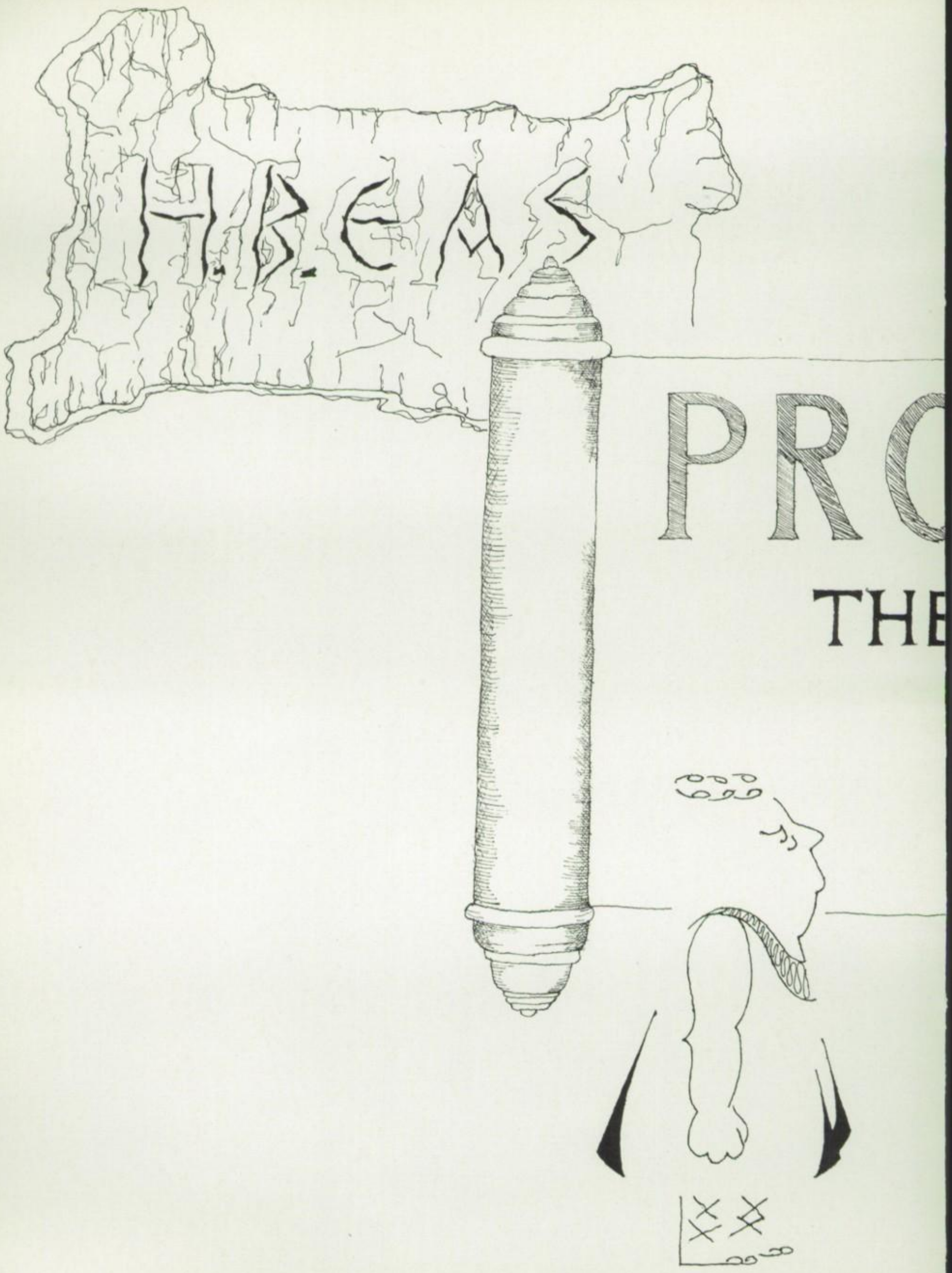
One measly coin in the fountain

Peter! You're not allowed up here!

The Rosenthals moved

INKL

NCS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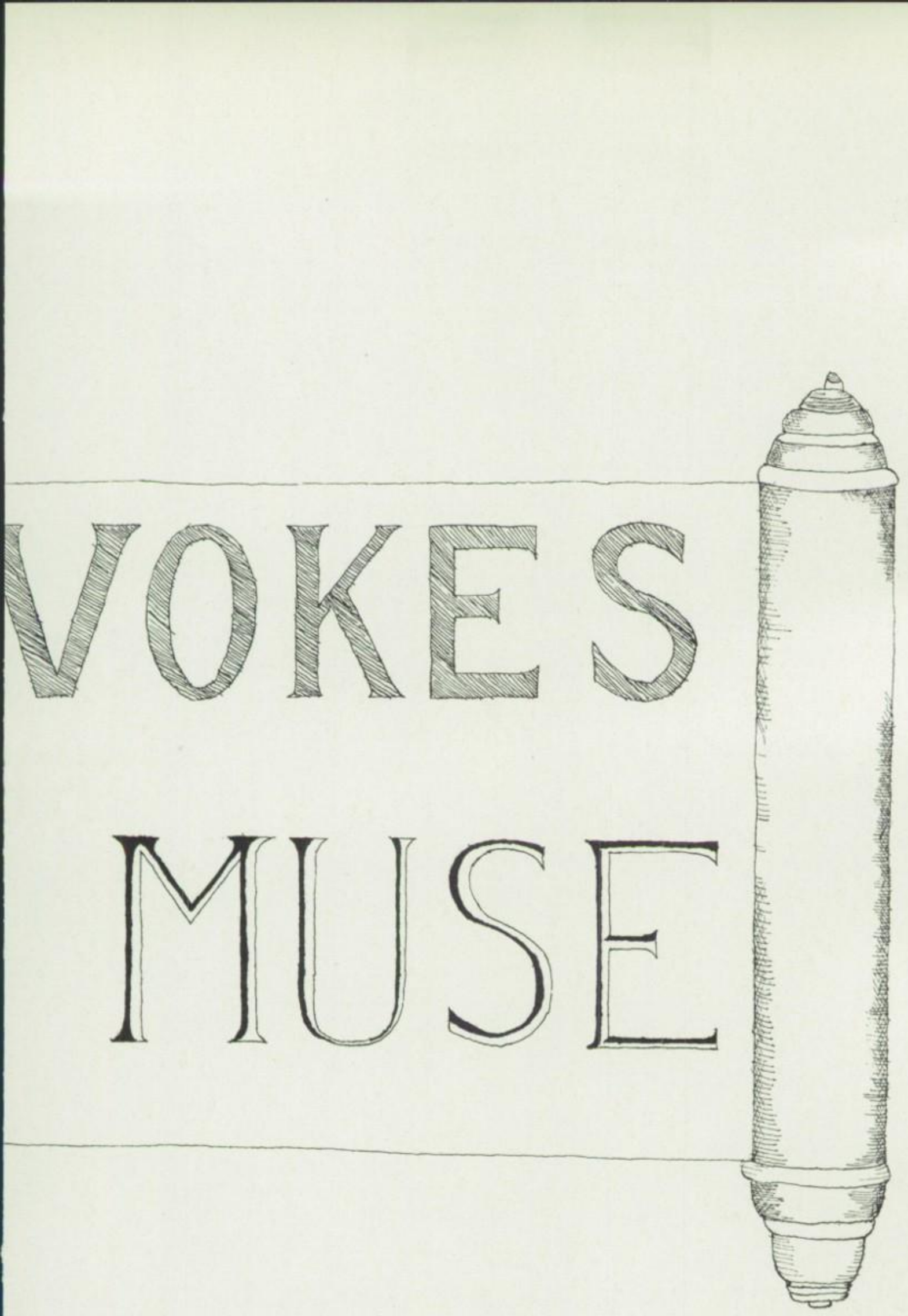

MUSE

Facing Reality

Poetry Prize

I hear you, and see you, and feel you
forcing your way into my mind,
my life.

And part of me knows you and
accepts you;
And part of me fears you and
pushes you away.

The child in me covers its face
and cries,
"No! No!"

But the woman in me smiles
in calm resignation
and whispers to the child,
"Understand."

And
.....in time.....
the child in me
Raises its head
And reaches for the hand of the woman
And faces you
trembling.....
yet no longer
afraid.

SUE MEYER, *Class of '65*

Of Course

Raymond Short Story Prize

SUMMER is hot days and hot pavement that blisters your feet when you run from shadow to shadow on the front walk. But the white marble mounting block is cool to stand on. Grandma got into carriages from that mounting block. "Just think," she says, "my father never saw an automobile." She always calls them "automobiles." She knows what you mean, of course, if you say "cars," but she never calls them that herself. Besides my grandma, I have my mother and my auntie. We live in a very big house on Pleasant Street with an iron railing around it.

The walks that I have are three, that is I have three walks that go to my favorite places. Up around Eagle Street by Snow's Pond is one of them because you can sit on the hill over the pond and watch everyone shouting and splashing below. I am not allowed to swim in it because once I got sick from it. I love to walk in the cemetery, too, and count the lambs, but Our Little Persis Amelia is my favorite. Persis Amelia is a marble lamb whose head is broken off. I never see her but what her head is out of place, and I have to put it back for her. It doesn't fit very well because it's been coming off like that for just hundreds of years. Sometimes I pull the dead tops off the geraniums. There are always lots of old geraniums in peely green pots stuck in the ground.

But best of all, after supper I walk down Pleasant Street. Pleasant Street is really much nicer in the evenings than any other time because of the lindens. During the daytime people notice heat and cars and other people, heat mostly, but they never notice the lindens. Evenings when the heat has gone on around the world and people and cars have gone home, the lindens are everywhere. Lindens make Grandma think of her honeymoon and of her brother because he loved them.

One day it had been very hot, so of course, we had fruit salad and muffins for supper. On summer evenings when it's been so hot, nobody wants to be the first to turn on the lights, and the whole house is dark and quiet. The long lace curtains in the dining room moved a little along the edges. Everyone was sitting on the piazza smelling the lindens while Auntie recited poetry, so I slipped across the field and through a broken place in the fence. You see, Grandma's lot is very big with the iron fence I told you about around it except in one corner where there's a wooden fence.

I had slipped through the fence and stood in the tenement yard.

It is a four story tenement with lots of laundry all the way up and cats and bicycles, children, sometimes broken glass. I walked on past three more houses to the Polish market. It's in the basement of a big house where lots of families live. Dogs and flies and people were wandering in and out of the Polish market. And outside there were men in undershirts standing around long tables of onions and potatoes. Some day when I'm grown-up, I'll go into the Polish market and put some onions in the hanging scale.

Away from the market, the people were mostly sitting on the steps of their porches talking. Grandma says that they work in the mills. The dogs chased each other in the street. I'm not supposed to pet any dogs because they might have diseases.

Suddenly, under a straggle of bush, chasing her tail, I saw a small white kitten. She saw me a moment after I'd seen her, mewed softly, and turned round once, arching her back against the bush. I knelt on the sidewalk and held out my hand. She scampered sideways out of the hedge and flicked her skinny little tail. I called to her softly and waited breathless as she wobbled toward me. She mewed again and then started to purr like water boiling. When I sat down on the walk, she crawled into my lap and started to chew my fingers. Her eyes were light blue, and she closed them as she chewed. She vibrated all over. I was so happy I wanted to jump in the air, but, of course, I had to hold very, very still. Just then she sprang out of my lap, turned, charged my knee, and retreated, scampering sideways, under the hedge.

"Oh," I thought, "you are better than all my other friends, better than the pond, better than Persis Amelia, better than the tenement laundry and the bicycles, better even than the Polish market. Oh," I whispered to her, "I will come back first thing tomorrow morning and play with you." And I started to run down the street, swinging twice around every lamp post, when I heard a meow. I stopped and looked back, and there was my kitten, scampering and wobbling and flicking her tail. Of course she couldn't come home with me. I told her that. So I picked her up carefully and took her back to her bush.

This time I crossed the street so she wouldn't be able to follow me; but when I looked back, she had started into the road and was mewing. She sat down abruptly right there in the middle. A car might come any minute. She wouldn't stay under her bush. Besides, maybe that wasn't her bush at all. Maybe she had no home. What could I do? She was mewing again . . . There had never been any animals in Grandma's house, but no one had ever said there couldn't be any. Grandma had often told me that when she was little there were always cats in the

barn. Sometimes she even brought one into the house and held it on her lap. I ran into the road and picked up my kitten. My kitten!

As I carried her home, I hoped everyone would see me with my friend. I wanted to tell everyone that I had been for a walk with my kitten and now we were going home. But what if she did belong to somebody? That would make it stealing. If I was stealing, the police would catch me. A man sitting on his porch said, "Hi kid! Whatcha got there?"

"My cat," I said and hurried on. I never thought I would get by the market. Someone would surely see me. Supposing the kitten found out I'd stolen her. I wondered if I would go to hell. But at last I slipped through the crack in the fence. The town clock struck eight. My great grandfather gave that clock to the town when Grandma was married.

The light was on in the back kitchen, but no one was there, so I crept up the steps, opened the screen door, latched it quietly behind me. I hid the kitten in the pantry and tiptoed into the living room. Grandma was sewing a hem for Auntie. Auntie hates to sew; she was writing poetry and humming. Grandma saw me. "Well, little dear, where have you been? Your mama is upstairs. Run quick like a mouse. You'll need a scrubbing before you go to bed."

Auntie hugged me. "Um-m-m. Your hair smells of dove feathers," she laughed. I wished she'd let me go; I had to hurry to get my kitten. But she just hugged me and laughed. I heard something faint and far and very sad. My kitten was mewing! Oh, she wouldn't stop. Why didn't they hear her? Poor kitten all shut up in the dark pantry — suddenly from the pantry things started to fall.

Auntie stopped laughing; Grandma stopped sewing. My kitten started to cry again. Grandma looked at Auntie. "Is there a cat in this house?" And they ran into the kitchen. Crying, half dizzy, I saw my kitten make a dash behind the fireless cooker — caught. I howled, but they didn't stop. They threw her out the door. I thought of porch, steps, railing, all the things she could hit. My kitten! She was somewhere outside in the dark. She was bruised. Maybe she was dying. I was spanked. I thought I was dying too.

I heard someone say, "You, young lady, get to bed this minute!"

Someone else said, "That cat has spice jars all over the pantry."

And I thought I heard Grandma saying, "I can remember, when I was little, all the cats we had in the barn. I used to bring one in the house sometimes and hold it on my lap."

"Of course," someone said.

JAN HUBBARD, *Class of '63*

The Great Lady

Honorable Mention

I WAS fifteen the year I met the Great Lady, fifteen, that impressionable but very scared age. I called her the Great Lady only to myself. It would have been absurd to speak of her that way; everyone would have laughed. But she did have something of greatness, something I recognized even in my naivete. Hers was not, of course, the greatness of a leader like Lincoln, or Caesar; it was the small, dignified greatness of someone daring to be unobtrusively, confidently different. I adored her that year and longed to be like her, but I knew that my own conventionality was ingrained and not to be overcome.

I met her on a strange day in late November when the weather was being oddly indecisive. The sunlight made a strange but beautiful glow seeping through the black cloud rifts; then the clouds would rush back, and that wonderful light would be all but extinguished. The heavens were warring in this intriguing way as alone I scuffed along an unknown street in our rather small town. It was strange to be shopping alone that Saturday; I always tried to go with friends. No one goes shopping alone. But that day, alone for some reason I have forgotten, I discovered that amazing book shop and its proprietress, the Great Lady.

It was a wonderful, musty shop stacked and jumbled with very old, very scholarly-looking books. The little room was strangely-lit and seemed to me enchanted. I saw no one at first, but soon I looked up when I heard a faint rustle at a little door in the back. In swept the most striking little lady I had ever seen. She was dressed in an old-fashioned, black, high-necked gown (how can I call it a dress?), and her fine white hair was gathered on top of her head in a most extraordinary way. But I was most taken aback at her face, the incredible radiance of her features and the uniquely beautiful light in her eyes. She had none of the sunken, half-oblivious, inanimate look of so many older people I knew.

"What kind of book do you need, my dear?" Her voice was just the kind of voice one would expect from someone with eyes like that; nevertheless I was startled by the strange music of it.

"I'm just looking, thank you." I said what I always said to salesmen.

"Poetry or religion" said she, peering at my face. How did she know that these were the secret longings of my soul?

She swept off to a shelf in the back and returned with assorted little leathern volumes. There was a collection of Indian love lyrics,

a story of a pilgrim mystic in search of Christ on earth, and Lao-tse's book on Taoism, *The Way and its Powers.*

Immediately I was immersed in these volumes. The Great Lady led me to a stool in a little room in the back next to a blazing fireplace. Imagine a fireplace in a shop! Half-consciously I heard music, rather classical-sounding but unrecognizable. My hostess offered me candies, delicious in their strange sweetness. She offered me tea too, but I declined, feeling a little uneasy at my unaccustomed treatment.

We began to talk, and I spent most of the day in her shop. Entranced by her radiance, I gradually relaxed and almost ceased feeling the strangeness of it all. I discovered many things about her that first day, wondrous things to me. She had no religion except a belief in believing. She believed in love, in the ultimate goodness of all people, and in the doctrine that there is something extraordinary and special about each day to be discovered and treasured.

Her old-fashioned look was misleading in that she was up-to-date in anything that seemed important to her. She read the newspaper, a London paper which came two weeks late. She wanted to know all the "exciting chapters of history of our time," but she wanted her news tempered by a two-week lapse of time in order to see it in the proper perspective and not be terribly alarmed.

She seemed to know about everything and would adopt anything she discovered and particularly liked. The clothes of the 1890's suited her best, and an eclectic philosophy of the ancients, and the ceremonies of the high church. I think she truly believed in elves and most of the lovely Greek myths. She loved Sappho, Shelley, and St. Exupery. I don't remember her ever saying she disliked anything.

I left her that day with a feeling of the radiant beauty of the world and the divinity of life. As I walked out of her strangely-lit shop into the rain, I knew I would return.

I went back many times that winter; in fact, I spent almost every Saturday with her. Each time I went, she gave me something new and beautiful to think about, and I always went away with a kind of spiritual gift from her, a deep loving of life.

Strange as it may seem, I never told anyone about her. She was something quite sacred to me, and it was as if I were afraid to expose her to any outside eyes or opinions. I think, too, that there was always a thought in the back of my mind that it was rather odd for me to be friendly with such an extraordinary person. I knew no one would really understand; no one could see her as I did.

Bit by bit, however, the truth about her came out. My mother

thought it rather strange that I spent so much time shopping. One day she saw the book on Taoism in my room and asked me where I got it. Being a devout Christian, she was somewhat alarmed at my reading it. I told her a little about the book shop.

"Oh, is that where you spent so much time, Martha?" That was all she said, but I could tell she was a little puzzled and thought my explanation strange. She made me feel uncomfortable just by her questioning look.

After that talk with Mother I hid the books the Great Lady gave me to read. It would have been too difficult to explain them to Mother. She would eventually make me tell her about the Great Lady, and I just didn't feel capable of it.

One day I went to the shop and found the Great Lady particularly radiant. She explained that she had finished writing her novel. I had barely been aware she was writing one because she was always busy with some project or new delight. She gave me the manuscript to read, and I could hardly wait to start it. I knew it would be a book of immeasurable beauty and quality.

I raced to my room when I got home, shut the doors, and read until I finished the manuscript. I had not been mistaken; it was vibrantly beautiful, and I was deeply moved. I could not stop thinking about it after I had finished. It was a pageant of love, a story involving a rather strange series of incidents each showing a different kind of love, filial love, romantic love, maternal love, sensual love, merely love of life. All these loves represented life; they were life. They were the meaning, the existence, the truth of the characters. I am really unable to express all the richness of my Great Lady's manuscript. It filled me with light.

I decided to hide the manuscript under the mattress until I had a chance to go back to the book shop and return it to my friend. My mother, however, found it a day later and read it. She had never invaded my privacy in any way before, and I knew she would not have read it if she had not been anxious about me. She confronted me with the manuscript the next day after school. It had alarmed her. I was terribly frightened, but I didn't know quite why. I knew I must tell her about the Great Lady, and I did not feel strong enough to do it.

My mother gave me little chance for explanation at first. She told me she had been worried about me lately; I was always so secretive and strange and alone. She did not feel I should be reading books like that one. She could not really put her finger on the reason for this conviction, but she said that there was something too intense, too abnormal,

something frightening about that book. It just wasn't healthy, and where did I get it?

I tried to tell her only a little about the Great Lady, but she asked me question after question. Telling her about my friend was ugly; I did not like to see her through my mother's eyes. Mother said she sounded eccentric and senile and decidedly odd. Wasn't I seeing a great deal of her, and shouldn't I be spending more time with friends my own age? She thought the Great Lady's influence on me was detrimental. Although she did not forbid me to see her again, she made me feel strange and uncomfortable about returning to the shop.

But I did go again. I knew unerringly that my friend was not senile but wonderful. I loved to be with her, and I would remain loyal. I told the Great Lady about that talk with my mother, and she looked very sad, very alone. She nodded slowly as though she understood. That was the only time I ever saw her lose her incomparable glow. I felt as though unwittingly I had brought back to her some old sorrow.

Spring came, that time when all my friends wore loafers and tan trench coats and went each Saturday to watch the baseball games at the nearby boys' school. I did not go because Saturday was the time I spent with the Great Lady. I made excuses to Sandy, my closest friend, with whom I had always gone to these games. She was hurt and demanded to know where I went on Saturdays. I evaded her questions as long as I could; but she was persistent, and I had to tell her about my friend. Sandy demanded to meet her. I was reluctant but could find no excuses.

We went the next Saturday, and with an inexplicable sense of foreboding I introduced my two friends. Although the Great Lady gave me one searching look, I could tell she was delighted to meet Sandy. Her life was such a lonely one.

"You're interested in the drama, my dear?" she said at first. Sandy stared. She was passionately interested in the theater.

"Oh, well, did Martha tell you?" said Sandy, looking at my friend's clothes. Something told me to let her think that way, and the Great Lady and I were both silent.

"Come in, my dears, and have some candy. I'll find you an interesting play, Sandy. Oh, Martha, have you read that wonderful collection of Arabian lyrics yet?" She led the way into the room with the fireplace.

Sandy was looking at her with astonishment. When offered candy, she hesitated as though not sure whether she ought to take some from this extraordinary stranger.

The three of us talked for a while, but the conversation was strained. The Great Lady was the only one completely herself, and

even she seemed a little anxious. We three seemed to have nothing to talk about. The Great Lady talked of her cat, Shelley, and the last book she lent me, and that magnificent play she would lend Sandy. Then she offered us pomegranate seeds and her spicy brew of tea. I couldn't enjoy the visit and didn't feel the usual radiant glow. I felt odd under Sandy's gaze. For the first time since I had been going to the shop, I was relieved when it was time to go.

"Brother, is she an oddball!" Sandy exploded the minute we were out in the rain. "Those clothes are so queer, and the way she looked at me gave me the creeps. Gosh, Martha, I'm sorry if she's your friend, but I just don't see . . ."

"But, Sandy," I said, "she's wonderful! Don't you see she's wonderful?"

"Well, sure, she's nice and all that, but she's so queer!"

"Well, I know she's different. In a way her differentness is why I like her. Don't you see what I mean?"

"She's different, all right!"

We were silent the rest of the way home. I had defended the Great Lady and could not think how to defend her more. I felt terribly alone. It gave me no comfort to know that I could see something in the Great Lady that Sandy could not see. It was all so difficult.

When Sandy asked me to go with her to the baseball game the next Saturday, I found myself saying, "Yes." Suddenly I wanted terribly to go.

I never saw the Great Lady again.

MARY JOE BREGENZER, *Class of '63*

Today

Today,
That could have been
What Yesterday was not,
Has blown the flame Tomorrow lit
Quite out.

JAN HUBBARD, *Class of '63*

Dune Song

Second Place

Cape Hatteras dunes croon odd sea tunes
Of shipwrecks under the cloudy sky,
Of a lost gull's cry.

The dunes know of things that were lost on the wings
Of the wind that forever will moan and sigh,
Of the gulls that cry.

The dunes never feel the fear that is real
Among sailors and ships that must sail by,
Among gulls that cry.

The dunes with delight see many a sight
Such as ships and gulls tossed to the shore,
And so much more.

SUSAN BOWSER, *Class of '66*

Why?

Fourth Place

What is it that sends pink dawn
Over a hideous battlefield,
That plays the morning light
On faceless faces
Turned in frozen anguish
Toward earth or sky?

What is it that sends
Those gallant living forth
To praise the grisly waste,
And then forth again to kill?

What is it that lets peach blossoms
Drift down in dancing thousands
To hide the blasted bodies
And cover the pools of blood,
So that the grave of a million child-men
Breathes beauty into a waking day?

BARBY BASS, *Class of '64*

Lullaby Of A City

THE SUN, still partially hidden behind the giant smokestacks of the paper mills, had not yet awakened the city. Already, though, the coolness of the night air had reverted to the oppressive humidity of the day before, and gradually the angular outlines of the factories and apartments became distinguishable. Nameless forms in countless small flats stirred, beginning the day's routine, and the street vendors, first to break the slüggish silence, began advertising limp vegetables in loud, dreary monotones.

A small wedge of light invaded the bleakness of one flat, making a prism out of the cheap, cut-glass lamp. In the kitchen a family of seven was eating at an old card table covered with newspaper. Soon the man and two older boys started for the subway, leaving the woman with two small children and a skinny girl of eleven or twelve. The two children, a grubby little boy and a girl about the same size, ran hand in hand down the stairs and were soon shrieking with their playmates. Patricia did not speak to her mother as they strung the wash between their apartment and the one directly across the narrow alley. Although it did not bother her hardened mother, Patricia despised this daily display of their private lives.

Hearing the clanging echo of tin, she looked down and saw her brother and sister throwing beer cans against the garbage pails. Unexpectedly the noise stopped, and Patricia heard the children's loud footsteps fading away down the alley. Turning from the window, she saw that her mother was ready to leave for the factory.

"Take care of the house while I'm away," Mama said. Mama always called it "the house." "Oh, and see that Tommy and Beth stay away from Baker Street." She picked up her purse and was gone.

By ten-thirty the heat in the flat had become unbearable, and Patricia felt as if she were breathing damp cotton. She decided to go outside and make sure that the children had not gone beyond the playground into the Baker Street area. Once down on the street, she could smell the warm, overripe vegetables and the rotten garbage, but she was used to the filth and ignored it. Crossing the street, she found her brother and sister bent over an old orange crate behind the grocery. As Patricia peered into the dark box, she felt her sister's dirty hand sneak into hers; and Beth whispered, "Patty, look, a real alive Mama cat and some babies." Although the alleys were crawling with mangy-

looking cats, Patricia had never before come upon a mother cat's nest. Gently she picked up one of the kittens and stroked its soft baby fuzz.

"Here, let me hold it. I'll be really careful. I won't drop it." Beth took the kitten and rocked it gently back and forth in her small arms, crooning a lullaby she had learned from her mother. She looked so small and defenseless that Patricia felt a catch in her throat as she thought of all the dolls Beth had never had. Reaching back in the box, she found that the other two kittens were limp and lifeless; apparently they had been dead at birth. The mother cat, frightened by the children's voices, jumped from the box with an agility born of self-preservation and ran under a heap of empty boxes.

Tommy manfully buried the dead kittens in a Kellogg's carton he had discovered in the ash can, while the remaining kitten sucked feebly at Beth's fingers. At noon the kitten went home with them because Patricia did not have the heart to deny Beth the chance to mother a tiny creature. The children made a covenant to tell no one about the kitten, and for two days Beth lived for the little animal; she sang it to sleep at night and carried it with her all day, cradling it to her chest, half-suffocating it with her sticky shirt.

Then, abruptly, it died. One minute Beth was stroking the little kitten; the next it was lying unresponsive in her arms. Irritated, she reprimanded it. "Purr, Baby Cat, I wanna hear you purr. Come on, don't go asleep."

Her annoyance changed to anxiety when she gently shook the kitten and it did not waken. She coaxed and prodded it, but there was still no response. Baffled, she decided to find Patricia and ask her what was the matter with Baby Cat. Climbing the stairs, she encountered Tommy on his way to the playground and asked him what was wrong with her kitten.

"You blind? Cat's dead," he said, and clattered on down the steps two at a time.

"Dead?" thought Beth. "Oh no, asleep." She sat down on the stairs, and rocking the kitten, sang her mother's lullaby. "Sleep now, my little baby, and wake again tomorrow."

Patricia heard her sister's small voice and came out to sit beside her. She saw that the kitten was limp and took it gently from Beth's arms.

"It's dead, Bethie," she said. "I'm sorry."

Beth took back the kitten and bent over its tiny body, patting its head consolingly.

"It's all right, Baby Cat," she said. "You'll go to heaven and be

an angel." Patricia put her arm around her smaller sister, and Beth sang softly to the kitten.

As they sat, the setting sun softened the harshness of the city's buildings, its glow giving an unreal halo to the smokestacks. The arrival of darkness sent the tired street hucksters home, and night settled over the streets, disguising all the filth and grime.

SUE PRESCOTT, *Class of '65*

The Birth of Lincoln

Third Place

God looked down on the vast, new land.
And for a time He watched the creatures
Which leapt sweating and swaggering from the sullen soil.
Lusty and laughing, they defiled the silence of a virgin earth
And moved on, leaving the welts of westbound wheels, echoes of iron.
And sometimes God saw stillness in them;
And slender strips of fondled field
Which they had coaxed with pleading patience.
And God saw in them souls of light and longing,
Proud perplexity, troubled gropings.
And God said, "It is good
That I should make of this new breed
My second son."
And God sat down in the gloom of
A fecund forest, and drew from the soil
A sobbing son.
And God filled His child with the depths of deep darkness,
From the whistling wind took whispers of laughter,
Sighs of sudden sweetness;
From the stubborn soil He shaped
A soul of iron and blossoms.
And deep within the darkness, with tender, trembling hands
God hid a secret sorrow.
And God wept.

LEN WEATHERHEAD, *Class of '63*

Concerning Mirrors

MAN'S PREOCCUPATION with his appearance, more specifically his countenance, is a subject of age-old significance. The early Greek myths tell of a youth of great beauty called Narcissus, who fell hopelessly in love with his own image in the quiet waters of a forest pond. For days on end he sat, going without food or rest, entreating the bewitching image to arise and come to him. One day he leaned too far and fell into the water and was drowned, or as the myth more poetically puts it, he was pulled in by the adoring and sympathetic nereids. In any case Narcissus came to a somewhat unsatisfactory end.

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* reveals some interesting facts about the history of the mirror. Early Etruscan, Greek and Roman civilizations have left, among other remnants, various metallic attempts at duplicating the reflective properties of water. These are found in many shapes and sizes but most often as crude replicas of hand-mirrors whose handles are appropriately decorated with likenesses of gods or goddesses. Aphrodite, Greek goddess of love and beauty, frequently graced the early mirrors. In that era when beauty and divinity were so closely intertwined, the reflection of a beautiful image was undoubtedly important. Surely Helen of Troy, whose face was reputed to have launched a thousand ships, must have longed for an exact recreation of her exquisite visage.

Necessity is indeed the mother of invention. As early as 1373 A.D. a small guild of glass mirror-makers was flourishing in Nuremburg, Germany. The truly great strides were, however, made in Venice when, around 1564, a corporation of mirror-makers was founded to meet the growing demands of an enterprising and progressive world. The Venetian products were by far the best coated glass mirrors to be made by man. The process was really quite complicated. Blown cylinders of glass were slit and flattened on stone. The glass was highly polished and the back carefully silvered by an amalgam of tin and mercury. This step was especially difficult as the glass was laid on the liquid mercury and weighted with stones, and the market demanded great smoothness of reflection.

The Venetians, despite their somewhat clumsy methods, prospered amazingly well. Venetian mirrors became "the thing" for noble ladies and gentlemen, regardless of their facial attributes. Indeed, the French minister under Louis XIV, Colbert, left in his estate a Vene-

tian mirror forty-six inches by twenty-six inches in a silver frame. This very mirror was declared at the time to be worth over twice as much as a painting by Raphael also found in the minister's belongings. No doubt Raphael was not at the height of his popularity during that particular period.

Be that as it may, the value of fine mirrors was certainly of no little consequence during the last glittering court days of the *ancien régime* in France. In fact, history shows that the constant progression of trial, experiment, and perfection has applied to mirrors no less than to other products of human ingenuity. In eras of great social advance and material accomplishment, the simple principle of self-re-creation by reflection has been adorned, polished, and generally improved to match the elegance of the period. In our time of unprecedented technical advances and suburban comforts, the mirror industry has followed others to a new height of perfection. There are excellent mirrors everywhere. They are commonly found as table tops, and many homes average a mirror per room. No lady would ever be without one, and men spend more time contemplating their stern, forceful business images than they would care to admit.

Mirrors are indeed almost sacred in their great tradition and are linked with the most conspicuously brilliant historical eras. Somehow it seems difficult to imagine a world without mirrors, a world in which man would be forced to seek his image in the eyes of others or in the changing face of nature. A world without mirrors! Man's very attitude would be basically different. For lack of a basis for comparison in himself, he would be forced to found his evaluations of his fellows upon grounds other than physical ones. Without the constant repetition of his image in mirrors, man would not be so almost inherently conscious of "self." He would be forced to project his thoughts outward, toward others. Perhaps many of man's most egocentric characteristics would disappear.

A world without mirrors would undoubtedly be a strange one. In his attempts to achieve the perfection in mirror-making which he has achieved in other fields, man outsmarted himself. He desired a reproduction of the human beauty of his countenance so that he could see what others see. He invented the mirror and worked on it until it was free of imperfections. That was his mistake. The mirror is now as ruthless as perfect frankness but lacks its human quality. Every facial expression, no matter how rapid, of pain, fear, guilt, love, or hatred, is caught by the mirror and flung back accusingly into the man's eyes. Much can be hidden from the outside world, but no man can run from

his own mind and the accusing evidence it receives from the mirror.

The mirror is an invention of torture. Man sees reality in the mirror. He cannot rationalize away oncoming age, or death, or infirmity when it stares at him from the mirror. He is deprived of the luxury of imagination, of hope. The ideal of self is not accessible to him because he cannot see beyond the image of the concrete self. How can he stride forward into eternity when he sees always before him the heavy obstacle of his corporeal being? His preoccupation with the body image ties him to the earthly.

The mirror for all its historical tradition and importance to man's vanity ironically frustrates the very desires for which man has perfected it through the ages. It reflects beauty, to be sure, but a beauty which lasts but a short while and then withers and is replaced by ugliness. In his marvelous invention man cannot escape what he is or what he will inevitably become. The mirror does not enhance man's beauty to his eyes, but rather captures and coldly reflects his ugliness and weakness. The painting by Raphael holds its artistic beauty intact today, but time has reclaimed Colbert, and his image has perished in the same inescapable way that all earthly things must perish. As long as men contrive to exalt and immortalize their physical attributes, so long shall they be ultimately enveloped by obscurity.

BARBARA KINDER, *Class of '63*

Serpent

Twist and swirl, sharply curl,
Turn the pebble, fold the leaf.

Catch the sun and send it back,
Broken by your shining black
Into rays of green and blue.

Swirl and turn, slip and glide
In your path of loneliness.
Up and down, to and fro
Through the vale of life you go.

BETTY SMITH, *Class of '63*

Argument in Adolescence

"COMPLETE liberty of contradicting and disproving our opinions is the very condition which justifies us in assuming its truths for purposes of action; and on no other terms can a being with human faculties have any rational assurance of being right."

When John Stuart Mill made this declaration, he was speaking primarily to members of political and social majorities; he was urging them to honor opposing opinions, urging them not to allow their thoughts and actions to be directed by blind prejudices. He was speaking to people with definite ideas, but his plea has perhaps even more significance when addressed to persons whose opinions are only forming. Such persons are usually young.

A child is born into prejudice. Even in his cradle he is encompassed by formidable walls of fixed ideas. By means of the irreversible laws of heredity his parents have controlled his body. On the day of his birth they begin to control his mind. They teach him painstakingly. They march him into religion, and by militant repetition he becomes "religious." They confront him with unfathomable concepts of filial and patriotic devotion, and he gulps down what might have been relished and revered. They instruct him in the rigid principles of morality which act as checks throughout his life upon his natural impulses. And when they have done their best, they present him to the "world," their trusted world of group and church and fixed idea, the world of their parents and their parents' parents where the child is modified, his rough spots smoothed, his questions forgotten. Therefore the child is a creation of his parents and of the world and its fixed ideas. But a child is supple; he has been molded, but he can change; he is not yet rigid, because he really does not care.

But soon he begins to care very much. He cares because he is discovering the no-man's land between childhood and maturity. Throughout his life he has been prepared to take a gentler step from one to the other, but now there is no step, only a vast chasm which must be spanned. He cares because all the questions which the world forgot to answer and he forgot to ask have suddenly attacked him out of the dark nowhere. He cares because the truths he so glibly accepted in one world can not be so glibly transferred to the other. He cares because he is in pain. There are two solutions to his agonizing problem: he may wrap himself in the comforting doctrines which his people have

passed on to him; this way he is protected from barbed and troublesome questionings by an effective armor. But armor is heavy, and this particular armor can never be shed when it is worn to keep out doubt. Or he can travel through his adolescence unarmed. He can accept the pain of doubt in the assurance that his will be a vaster, richer maturity. He can carry his old doctrines along with the same freedom that an explorer carries his equipment; those doctrines which prove useless and burdensome he can discard along the way; those which withstand the rigor of his journey he can treasure more highly. He may even have to improvise new doctrines in the face of new experience.

"Complete liberty of contradicting and disproving our opinions is the very condition which justifies us in assuming its truth." This is vital for the youth to keep uppermost in his mind. He must see that the opinions or doctrines which attached themselves to his unsuspecting childhood are not infallible. And he must also see that they may be wise. He must honor the opinions of his parents and his parents' world, but he must remember that he lives in a different world. He must see that the greatest tribute that he could pay to his parents, to the world, and to himself would be the offering up of his beliefs for contradiction and disproof, because then he would be asking for truth. And what more noble request can man make? The youth who has achieved this degree of open-mindedness can say to his parents, "Look at me and be proud, for you are part of me. Many of your beliefs are mine, for I have tried them and found them good. A few of my beliefs might have been yours, if you had matured in a different time or in a different place. I thank you for the sureness of your love, and even more I thank you for those sweet moments of revelation when you, too, seemed puzzled and could not answer my question." He could say to the world, "Mine is a rare spirit. My beliefs are strong, but I do not come to strengthen them. I do not seek followers but opposition in the hope of finding greater beliefs than mine and the deeper secrets of my own." And on the threshold of maturity he can say to himself, "I do not know now what truth is. But if I search for it in all men and never sink into my own complacency, I will surely find it somewhere."

LEN WEATHERHEAD, *Class of '63*

People of the Harvest

When summer was easing itself into fall,
The haying men used to come,
Huge muscle-bound giants
Who marched in swinging arcs
Behind gliding threshers and balers—
Men who sweated and groaned
Under burning noon sun,
Pushed and heaved
To build their swaying pyramids skyward,
Used the baling hook as a claw,
Sinking cruel steel into golden cubes
And hauling hay up and up on glutted wagons,
Men with laughing faces, thirsty mouths, dripping backs, and
huge hands.

Boys in hay time came—
Boys with thin faces and white skin
That quickly blackened under summer searing,
With fair hair, dark eyes, and beautiful bodies,
Bodies lying naked on soft straw beds,
Sleeping in cool barn twilights beside the towering pyramids—
Boys learning the work of men.

At haying season the women came farmward, too,
Women born in distant countries,
Who spoke to us with strange words and friendly smiles
Peasant people, stout and docile,
Watching over bubbling soup cauldrons,
Marching wearily up toward waving fields
To give precious water to straining men—
Women grown strangely old while still young,
With the pain of sorrow, toil, and endless child-bearing
Graven in their accepting stares—
Kindly, motherly, tired women,
Who sent the children out each cool morning
To see the teeming fields yield up the golden bales.

Barby Bass, *Class of '64*

On Visiting Historical Monuments

IT WAS A SHARP, chilly day when I visited the Tower of London, and rain had just begun to fall. Few tourists had ventured out. The Traitor's Gate had come unlatched and creaked upon its age-old hinges. Its sharply pointed lattice made swishes in the water below. The buildings of the Tower were gray, mournful, foreboding. The Chapel stood austere and separate. In the center of the courtyard, seeming to dominate the whole enclosure, rested the block. I shivered standing there as I felt the remarkable power of the living spirit that seemed to infuse its walls. I could hear the headsman's ax and the imminence of doom.

Chenonceaux, on the other hand, provided a completely different atmosphere. The long road shaded by trees up to the entrance seemed like a gate into fairyland. All the loveliness of the gardens and architecture implied that within lay a world of enchantment and delight. Inside I felt light and gay. The lovely, lilting tones of a minuet spilled from the dancing hall into every corner of the building. This atmosphere, this legacy of feeling has been given by the living spirits of the past. The names of those who have lived and died in those halls immediately can awaken the visitor to the spirit beneath. There is a wealth of spiritual lore, as it were, that fills every inch of these remains — mysterious, magnetic lore that transforms an old building into a place yet alive in the past, a haven for the spirit of man.

Escape into the past has fallen into disrepute because of its unfair association with mental infirmity. I protest against this belief. Escape into the past is beneficial when it is a momentary, uplifting experience. The world of Chenonceaux, for example, is beautiful and romantic. And we have only to visit this place with a cursory knowledge of its history to feel lifted from here to there. The living spirits of the past can draw out our spirits until we are momentarily apart from ourselves and lost in another time.

Perhaps the key to the wonder of the whole experience is a receptive spirit, a spirit that is constantly ready to "watch and receive." Effortless enjoyment has been somewhat degraded in a society that is rushing forward. Yet one who has a receptive spirit can derive pleasure from anything that has pleasures of its own to give. The beauty of the essence of things descends upon the spirit and holds it for a moment. I find in Keats' "On Seeing the Elgin Marbles" an eloquent statement

of such an experience. His whole spirit is acutely aware of the magnificent power of the past that brings pain and ecstasy in the knowledge of the mingling of Grecian grandeur and "old Time." In these relics he finds "a shadow of a magnitude." That shadow is still there for mankind, eternally available to heal and uplift. If one still doubts the truth of these ideas, let him visit the ancient Greek stadium at Taormina, in Sicily. It stands high on a hill. One will sense the power of those creators, the Greeks. Sitting at just the right place on the stone bench, one can look through two massive columns and view the sea below. The might and grandeur of the past wash over him until, if he is spiritually ready, he is lifted far away into eternity. But then he is brought back by the roaring waters of the sea, the age-old ocean that has seen it all.

ANNE ROBINSON, *Class of '63*

When I Remember

Bells and faces, bookweights, words, words,
Chastened thoughts, no window dreams, no time,
My life of all the days, secure and unmarked days—
And I forget.

Ash-smoke, smolder, music loud and rhythm of a restless heart,
Waves of people never known or friends or faces,
Frenzied, mindless pulse of music—
And I forget.

Wrapped in you, all entangled in a pain, bliss, love,
Lost and lifted in attachment, smiles, kisses, and farewell,
Fed by the gleam of ecstasy and fear—
And I forget.

But the night air is my mother, and solitude is there,
Breath of godliness, temple breath of silence and long thought,
Aloneness—I am afraid of aloneness—
For I remember, remember
To wonder.

MARY JOE BREGENZER, *Class of '63*

Reflections

DURING this year's study of poetry I was most inspired by a line from Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality."

> Not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory
> Do we come from God who is our home.

These lines have stirred in me many thoughts of man's purpose on earth. Heaven is the origin of all beauty, glory, and goodness. Man in birth is given a soul which has descended from heaven. That soul, having previously been in heaven, has been a part of God's beauty, glory, and goodness. The body of man, however, has a tendency to suppress his soul, allowing only for the expression of physical needs and desires. Regardless of this fact, man has a duty to his soul which cannot be denied. Because the soul brings with it a small bit of heaven, it is each man's duty to release that small bit from within himself and share it with the rest of the world.

Each soul brings to earth varied bits of heaven. One man may be particularly sensitive to art or music. This man should help others to an awareness of beauty which they had not previously known. Another may have a great intelligence which should be used to further peace and understanding in the world. Some have the greatest gift of all, a sincere smile. This smile should be employed constantly. Its magical effect can assuage sorrows and nullify problems, thus brightening the part of earth on which it shines.

If every man would search his soul for the small bit of heaven he has within himself and then offer his bit to the world, mankind could create its own heaven on earth.

CAROLINE SMALLWOOD, *Class of '63*

The Parthenon

I climbed up, up, up the massive marble steps,
Stumbling, shaking, breathless at the top.
Downward streamed the burning rays of the noonday sun,
Skyward soared the mighty pillars of an age gone by;
And they were one.

DIANA PRITCHARD, *Class of '63*

"A Time to be Born, and a Time to Die . . ."

I WAS swept into the realization of life's great mystery first by the death of my grandfather. As I was only five, however, I regarded his death unrealistically. Each day following his death I awaited his arrival with anticipation and belief that my grandfather would really enter, filling our house with warmth and truth as he had done every day previously. I was too young to be puzzled by the profound thoughts of death; moreover, it was only through the grief of my parents that I came closest to realizing his death at all.

I encountered death a second time, this time with the death of one of my good friends who was struck by lightning at a Girl Scout Camp. Since this accident happened when I was older and able to comprehend the great loss, I commenced to wonder why she had had to die when she was so young. But this question, as it arose from my friend's death, did not force me to search the depths of my soul for an answer since the experience did not directly influence and change the course of my life.

I was again familiar with death in observing the work of my father. Death played a more-than-normal part in my life because my father was a doctor. Frequently I was awakened in the middle of the night to find that my father had been called out on an emergency. In his expression and actions the next morning, I believed to be all the discouragement and bewilderment of man in his contact with this element of God's inscrutable ways; however, as I experienced death in these three instances, I was not jolted into seeking to grasp the true meaning of life as I was too concerned with the trivialities of youth.

I was awakened one morning in May, 1961, only to learn of my father's death. I had been aware of the seriousness of his condition and therefore had tried to prepare myself for the tragedy which was destined to befall me and my family; however, his death was an enormous shock to me. I tried hard to evade the facts, but I was compelled to accept the truth, as I recalled the instance when my mother had first called my brother, sisters, and me together to tell us of my father's illness. I could picture vividly her grievous expression as she tried to explain to my five-year-old sister that "Daddy is not going to come back home, but he is always going to be with us." My mind was also filled with thoughts concerning the trying days at the beginning of May and of the preceding month when I would awaken each morning

wondering, "Will it be today?"

My father's death was now a reality, and instantly it became a heavy burden upon my whole being. My mind was a chaos. Why had God willed my father's death when we and others needed and loved him so much? The following week was hectic as may have been expected. Many friends came to pay their respects. I sought solace from all persons who passed through our door because I believed they too had had the same query as I, but this solace did not alleviate my confusion. I was also comforted by the sympathy of the hundreds of callers; however, with the entrance of each person I could not help recalling my question of "Why?" more intensely, as I saw what a great effect my father had had on the lives of these numerous people through his devoted works.

As I recalled my previous experiences with death, I knew that I was not alone in my quest and furthermore that I would have to delve deep, very deep, to find the answer. During the week following the tragedy, I recalled a story which compelled me to examine the way I was reacting to my father's death. The story was of a woman who was so grieved at the death of her son that she herself seemed to retire from life. She remained at home surrounded by the brown roses from her son's funeral while just outside of her door was growing the most perfect red rose. I thought of how if she had merely looked outside of herself and had thus realized that she was not helping herself and others, she would have gained the courage to face life. In leaving her house and in seeing the rose, she would have gained the inspiration which one demands in meeting the discouragements and tragedies of life.

I was becoming aware of the woman's great lack of perception; moreover, I proceeded to look very critically at myself since it was apparent to me that it is easier to see faults in others than in oneself. I discovered that I would not be living my life to the fullest if I adopted this same philosophy of dwelling on the past. I could not forget that my father had lived a life of complete service to others and had attained outstanding accomplishments. I understood also after his death that his achievements had been more vast than I had realized, as his friends and associates told us of their personal contact with his altruistic ways; therefore, I perceived that I had a duty to carry out, that of performing actions which would be commendable in the eyes of my friends, my family, my father, and God. However, I knew that I would first have to satisfy my confusion in seeking an answer to "Why?"

I turned to the church for a possible answer. The church had always played a paramount part in my life because of the influence of

my religious parents: my parents had always instructed us to turn to the church in time of dissatisfaction and perplexity. I began reading through a book of daily scriptures, *Praise Ye the Lord,* in which I at last found the key to my long-lasting query. On the date of my father's death appeared the passage from Saint Matthew, "One shall be taken, and the other left." This may have been a coincidence, but it seemed miraculous to me, and it began to lead me out of my confusion. I realized that my father's death had been according to God's will and purpose.

My thoughts became very intense on this idea of purpose. I had wondered why it had had to be my father, who was so young, and not someone who was old and decrepit and one who would have readily accepted death to overcome his suffering. I knew the answer now. My father had fulfilled his purpose to serve others with his great skill and talent; therefore, he was ready to meet the ultimate end of life, eternity. The people with whom I had compared him had not sought and fulfilled their purpose to the utmost, and they were not prepared to die. Their purpose may have been simply to teach suffering and understanding to people with whom they came in contact. I did not know, but it was apparent to me that they had not fulfilled their purpose on earth.

As I had resolved previously to go about my actions with meaning and with a true sense of accomplishment, now I felt even more strongly because I knew that it was my obligation to find my purpose in life and to accomplish it. In my search I would also be seeking God's meanings and laws, which he had set down for man. From this tragic test of endurance I had also gained greater concern for others. I appreciated the vital importance of friends, and I was better prepared to understand and to help others. Yes, I was bigger in my thinking and in my outreach of concern since my father's death had forced me to look intelligently at life; moreover, my new philosophy of life became "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted . . ."

MARILYN SPITLER, *Class of '64*

Lesson on Freedom

"At any price that I can pay, let me own myself."
(Rudyard Kipling)

ONE OF THE most sobering experiences that I have had in my limited lifetime is a visit which my family and I made to Berlin last summer. Many of our friends had discouraged us from going to Berlin at all, saying the time, effort, and risk involved did not warrant what we would get out of the excursion. As I have thought about our trip from time to time this year, I am certainly glad that we decided to go despite the discouragements. I hold the lesson I learned there among the most valuable of life's truths.

After we had settled on our final decision to drive by car to Berlin, we set out from Hannover, Germany, in the pouring rain of a dismal day which seemed well suited to our somewhat mysterious journey. We were detained for about two hours at the Helmstedt border while we obtained our visas to go into East Germany. This stop was our first encounter with the almost unbelievable red tape of the Communist system. At least four copies have to be made of any official document: one for the state, one for the office, one for the clerk, one for the customer, and perhaps a copy or two for some unknown recipient. Most of the border officials seemed to be spending at least half of their time checking up on the other officials to see that everyone was playing the game straight. There were guards virtually everywhere, looking as if they would not hesitate for a moment to use the mean weapons which seemed to be almost like extensions of their arms.

The tense atmosphere in the military customs house stifled the free flow of human thought and expression in a way that I had never been aware of other than in war espionage movies. Outside of a few other Westerners, all of the people looked as if they had not eaten a square meal or had a good night's sleep for a long time. The officials did not seem to have the least bit of interest in their work and executed their tasks like pieces of mechanical apparatus. After a lengthy wait and a thorough inspection of who we were and what we had with us, we set off on the *autobahn* corridor for Berlin.

We could see little from the road except large, unproductive fields and sparse woods. Some women were working in the fields with machinery like that used in the United States in the middle of the 19th century. Motorcycle police with machine guns were spaced at even

intervals for surveillance, on bridges, under embankments, and even in trees. Fewer than six cars passed us during the two hours it took us to drive to the border of West Berlin. After another inspection and the standard obstacle course through several blockades, we were relieved to enter into West Berlin and to be in free territory again. Although there had been no real cause for alarm, I was able to breathe much more easily after my first short stay in the Communist sector was over.

West Berlin is as up-to-date and modern as any other city on the Continent. There are still some signs of war damage, but progress is constantly being made by reconstruction. The city's stores are modern and have attractively displayed merchandise which is available to anyone, just as it would be in any free city. The streets are filled with vehicles, and people move about freely. Many new hotels and night clubs add to the gaiety of the city. After seeing what lies on the other side of the "wall," one realizes that these surface elements make up only a part of the great contrast between East and West Berlin. The real difference is found in the everyday attitudes and outlooks of the inhabitants of the two cities. The West Berliners are happy and healthy and among the friendliest people we encountered anywhere in Europe. The spirit and courage with which they go through each day are truly inspiring when one thinks of the imminent dangers which confront them. As I looked at the expressions on the faces of several West Berliners while the Freedom Bell rang at noon, I was proud to be an American and to know that our country has played an important part in making it possible for these people to live the normal lives they do. It was obvious that these people were glad to be alive.

Even on the three short junkets which we made to East Berlin, the vast contrast between the two ways of life in the divided city were immediately obvious to us. The crossing at Check-Point Charlie was even worse than the previous ones had been since there were more people and fewer officials, who were even more mechanical. In comparison with the modernness and prosperity of West Berlin, East Berlin is shockingly plain and empty. From every direction solemn armed guards were watching the suppressed movement of the city. With the exception of a little construction on the main streets, such as the impressive new Soviet Embassy, practically nothing has been done to improve the city's physical appearance. There is still rubble left from the bombings of the war. Some of the back streets look as if the damage might have been done only a few months ago. The drabness of the stores is due to a lack of merchandise, including necessary foodstuffs. The general feeling of poverty is also shown by the fact that there are

practically no cars to be seen. For some unknown reason, there were few people outside. Everyone whom we saw was either at work or on his way to some definite place. Here, as at the border stops, the people seemed to be working and thinking in an appallingly mechanical way, almost as if all incentive to work for personal ambitions or pleasures were lacking.

The immense contrasts between the different way of life on each side of that wall of barbed wire and hate had an extremely sobering effect on me. I had heard about Communism before, I had read about it, and I had seen it portrayed in movies. Yet I had been unable to comprehend its full impact until I actually saw it at work. This experience made me really awaken to realize how fortunate I am to be a member of a free society in which all men may be their own masters. "At any price that I can pay, let me own myself."

GRETCHEN OPPMANN, *Class of '65*

The Sounds Of Life

A beautiful harmonious sound:
    Woodwinds, strings, brass, and tympany,
Mellow sounds of the cultured—
Melodic strains reminding one of a Sunday afternoon
    With sunshine dancing on a woven rug—
Classic strains vibrating into the souls
    Of the aged who no longer have dreams to fulfill—
Listen! This is the music of the past.

A loud conglomerate sound:
    Woodwinds, strings, brass, and tympany,
Raucous sounds of the ignorant—
Jazzy strains reminding one of a Saturday night
    With smoky fumes dancing on a barroom floor—
Modern strains vibrating into the souls
    Of the unaware youths who have dreams to fulfill—
Listen! This is the music of the present,
But they will learn in time.

FRAN MATHAY, *Class of '63*

A Realization In My Life

I WAS LIVING in a warm, soft, and cozy world. I was cushioned by velvet and plush, sheltered and comforted. I was happy. For twelve years we had been living in Kirkwood, and our home there was the only home that I could remember. Thus I had grown up with my neighborhood friends, and life in my closed little world was easy. I knew everyone at school and almost everyone in the town because of its size. There were plenty of things to do. I had known few boring moments. In short, I had the world by the tail.

But when one is used to such ease of life, one does not appreciate it. Instead one tends to take it for granted. And I did. All my comforts, my happy home life, my friends I took for granted. I accepted them as one accepts the air he breathes. It never occurred to me that life was not one big basket of goodies or that sometimes it was necessary to work for happiness. So I sat still and let life pay me my due. I acknowledged the fact that I was merely content one afternoon while walking home from school with my best friend. We decided we were both fortunate, and we were both thankful that we did not have to go through any unhappy experiences.

It was by coincidence that that night my bubble of joy burst and the world came crashing around my ears. The family had been sitting around the table having a pleasant, leisurely dinner. Father finished and looked at us. Then he said quietly, "Girls, I have something to tell you." I got a queer feeling in my stomach, thinking I had done something wrong. But then he said, "We shall be moving to Cleveland shortly."

I was dizzy and sick, and I could not think clearly. I kept hearing the word "moving," and my mind was in agony trying to understand what was happening. Then with a scream I ran from the table to the shelter of my room. But it was not a shelter any longer. It seemed cold and unfriendly. What had happened to my world of content? I was overcome by a grief I had never known. It seemed as if I could not express the torture I was going through.

My mind began to think more clearly, and suddenly I became furious. I was enraged with the world for playing such a trick on me. Then I started to pity myself. What had I done to deserve such cruel luck? I thought of all the things I would no longer have. Slowly I began to realize how much I had had. My friends, my school, my town — I had

taken all for granted. But I still did not appreciate the many other things that I had because I still bemoaned my fate. If one complains, he is not appreciating all that he has.

Blinded by my self-pity and sorrow, I could not yet see how much I was taking for granted. For instance, my parents told my brother and sisters and me that we had a choice between moving in February at the semester break or waiting until June, when school would be out. To me there was no choice. We would stay until June. That was the least my parents could do for me, or so I thought. I took for granted that my father would have to go by himself to Cleveland in April to work and that Mother would see him only once in a while.

A few months later my older sister Ann said something about the fact that because she was then in her junior year, when we moved she would have only her senior year left. My parents thought that the move would be especially difficult because of that fact. It was decided that Ann would spend her senior year in Kirkwood, while the rest of us would move to Cleveland. This decision triggered my feeling of self-pity again, and once more I lamented my fate. I simply could not tear myself from the idea that I had been dealt with unfairly.

But my feelings wavered because I began to understand and realize I was taking even my parents for granted. I saw how good they had been to me and how much pain they too were experiencing. At school I noticed much more than what I had before. I began to attend football and basketball games and many more school activities. I began to appreciate my teachers a good deal more, remembering that at the end of the year I would no longer be able to benefit from their help. Just as a man who is about to die holds sacred every second, so I held sacred every second of my time left.

Finally the night before we were to move came. I was going to spend the evening with my friend. She suggested we say good-bye to some people. As I walked into the house, I was greeted by a crowd of girls and boys shouting, "Surprise!" I was so touched by this action that I realized what wonderful friends I had had. I thought with much bitterness that it was too bad that I had to lose something before I could appreciate it.

When school started after we moved, I was miserable. Because I knew very few people, just walking down the halls seemed a feat in

itself. I soon learned to appreciate a smile or a "Hi, Laura." Most of my free hours were spent in mournfully thinking about Kirkwood. I remembered my warm little world and then thought about my life in Cleveland, and it seemed cold and heartless. I would even try closing my eyes and telling myself that all that had happened was a nightmare and that soon I would wake up from this terrible dream and be back in my home. My first phone call from a friend, something which before I had merely accepted as everyday, filled me with gratitude.

I appreciated my family as never before. It was wonderful to go home and talk to people who knew me well. We all had the common problem of being lonely, and we could talk over old times in Kirkwood. Slowly I was learning what I had never done before: I was learning to appreciate my family.

As I became accustomed to my new home, I slowly became bored sitting at home alone and doing nothing. Immediately after we had moved, I was all too relieved to get to the sanctuary of my home, but later it became a prison. I was slipping back into my old habit of taking everything for granted. One Friday night, however, a girl called and said, "How would you like to come to the movies with us?" Astounded, I accepted. Then for the next few weeks I received various invitations to different activities until I assumed I would go somewhere each weekend. It seemed I was once again on top of the world, and I was reaching for more. I was not yet satisfied that I had made some friends, but I wanted to know and be known by everyone. Would I never learn?

Then one night my date and I were having a serious discussion. We happened to be talking about the worst experiences we had had. Of course I proceeded to tell him about the heartache of our move to Cleveland. After my long and detailed description he agreed that it did seem horrible, but then he said something to the effect of that if I believed that my move was the biggest adjustment I would have to make in life, then I was in sad shape and that my complaining indicated that I accepted any good fortune as my due. Then he said, "You know, we take everything for granted — every breath we take, every second we live, every piece of good fortune we have, just everything." I let his words sink in, and then as they hit me with their meaning, I was startled. How true they were! I suddenly realized that my whole life had been spent in accepting without a moment's consideration what

had been given me. What was worse, however, was that I realized that even in my worst moment of agony in moving I had probably had twice as much for which to be thankful as most of the people in the world. Then I remembered how I had partially learned this lesson in moving to Cleveland, but immediately forgot it upon running into good luck. Everything I had ever had had been in a sense a gift. I had had more than my share of gifts, and yet I was grabbing for more. How spoiled I was! After my date took me home, I thought a long while about what we had discussed. It was like placing a weight upon me when I thought how blind I had been. Yet it was also like ridding myself of a burden because I had at last been made aware of my mistake. I went to bed resolving to try to remember that every detail of life and life itself are gifts and that I, being the receiver of these gifts, have no right not to be grateful for them.

LAURA BAKER, *Class of '64*

Negligence

Come with me to the shore.
Bring your tin pail and shovel.
We'll build a castle in the sand
And collect bright-colored shells.
And when the sun gets too hot
And the sand too dry,
We shall run in the surf,
Forgetting the waves
That tear down our castles
And carry away our treasured shells.

TUDY HUNKIN, *Class of '64*

"And Behold The Tears of the Oppressed And They Had No One To Comfort Them"

Ecclesiastes 4:1

ALL MY LIFE I had read books and seen movies about the poor; but I could never really realize what it would be like to live under such conditions, nor could I understand the great need the poor have for help. My class two Christmases ago decided to organize a Christmas project in order to give some families something that would make it possible for them to have a good Christmas. We collected food, clothing, and toys for three large families. We had an abundance of food and clothing; and because we felt that toys for children at Christmas time are the most important, we filled a stocking for each child.

One afternoon after school was the designated time for delivery; and I was to ride in the car going to the Joneses' house, which was a part of a housing development off Hough Avenue. As we turned into the parking area of the housing development, we realized that the Joneses lived in the last apartment of the block and that our walk was going to be a long one.

As we walked down for the first time to tell the Joneses that we were there and to ask whether we could deliver their Christmas then, I greeted some children who were playing outside. They replied and asked me whether I would like to play a game of hop-scotch with them. I told them that I was sorry, but that I did not have time. We went back and started to make what seemed to be a thousand trips to the Joneses' house and back. As I was making about my third trip past the children who had asked me to play, I was carrying a box of food, and on that box was a teddy bear with a big, red bow around its neck. The little girl playing looked up and ran to me with her eyes full of joy. She grabbed my arm and said, "Are you-all from the Welfare Agency? Is 'dat food for my family, and is 'dat teddy bear for me?" The little girl's eyes clouded up as I explained that the food and teddy bear were for a family down the street; and as I walked away, tears slowly ran down her cheeks. From that time on I was very much aware of the fact that all the children on the block were watching us. I do not think I will ever forget the two little girls who were pressing their noses against the window panes of their house almost begging me to come in. Many windows had no panes, and I could see the children's breath reaching the cold air from within. I will never forget little Mimi Jones's face

when she saw that teddy bear. I think her expression was of the purest joy. The Joneses were poor, truly poor, and their gratitude was overwhelming. Mr. Jones was practically in tears when we left.

Neither I nor the other members of my class will ever forget our experience, nor would we want to. Although our class is relatively powerless in the field of comforting the poor because of the monumental size of this task, it was worthwhile for us to have helped in the small way we could and to have seen such people. Seeing them instilled in me, as I hope it did in my whole class, not only the true meaning of "Christmas" but also the desire to help all needy people in any way I can, to comfort them and to take away their tears, "the tears of the oppressed."

SARA ROBECHEK, *Class of '65*

Independence

I search for contentment, yet I do not know exactly how to obtain it. Perhaps it is complete independence for which I search. However, as I start to sever all ties, I realize that mended ties may never resemble the unmarred ones. Then, as I decide I must have complete dependence, I realize that any ties become worn and ragged after too much use.

Now I see that I must continuously strive to obtain a proper balance of freedom and of dependence. I must have enough independence to be inwardly content and enough dependence to live in harmony with the rest of the people in the world.

ANNE OLIVER, *Class of '65*

All Bow Down

A CLOAK of peace bestowed itself about the shoulders of the earth. The moon cast its beams upon the land, turning the cloak silver, blue, divine. A single star shone brighter than the rest, even than the moon could ever. This same star moved across the sky, leading three kings, wise men, they knew not where. Shepherds were drawn from their flocks to follow the silent sphere. Something was in the air as followers of the supernatural light walked on beside their patient camels. As they passed the sleeping city, the fig trees, the dates, the coconuts, the untended flocks, all about them grew to complete stillness, yet music filled the air and singing, singing so clear, so real yet unreal, that of angels. Fear and hope mingled beneath the holy sky. The followers kept on, some bearing gifts, some prayers. Others went only because that single star had cast its glow upon them; they could not turn from its mystery in the night. One by one the fearful and the hopeful seekers passed a darkened inn, filled full. They looked up into the heavens. The constant guide had settled, had come to rest above the roof of a humble stable surrounded now by radiance. Some entered in, yet others knelt in God's own light, love overflowing from their souls, and prayed. They had not been told for what, but they knew, for they saw a blessed woman and her son, God's son, cradled in a wooden manger of the beasts. The sheep, the oxen and ass of that stable guarded the infant. And all bowed down before Him. And the sky filled with angels, the air with the sound of their singing. They all knew it was our Lord born that night in the presence of the beasts, the shepherd, the star, and God. And they all cried: "Glory be His."

MAUREEN MAGEE, *Class of '66*

The Lone Skier

Suddenly from within the intense stillness
Of fallen snow upon the slope,
A single flashing streak appears –
Whose churning of the powdered sea beneath
Breaks the deafening silence.

JUDI WELLER, *Class of '66*

The Struggle

AT SOME time in his humble life a man must call on a superior being for aid. When he makes such a plea, he is calling on God. It is not necessary that he have a set religion, though most men find a religion that suits them. It is only necessary that he believe in God. Man will believe in God only when he feels that God has accomplished something that he could not.

If a man really believes, he is willing to show his respect for God by humbling himself before Him. This form of respect is the greatest tribute any man can pay God, for man is naturally proud. It is, in fact, the man who is too proud who claims to be an atheist. In order to be such a person, he must never have experienced a time when in his own opinion he was unable to help himself. Man cannot elude all such predicaments because life is not that obliging. The man who calls himself an atheist is not really rebelling against God but against his feeling that he is dependent on someone other than himself. He hates to admit that anyone or anything could be superior to himself. Yet, try as he will, he cannot put God out of his life. Inevitably God will reach him, for it is man's mind that refuses God, not man's heart.

EMILY SCOVIL, *Class of '65*

Competition

The tree spreads
  his gnarled fingers
Toward the sky
  in search of power
Over his neighbors,
  little knowing that
He is to be the first
  struck by lightning.

JOAN CURTISS, *Class of '65*

Today and Yesterday

AS I PEDALED through the small town of Chirac, I felt a bond of attachment towards it, not only because I bicycled ten to twenty times a day through it, but that it had something that no place in America that I knew could boast. It still maintained an "old world charm," simplicity. There were no brick or glass skyscrapers, just old stone houses which stood as they had five hundred years ago. Few cars rushed through the village, but when one did pass over the bumpy dirt road, many curious faces peeked out behind curtains, wondering its destination: Paris, Marseille, Bordeaux, magical places to them, but they held little wonderment to me compared to the French countryside that surrounded Chirac, the acres of plowed fields, the reward of much work.

The people that dwelt in the village led simple lives, much like those their great-great-grandparents had led before them. The boys went out daily to care for the cows, while the men toiled long hours in the fields, and the women worked in the home, making clothes and caring for their family's small garden. But the young children were almost completely at liberty, playing all day in the fields or in front of their houses with the chickens, coming home only at their mothers' biddings. Little was asked of them.

Within the village lived Marie Dupont, a girl my age, fourteen years old. During the short time that I was in France, we became close friends and were together whenever Marie could slip away from under her mother's eagle-like observation. Unfortunately it was not often, for her day was busy. It began with the feeding of her family.

Marie was lucky, for she did not have to rise early to milk the cows, though it was a chore many of her friends were tasked with. This was done by Pierre, her older brother, whose special job it was to tend the cows. After rationing out breakfast to six younger brothers and sisters, she helped Pierre drive the cows down to the pond for their morning drink and bath.

Leaving him to drive the herd up to the northern pasture, Marie and I usually went fishing in the old waterhole, though success was rare, for the fish were very wary. At the call of her mother, Marie returned to the house to help her in the garden and to prepare lunch. Much of the family's food during the summer came from this small piece of ground, and it was important that it was taken good care of.

The rest of the day was often spent making clothes for herself and the family, for it was very expensive for the farmers of Chirac to buy clothes. During the late afternoon Marie and I often bicycled to Limoges for bread, meat, and fruit for the coming day. This was necessary.

Chirac is not a crossroads of trade, because all the people that dwell in it (adults) are employed by the same person, and have similar jobs.

During the winter Marie returns to Angoulême, where she works as a sewing apprentice with ten other girls. The work is hard, but the reward will be great. Dress-making is a prosperous business.

Unfortunately Marie's education stopped when she was twelve because she was unable to pass the necessary exams. Like so many others, though, she put her misfortune to its best.

Now home in America, I cannot forget Chirac. It is a symbol to me of a way of life which no longer exists in Americans' everyday surroundings. There were hard work and poverty, but it was free of the rush that seems to accompany so many of the demands that occupy us daily. Many people must dream of such a life of simplicity, empty of many everyday worries. If long gone from their current surroundings, though, they would find that they missed the give and take of daily occurrences and the modern conveniences to which they are accustomed. We Americans do not take easily to the simple life.

MOLLY BOLTON, *Class of '67*

Winter's End

Flakes are falling one by one,
The clouds are fighting with the sun,
The clouds are winning. Oh, what fun!
Flakes are falling two by two,
Now the winds are passing through.
It will make drifts so I may play
On them almost everyday.
Flakes are falling three by three,
I think they want to play with me,
And, I'm having lots of fun,
But oh, my gracious, here's the sun,
I guess the sun has come to stay,
So spring may come 'most any day.

VICKY GRANT, *Class of '70*

Planetary Exploration

THIS IS space reporter X2L59, making an official report on the planet Earth. I have made an intense study of Earth and this is what I have found.

The planet is covered with clouds as our planet Venus is. These clouds, however, are not made of dust, but of some strange, unknown substance. Our instrument, the epocsortceps, has found many different gases in Earth's atmosphere. Nitrogen, oxygen, helium, and neon, which are deadly to us, are among those discovered. So far only a small amount of carbon dioxide, the gas we breathe, has been found.

Earth must be a very cold planet because it is twenty-six million miles farther from the sun than our planet is. Although our temperature sometimes drops as low as 779 degrees tiehnerhaf, Earth's temperature seldom goes any higher than one hundred degrees. It has been known to go seventy-six degrees below zero at certain times on Earth.

As you all know, our space ship, II Reniram, has just sent back important data about Earth's weather. Earth has different weather at different times of the year. There are four different times which we will call snosaes. The snosaes are called llaf, gnirps, retniw, and remmus.

During llaf, the weather is cold, but not as cold as retniw. Something called sevael drops from large, spreading objects called seert. In retniw it is very cold. Small, white droplets fall from the sky. Scientists call these wons. It is a very uncomfortable snosaes. The weather becomes warmer in gnirps. The sreet bloom with sevael. Clear, liquid drops, called niar, fall from the clouds. The last of the snosaes is remmus. It is very hot, and the sun usually shines.

Gathering all this information, I can safely conclude that there is no life, as we know it, on Earth.

SUSAN JONES, *Class of '68*

Out of the Window

Out of the window here I see,
A big fluffy snowdrift almost higher than we,
The trees are all sparkling with diamonds of frost,
But because it is nature there is no cost.

MERRY MCDANIEL, *Class of '70*

News of Today, 2056 A.D.

IN THIS year of 2056, life on the Moon has become, with much struggle, more enjoyable and less dangerous for tourists from Earth. The newer and bigger landing port has cut down the number of collisions between the space liners. The space port is on a direct conveyor belt to the underground residential center which makes travel between the two more comfortable. The residential center is underground because it is necessary to let people feel gravity as much as possible, and the large space suits are not needed there. Since very little air is present on the Moon, space suits are worn on the surface. These suits are very cumbersome, but special necessary conveniences are included.

The apartments in the residential area are not very large but are comfortable. They have all the modern conveniences a scientist might think of, such as money-saving robot shoppers, automatic dog walkers, space-saving house cleaners, automatic gravity-makers, and other such devices. A half hour every day is set aside for schooling. The children are put to sleep and a tape recorder is played, and a built-in clazel rod helps them learn what is played.

Meals on the Moon are as simple as pressing a button. Such foods as noodles with chicken, shrimp eggs imported from Earth, rice, corned beef, or banana split capsules are eaten on the Moon.

Mining is very extensive on the Moon because many materials are needed, and importing materials from Earth is very expensive. The Moon's rough and rocky terrain might discourage any miner, but since there is little gravity, objects weigh a considerable amount less on the Moon than on Earth and can be carried on the back of any good blue-blooded lunarite. Bicycles are most widely used for mining because they need no moon juice, and the bicyclist doesn't feel tired because of his weightlessness. Moon-cars are not used, as in everyday life, because there are no refill booths handy in the wide expanse of rock.

After reading this information one might think the Moon is still very primitive. It has been, but steps are constantly being taken to modernize living conditions on the Moon.

ANN WORTHINGTON, *Class of '68*

Fallow Minds

MANY people can not write well enough for "Spec." This is my problem. After two English periods and four days of just plain thinking my mind is as blank as the blackboard in front of me.

It would be so simple to write words and put a period here and there, but I don't think it would be appropriate for this occasion or any other for that matter.

I am told that I could take a plain, ordinary day in my mind and write it so that it would be worth working for. Yet I am still so obstinate and young, I wouldn't believe it.

Being truthful to myself I'm doubtful that anything I work for might be good enough. I see many of my school mates walking up to the teacher's desk, being "okayed" and sitting down again. One, two, three!

My teacher just a few days ago, wrote on the blackboard something that a speaker had said. She told how some people can not create a story and those that can have trouble at times. Though this was wise enough, I didn't draw much comfort from it.

I have tried as hard as I could and found out that minds are somewhat like fields, sometimes fallow, sometimes fruitful.

JANE BAKER, *Class of '69*

Mixed Breed

We have a dog named Trina,
She's chubby as can be,
And when I call her name to her,
She always speaks to me.
She's black and white and a little tan,
And twelve years old I guess.
She knows we are her willing slaves,
Though she's mongrel we confess.

CINDY COSTELLO, *Class of '70*

The Sport of Kings

'Tis Derby Day at Churchill Downs!
We'll see all three, the triple crown.

The bets on Ridan piling high,
Down the stretch that bay will fly!

'Tis post time now, the crowd is tense;
Most hope the bay is first at fence.

"Lee Town's black nose is out in front,"
Ridan's owner said with a grunt.

The gray is here and that is fine.
He is first o'er the finish line!

The Preakness, then Belmont to come;
Wondering who the winners become?

Decidedly, that little gray!
Men thought he couldn't win today!

Greek Money, the Preakness winner,
Went over the line in a whir.

Jaipur won the great Belmont Stake;
The Belmont Trophy he will take.

No one this year did win the Crown —
More to come, eighty-seven down.

They all won in their own glory,
They all won in their own glory.

ELIZABETH CLEVELAND, *Class of '68*

The Stream in the Sky

Each fluffy cloud of winter,
With the big blue sky between,
Looks like a huge, splashed river
Drifting along in a dream.

BETSY BLOSSOM—*Class of '70*

Have You Seen A Mouse In My Hair?

HAVE YOU ever had a mouse live in your hair? I have. When I was about five years old, I always twirled my hair and made knots in it, and to make the situation really bad, I never combed my hair either.

One day Mother said, "Since you haven't been combing your hair, a mouse has come to live in it."

I looked at Mother questioningly and said, "I haven't seen a mouse in my hair."

Of course Mother was fooling, but I didn't know that. Right away Mother knew I took the joke seriously, and she then thought it would be a good way to get me to keep my hair neat.

I wasn't sure that what Mother said was true so I didn't think about it any more until that same afternoon Suzy and Daddy said that I had a mouse's nest in my hair. This time I wondered. I felt my hair, but there was no mouse. I looked in the mirror, but there still was no mouse. I thought the mouse must have been in my hair while I was asleep, but still I couldn't figure my problem out. All night I thought about it, thinking of a way to make the mouse living in my hair go away.

The next day Daddy, Suzy, and Mother began to call the mouse Squeaky and for two months I was known as the girl with a mouse called Squeaky living in my hair. I thought as hard as I could, but I couldn't think of a way to make the mouse go.

One day Mother thought Suzy and Daddy and she should stop mentioning Squeaky. They told me that Squeaky might go away if I stopped twirling my hair and start combing it. Sure enough I stopped twirling my hair and I started combing it too. I really didn't like to be known as the girl with a mouse in my hair.

FRANNIE SAYLE, *Class of '69*

Bears

Do bears know winter?
They hibernate till spring.
If only I were a little bear,
I'd never do a thing.

CONNIE NORWEB, *Class of '70*

Lost In My Own Backyard

MARTIE and I decided we would take a walk in our field. The grass and weeds were as tall as Martie and I, for Martie was not quite eight and I was younger still. On one side was a swamp. Martie and I traveled on a path we had taken other times. When we got to the creek, we jumped across, very careful now for we were in the swamp. We had gotten our feet soaked many times and did not want to get them soaked this time.

After the swamp we climbed up the familiar hill to our playing place till we thought it was time to go home. I suggested that we take another way home. Martie agreed whole-heartedly. We headed the other direction, dodging the briars. We came to a hill with many daisies which delighted us, for we had never seen them before. We picked some and went on our way. Our legs were scratched as we started through the first bush. Behind that bush was mushy wet ground. We turned the other way and started again. I pulled the branch of a pussy willow back to find only more swamp and creek. We did this several times and by now we were rather discouraged, frightened, and impatient. Martie and I finally decided we must go through the swamp. Our feet were quite soaked and our legs were scratched as we climbed onto our lawn. Martie and I walked home happily although we were tired, wet, and sore.

Whenever we went on this journey, it seemed so adventurous to us. We were rather small children, and the field seemed so large. The hill seemed so high and when we reached the top we felt so much like conquerors, but when we got lost so helpless.

Now at twelve I look at our field and hill and wonder how Martie and I could have ever gotten lost, for the weeds and grass don't seem so tall, the swamp doesn't seem so treacherous, and the small slope doesn't seem so adventurous and mountainous. Now when I wander through the fields, I feel not so courageous.

MARY HIRTH, *Class of '69*

Whatever Happened to Pecos Bill?

SOME people say that he went bankrupt after the sandstorm that killed all his cattle. Others say a rich man took over his ranch. But would you like to know what really happened to him?

Well, I'll tell you. He lives in a cave with his horse; they are both very happy. The reason why they are there is because a man from Pecos Bill's ranch made insulting remarks about Pecos Bill and he left the ranch. But now he is very happy in the cave with his horse, the White Mustang.

Let's look in on him and see what he is saying, "Yah know boy, you're the best horse a man could own."

And the horse said in horse language, "Nay," which means, "Yep!"

And so we leave our happy pair and also the land of make believe. We may look in on Pecos Bill again.

CYNTHIA CAMPBELL, *Class of '71*

Moments of Happiness

I THINK the most exciting moment of happiness is when a robin or a bluebird arrives just at the right time, or when the first day of spring creeps in when it's been hiding around the corner all the time.

Did you ever feel happier than when the sun comes shining in your window for the first time after a long dreary rainy day? How about the time when you find out you are going on a trip?

But if some Gloomy Gus comes along, beware! Even so, you might talk him into being happy just like you! I never felt happier writing this story for you.

PENELOPE ALLEN, *Class of '71*

The Little Bird

It was a frosty morning and I was eating breakfast in the kitchen. When I was done I went outside and what do you think I saw? I saw a little bird and it was freezing. Then I took him in the house and gave him some peanut butter. When he finished I took him down to the basement and made him a birdhouse out of wood and then I went out and hung it on a tree and put the bird in it. Just then the bird called tweet! tweet! I suppose he was saying "thank you!"

Ellen Rosendale, *Class of '72*

Oh I Love Rain

Oh, I love rain,
Rain, fall on my window pane.
When I'm asleep,
I don't count sheep,
I count drops of rain,
On my window pane.

Josie Lowden, *Class of '72*

Rain

Mother was looking out the window pane,
And then down came a drop of rain.
He said "Hello" and then "Good-bye"
And shot right back into the sky.

Ellen Rosendale, *Class of '72*

Spring is Here

It is spring,
Bluebirds sing.
Bunnies are hopping,
Roses are popping.

ELENA KING, *Class of '73*

My Funny Dream

I dreamed I was a queen. Peter was my king. I had all the things there is. Even twenty diamonds that Peter gave me for my birthday. Diamonds are the last thing a lady needs. I have a four poster bed that Peter and I sleep in. The children sleep in plain beds. Their names are Billy and Susan. They do not go to school. I teach them every thing there is to learn.

BARBIE SMYTHE, *Class of '73*

Our Club

We have a Fort and we play games
We have a list of all our names
Love Elizabeth F.

ELIZABETH FRITZSCHE, *Class of '73*

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FITZ-GERALD, SAVERY . . . . . 6900 Wilson Mills Road, Gates Mills, Ohio
FLOYD, CAROLINE . . . . . SOM Center Road, Hunting Valley, Chagrin Falls, Ohio
FROHRING, MARTHA . . . . . Bainbridge Road, Chagrin Falls, Box 428, Ohio
FRUSH, BETSY . . . . . 539 Forest Hill Road, Mansfield, Ohio
GARLICK, KATHERINE . . . . . 170 Newport Drive, Youngstown, Ohio
GIBSON, LINDA . . . . . 2847 Manchester Road, Shaker Heights 22
HALL, SALLY . . . . . 2 Elysian Way, East Liverpool, Ohio
HALL, MARY . . . . . 856 Merriman Road, Akron 3, Ohio
HOLDEN, SALLY . . . . . 982 Mentor Ave., Painesville, Ohio
HUBBARD, JAN . . . . . Old Mill Road, Gates Mills, Ohio
KALKAS, BARBARA . . . . . 21262 South Woodland Road, Shaker Heights 22
KINDER, BARBARA . . . . . 2986 Glengary Road, Shaker Heights 20
KLIE, KATHY . . . . . 15 Chillicothe Road, Lake Lucerne, Chagrin Falls, Ohio
LASSEN, CHRISTIANA . . . . . RD No.1 North Lima, Ohio
MACKENZIE, ANNE . . . . . 800 Lucerne Drive, Chagrin Falls, Ohio
MACKENZIE, LESLIE . . . . . 800 Lucerne Drive, Chagrin Falls, Ohio
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MAY, SARAH . . . . . Roundwood Road, Chagrin Falls, Ohio
MIELZINER, ANNE . . . . . 3306 Ardmore Road, Shaker Heights
NARTEN, SUSAN . . . . . 2566 Wellington Road, Cleveland Heights 18
NAVE, SUZANNE . . . . . 2717 Ashley Road, Shaker Heights 22
NULSEN, SUSIE . . . . . 21301 Shaker Boulevard, Shaker Heights 22
NULSEN, VIRGINIA . . . . . 21301 Shaker Boulevard, Shaker Heights 22
PENDERY, NANCY . . . . . 2963 Claremont Road, Shaker Heights 22
PRITCHARD, DIANA . . . . . 2517 Wellington Road, Cleveland Heights 18
REICHERT, LINDA . . . . . 23999 Lyman Blvd., Shaker Heights 22
ROBINSON, ANNE . . . . . 500 Hampshire Road, Akron 13, Ohio
ROOS, PATRICIA . . . . . Chagrin River Road, Gates Mills, Ohio
ROSENTHAL, CYNTHIA . . . . . 19001 South Park Boulevard, Shaker Heights 22
SHENK, SANDRA . . . . . 22225 Calverton Road, Shaker Heights 22
SHEPARD, ANNE . . . . . 2731 Shelley Road, Shaker Heights 22
SMALLWOOD, CAROLINE . . . . . 2775 South Park Boulevard, Cleveland 20
SMITH, BETTY . . . . . Thirty Acres, Hudson, Ohio
SMYTHE, NANCY . . . . . 2741 Sherbrooke Road, Shaker Heights 22
SORACE, NANCY . . . . . 22639 Douglas Road, Shaker Heights 22
STEADMAN, CAROLE . . . . . 22239 Shaker Boulevard, Shaker Heights 22
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WEATHERHEAD, LEN . . . . . 7398 Chardon Road, Willoughby, Ohio

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COLEBROOK, SUSAN . . . . . 101 New Hudson Road, Aurora, Ohio
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DALTON, NANCY . . . . . 23770 Duffield Road, Shaker Heights 22
DALZELL, LUCINDA . . . . . 2475 Wellington Road, Cleveland Heights 18
DAVENPORT, MARGOT . . . . . 2936 Brighton Road, Shaker Heights 20
DAVIS, NANCY . . . . . 2995 Morley Road, Shaker Heights 22
DUNLOP, KATHERINE . . . . . 3120 Coleridge Road, Cleveland Heights 18
FAUVER, BARBARA . . . . . 294 Forest Street, Oberlin, Ohio
FEWSMITH, VIRGINIA . . . . . 2938 Boyce Road, Shaker Heights 22
GARVER, ANTOINETTE . . . . . 2665 North Park Boulevard, Cleveland Heights 6
GREEN, JUDITH . . . . . 13 East Gaylord Avenue, Shelby, Ohio
HALL, JENNIFER . . . . . 2 Elysian Way, East Liverpool, Ohio
HORSBURGH, DIANE . . . . . 23456 Stanford Road, Shaker Heights 22
HUNKIN, MARGARET (TUDY) . . . . . 21120 Brantley Road, Shaker Heights 22
HUTTON, JEAN . . . . . 3652 Sutherland Road, Shaker Heights 22
JOHNSON, CODY . . . . . 2707 Cranlyn Road, Shaker Heights 22
JONES, DEBORAH . . . . . 3042 Chadbourne Road, Shaker Heights 20
LOCKWOOD, JANET . . . . . 23776 Stanford Road, Shaker Heights 22
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WHITE, CATHERINE . . . . . 3007 Fontenay Road, Shaker Heights 20
WHITE, JANICE . . . . . 2520 Guilford Road, Cleveland Heights 18

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CURTISS, JOAN . . . . . 22550 Calverton Road, Shaker Heights 22
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GIBSON, MARTHA . . . . . 2847 Manchester Road, Shaker Heights 22
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GLENDINNING, JILL . . . . . 2505 Edgehill Road, Cleveland Heights 6
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HARWIN, SYLVIE . . . . . 2806 Fairmount Boulevard, Cleveland Heights 18
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HELLMAN, KATE . . . . . Cedar Road, Gates Mills
HICKOX, LINDA . . . . . 20575 Byron Road, Shaker Heights 22
HOBBS, BETTYE . . . . . 22400 McCauley Road, Shaker Heights 22
HOLAN, SALLY . . . . . 20874 Avalon Drive, Cleveland 16
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BAZTER, ANNE . . . . . 2341 Roxboro Road, Cleveland Heights 6
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BERGER, LUCIA . . . . . 2770 Chesterton Road, Shaker Heights 22
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CARTER, SARAH . . . . . Berkshire Road, Gates Mills, Ohio
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COLEMAN, MARLO . . . . . 20001 South Park, Shaker Heights 22
CRAIG, AMELIA . . . . . Metcalf Road, R.D. No.2, Willoughby, Ohio
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KLIE, SUSAN . . . . . 15 Chillicothe Road, Lake Lucerne, Chagrin Falls
KUHN, DEBORAH . . . . . 2853 Brighton Road, Shaker Heights 20
LARKINS, MARGARET . . . . . 19701 Shelburne Road, Shaker Heights 18
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WATKINS, VICKI . . . . . 30 Ridgecrest Drive, Chagrin Falls, Ohio
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WICK, MARY . . . . . 2771 Chesterton Road, Shaker Heights 22
WILLIAMS, KATHERINE . . . . . 2685 Rocklyn Road, Shaker Heights 22
YOUNG, PENELOPE . . . . . 19040 Shelburne Road, Shaker Heights 18

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First Vice-president . . . . . Harriet Ernst Veale, 1935
Second Vice-president . . . . . Jane Burge Chandler, 1950
Secretary . . . . . Jean Miller Latimer, 1929
Treasurer and Fund Chairman . . . . . Jean White Thomas, 1941

Council Members 1961–1963

Martha Eaton Hickox, 1935
Priscilla Johnson Ide, 1936
Gertrude Perkins Oliva, 1947
Nancy Christiansen Carpenter, 1950
Lila Janes Meister, 1939
Barbara Briggs Ochs, 1940
Caroline Biggar Karch, 1952
Lynn Case Asbeck, 1953
Michael Moore Little, 1954

Council Members 1962–1964

Betty Hurlock Augustus, 1945
Jane Graham Champ, 1950
Elizabeth Bunts Lawrence, 1952
Peggy Luckiesh Kundtz, 1950
Marian Morris Vogt, 1931
Eleanor Potts Bearden, 1940
Martha Bole Webster, 1934
Margery Stouffer Biggar, 1947
Heather White Barker, 1954
Heather Bruce Nevin, 1956
Katherine Foster Wick, 1931
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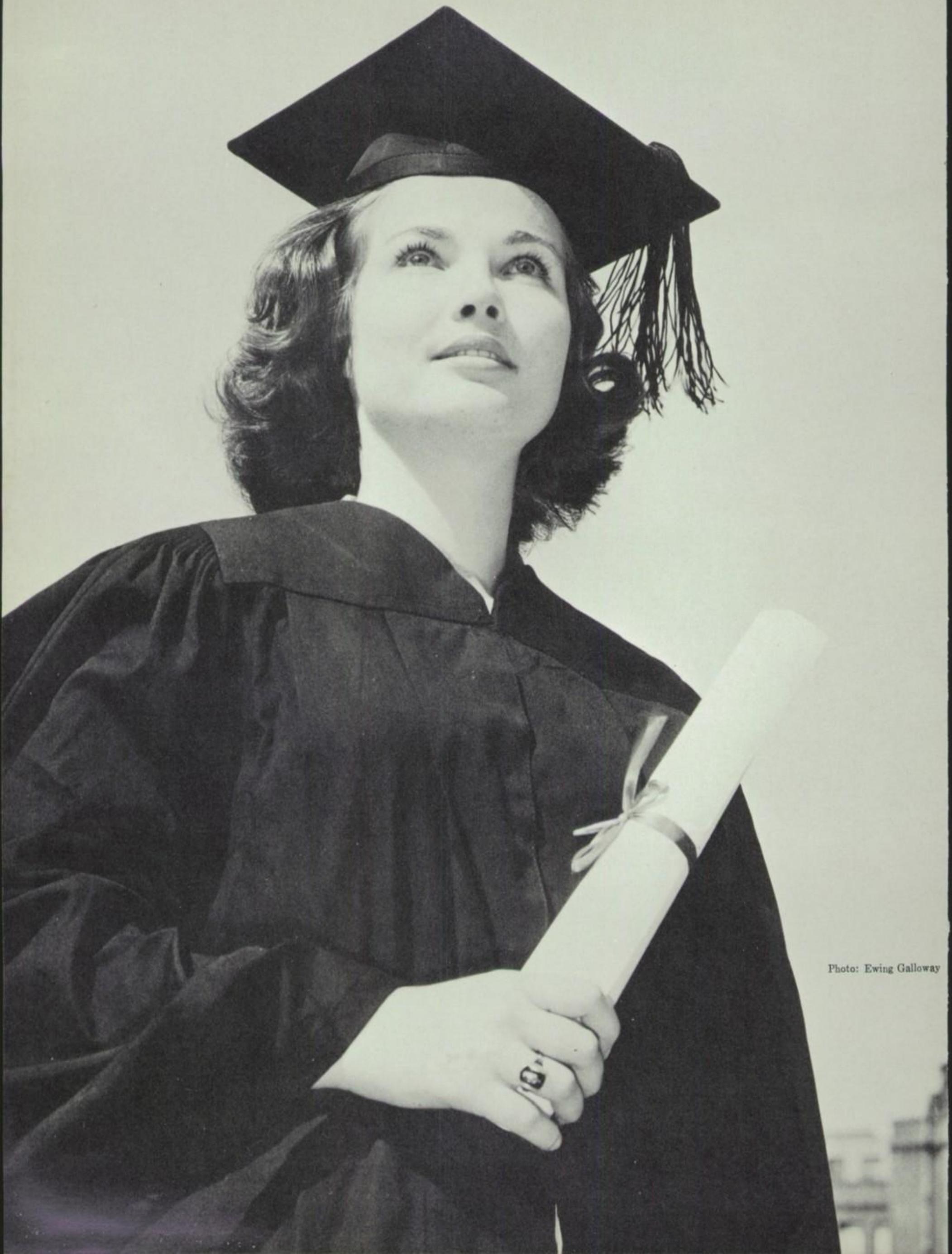

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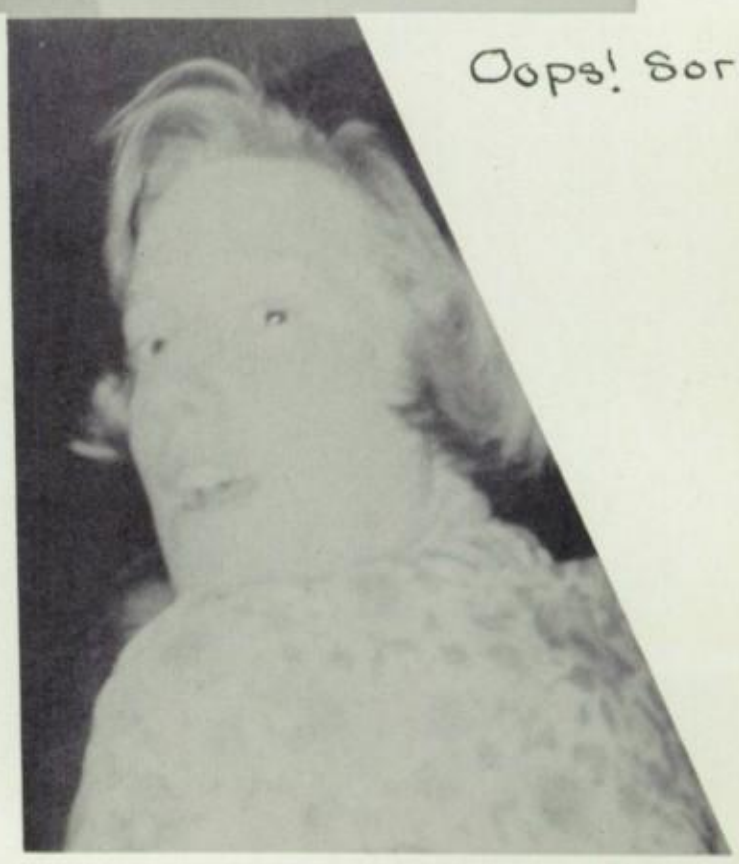

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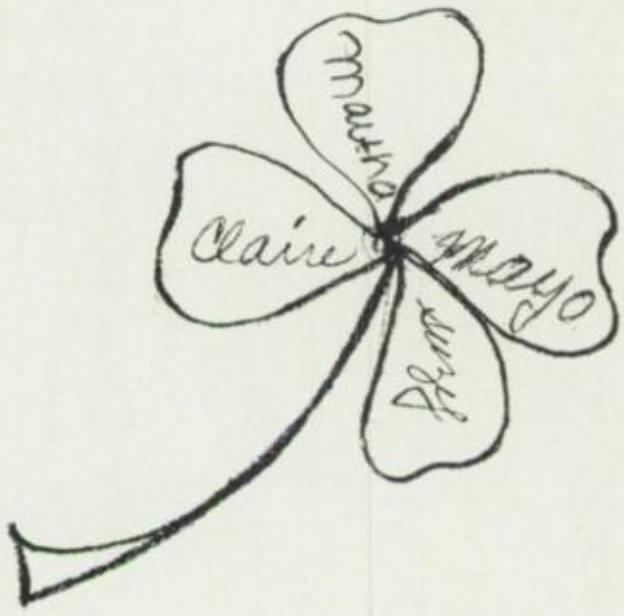

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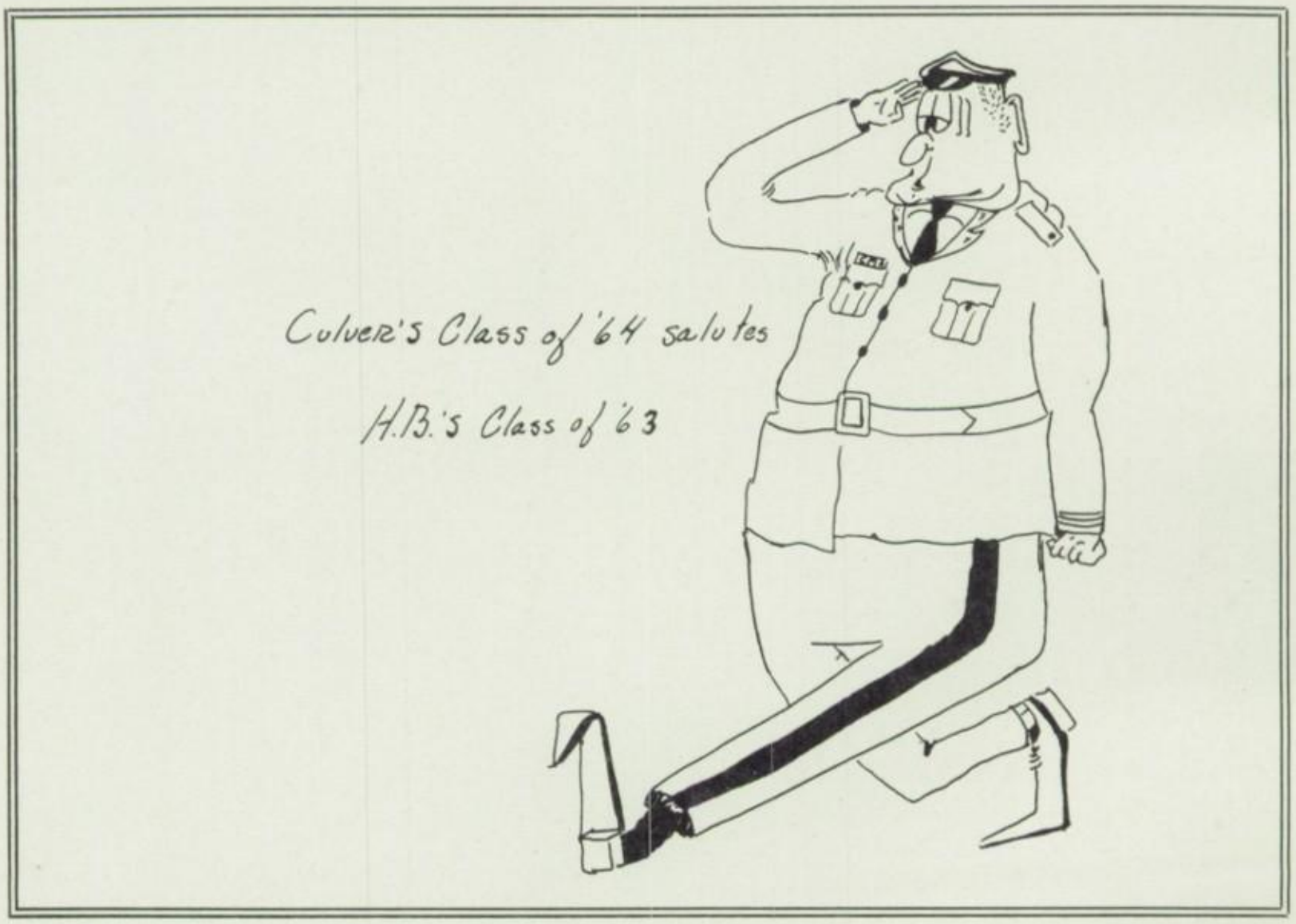

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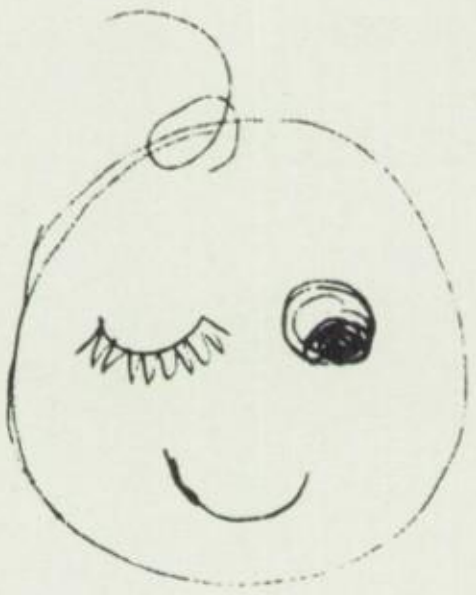

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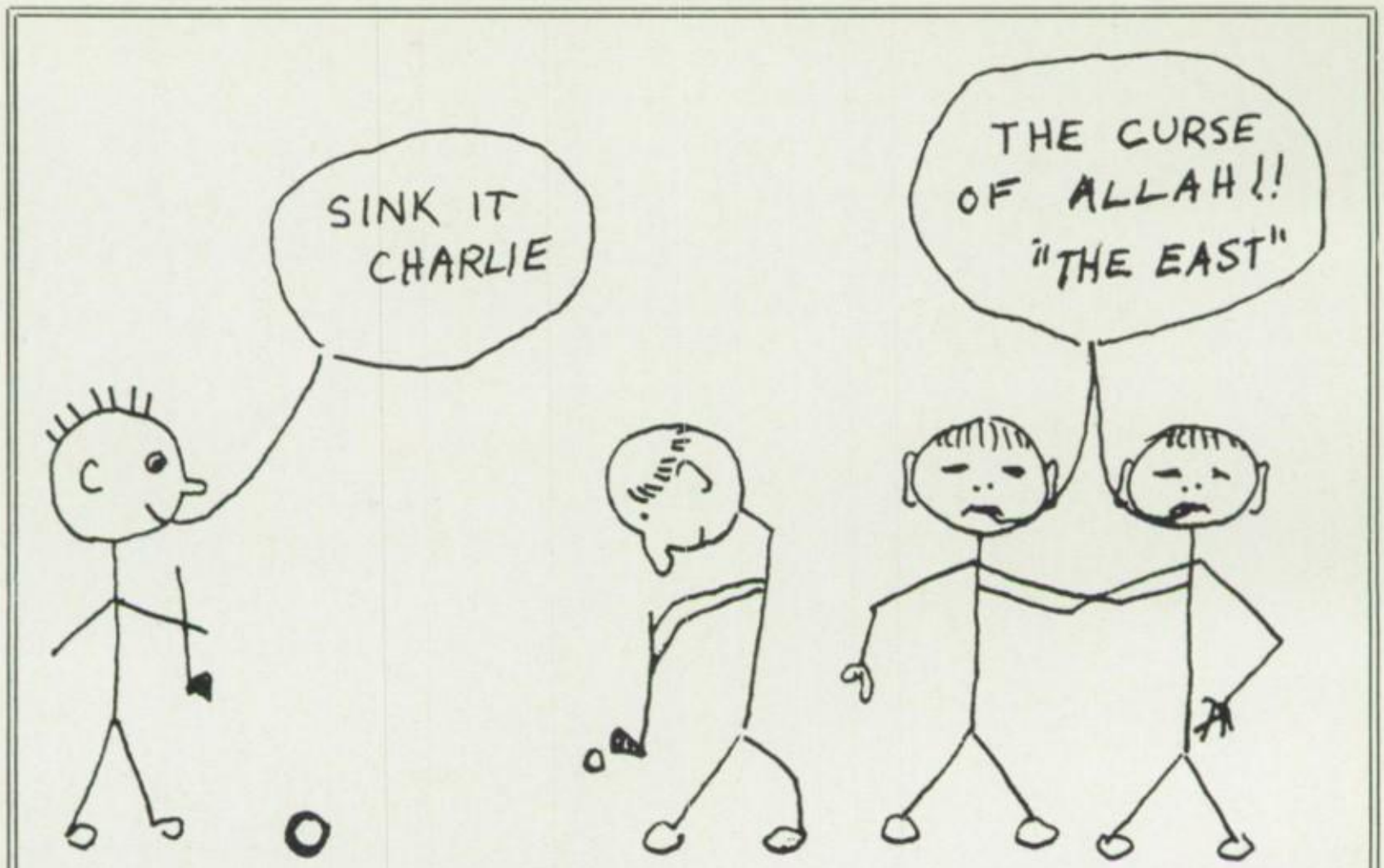

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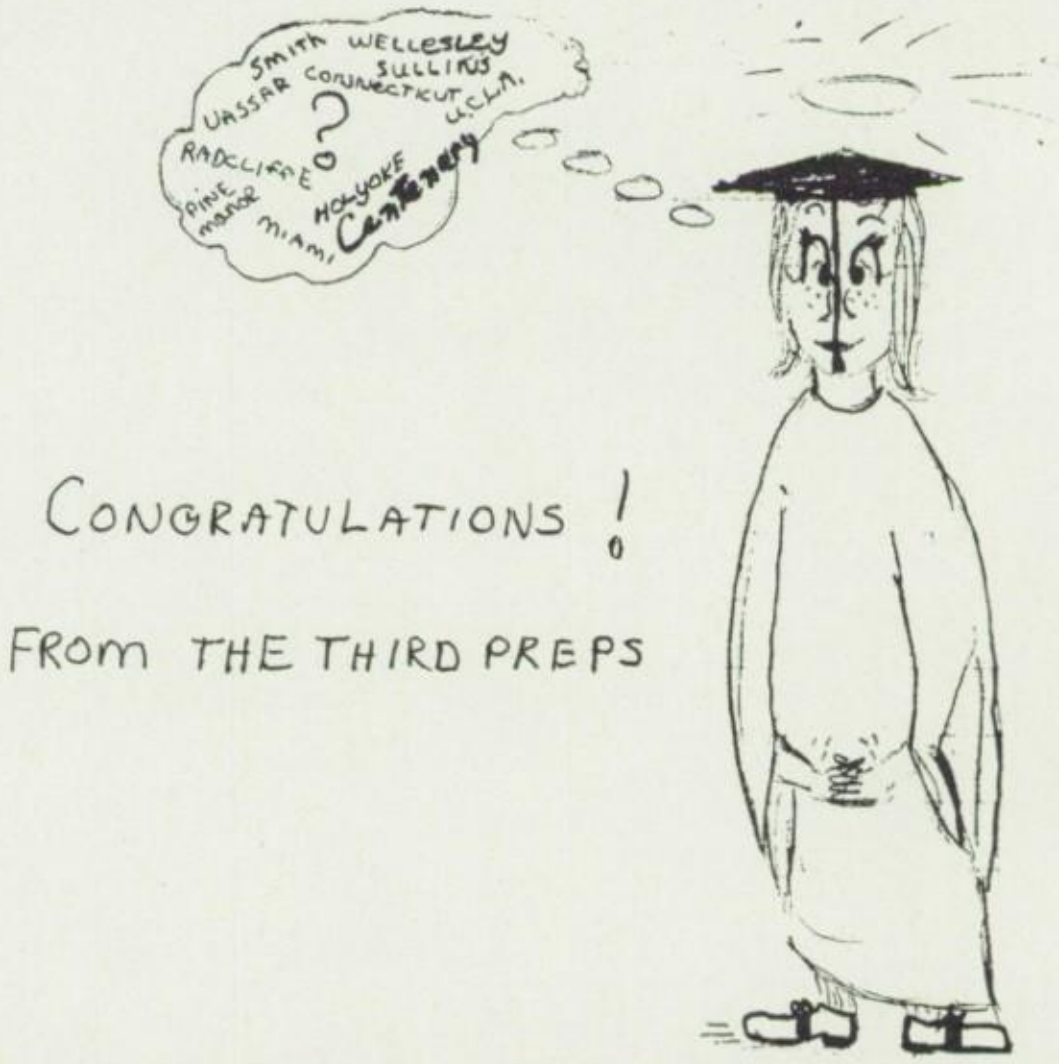

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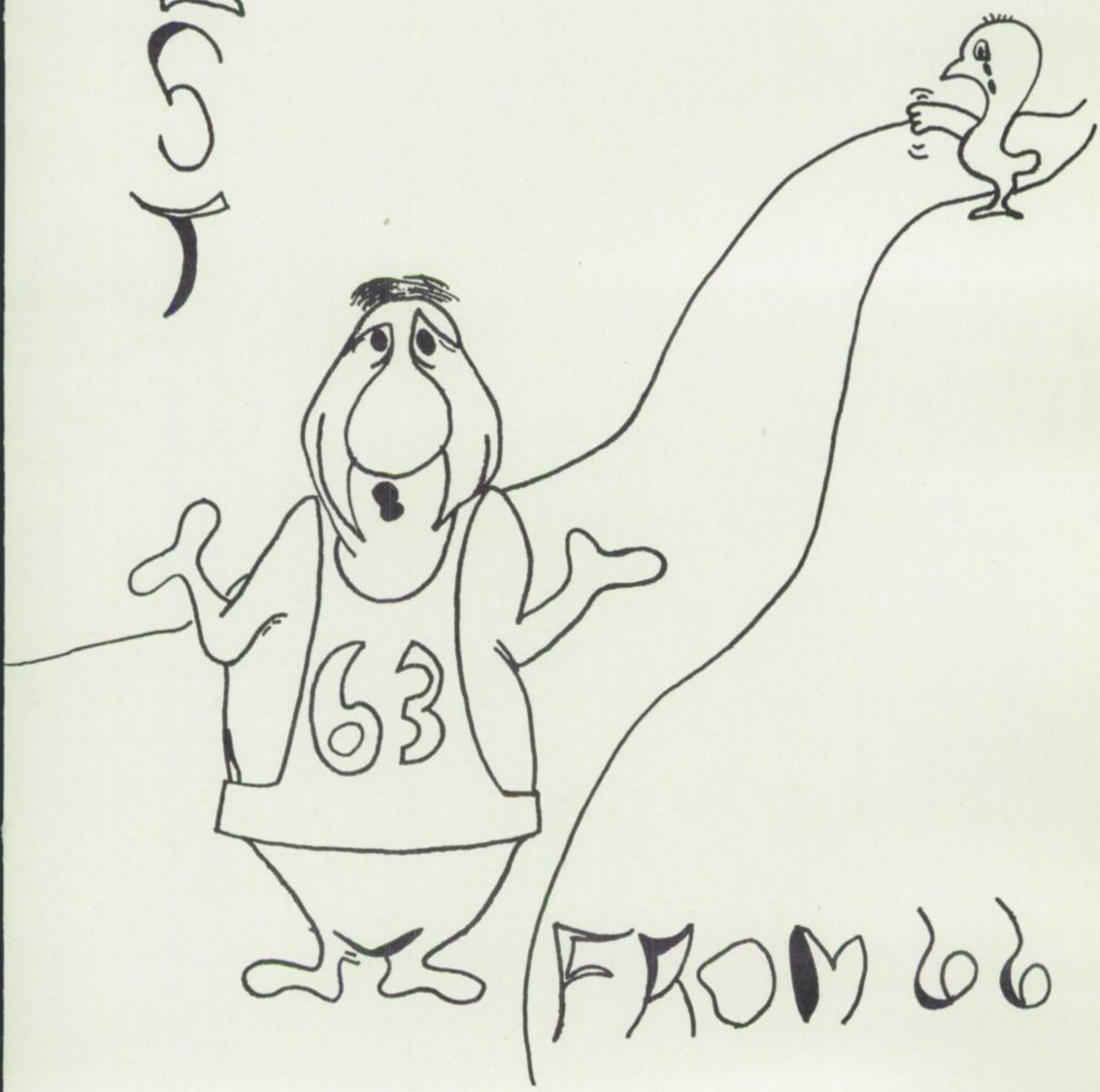

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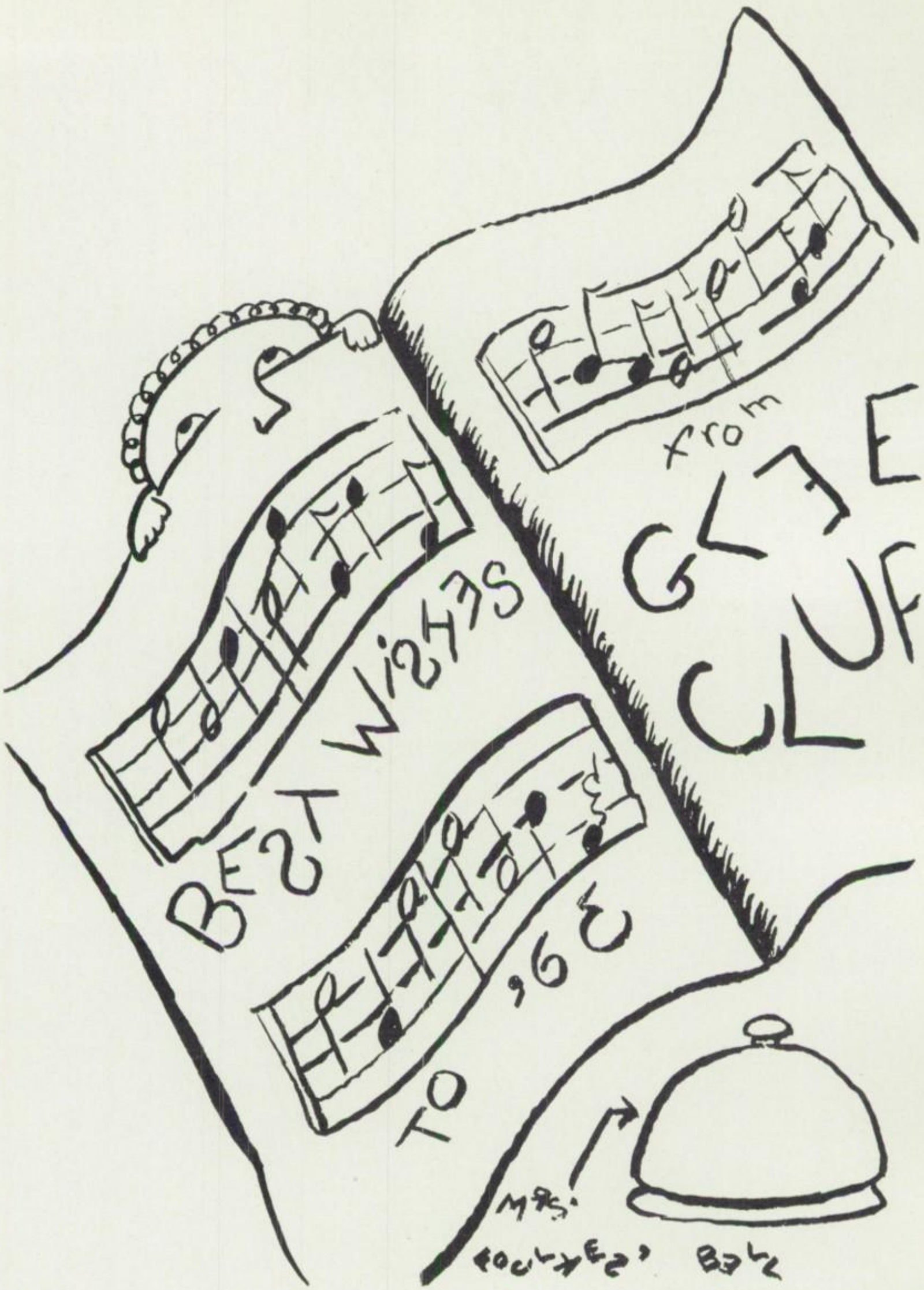
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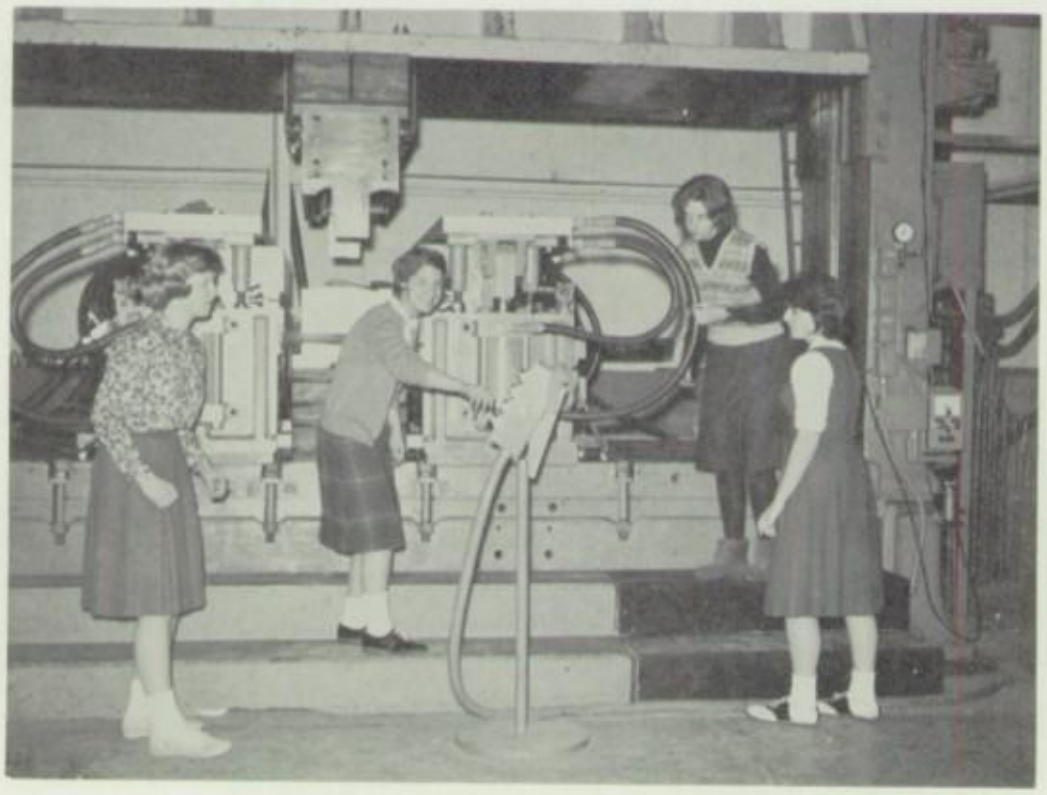

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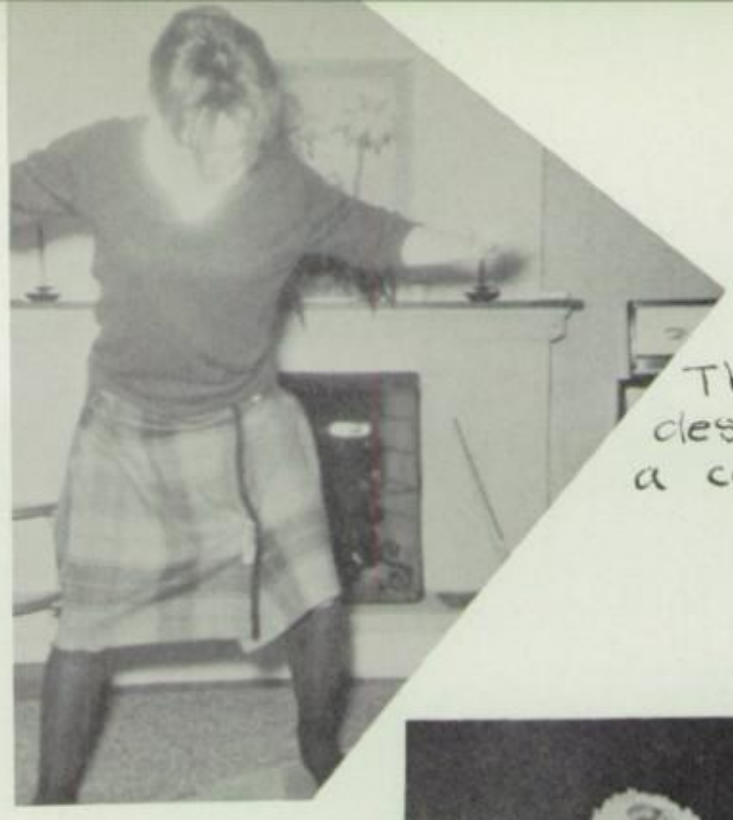

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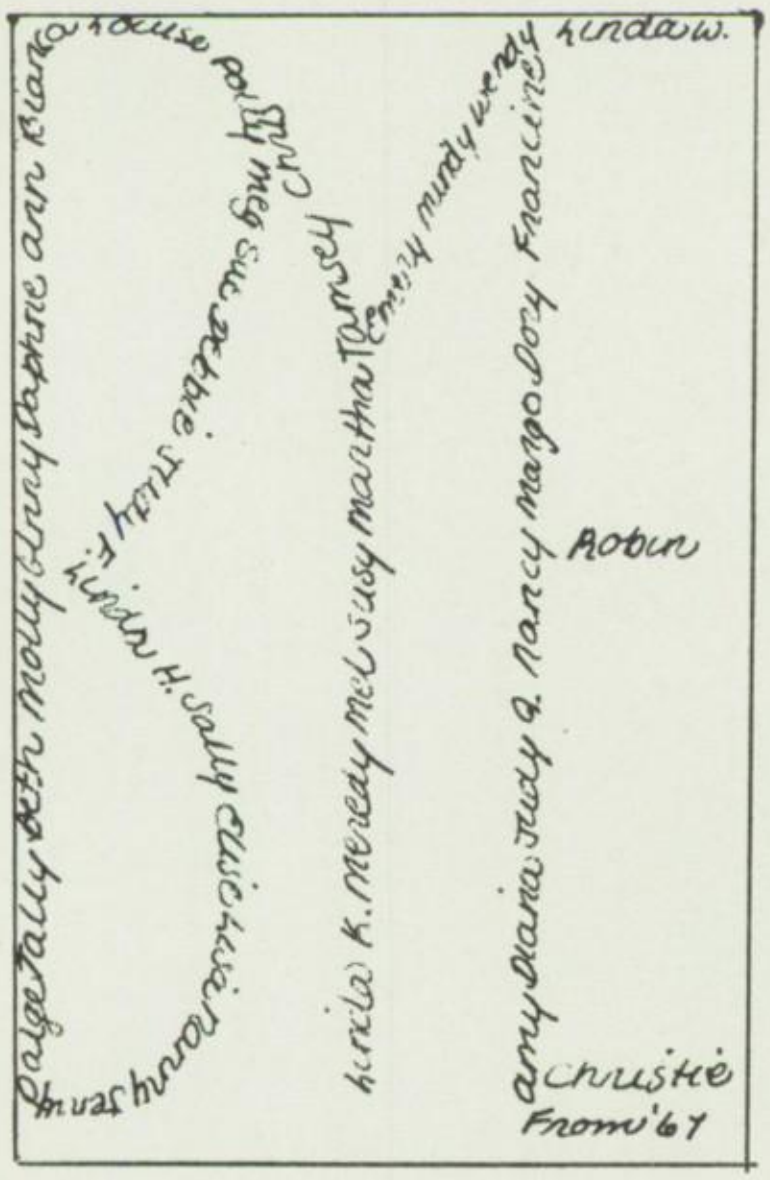

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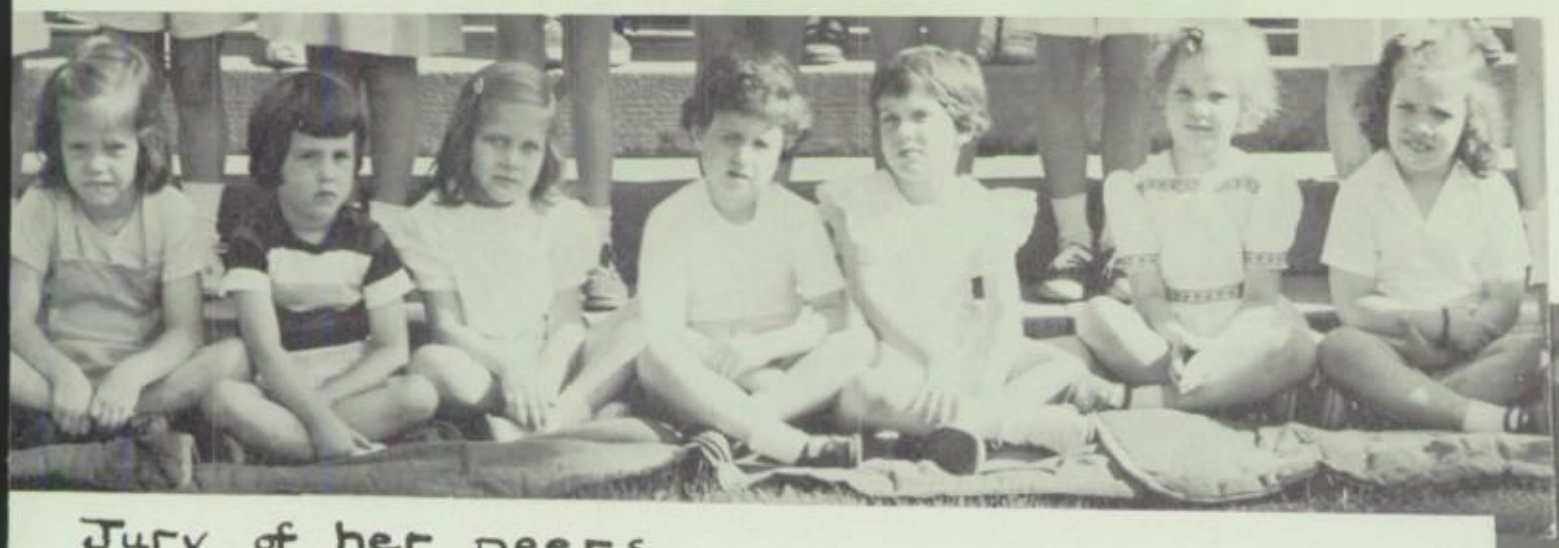

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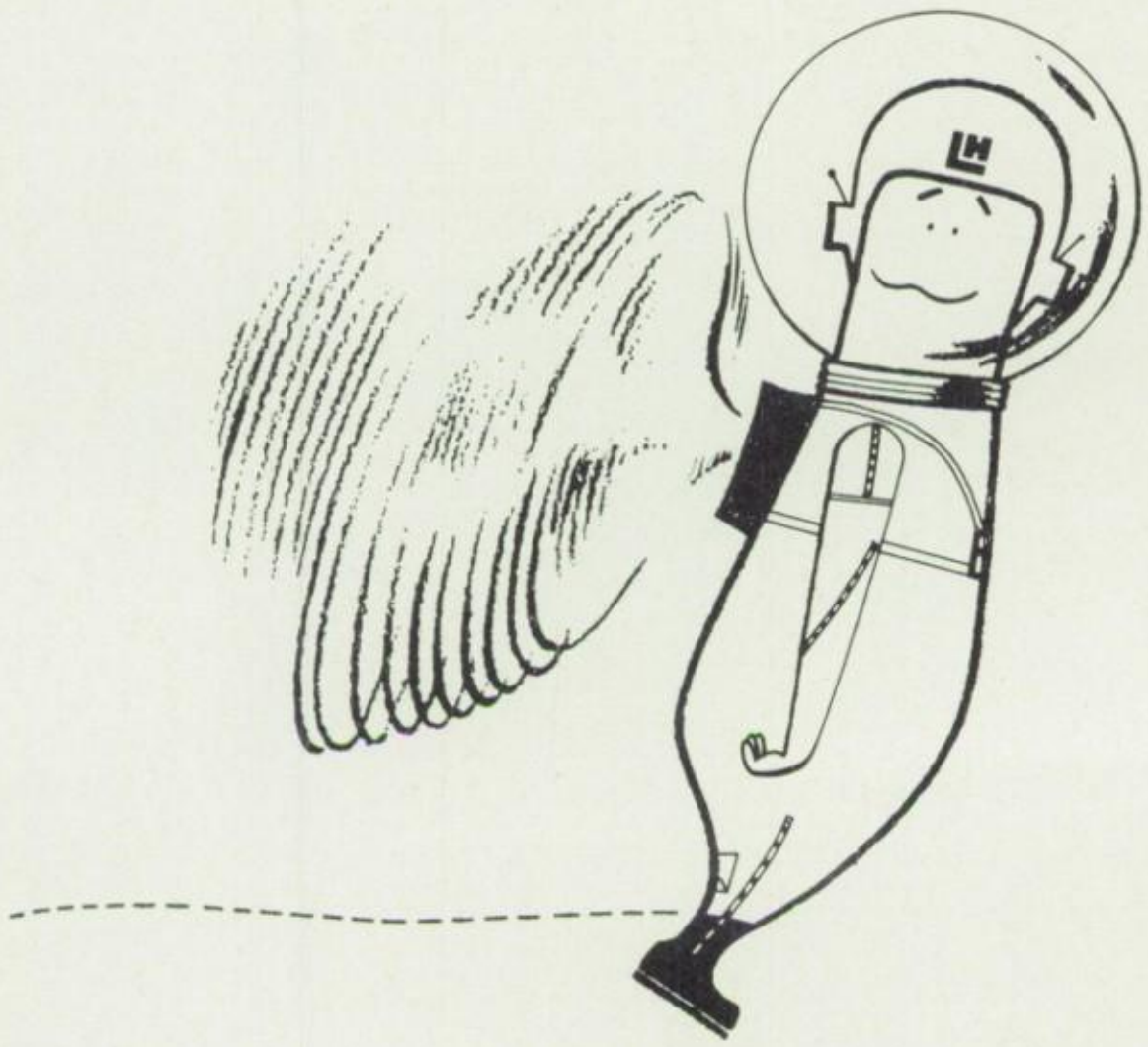

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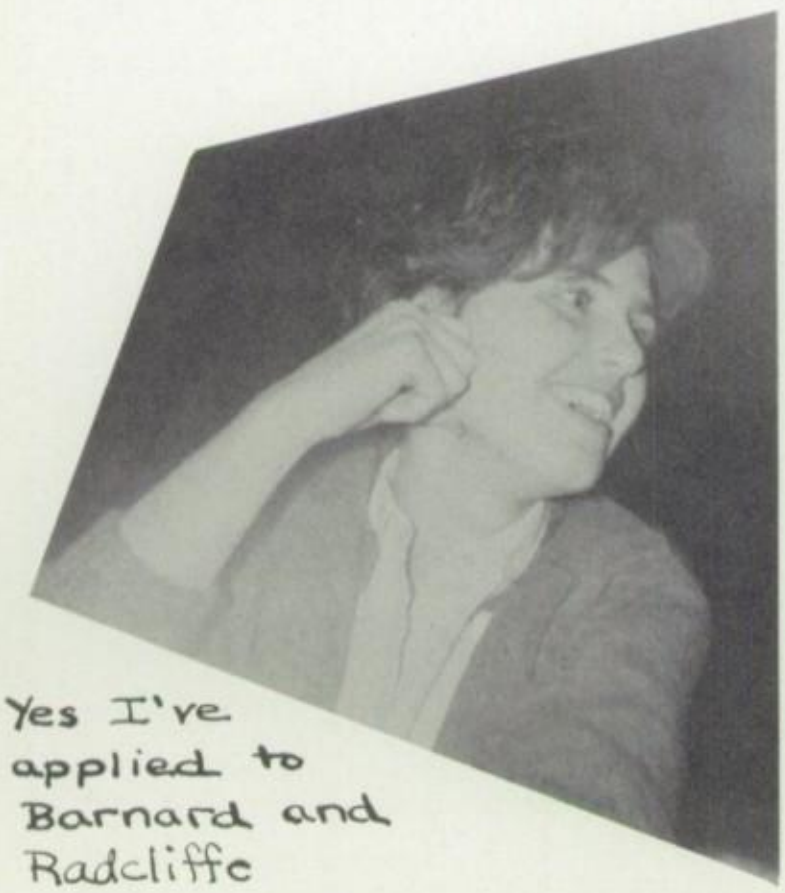

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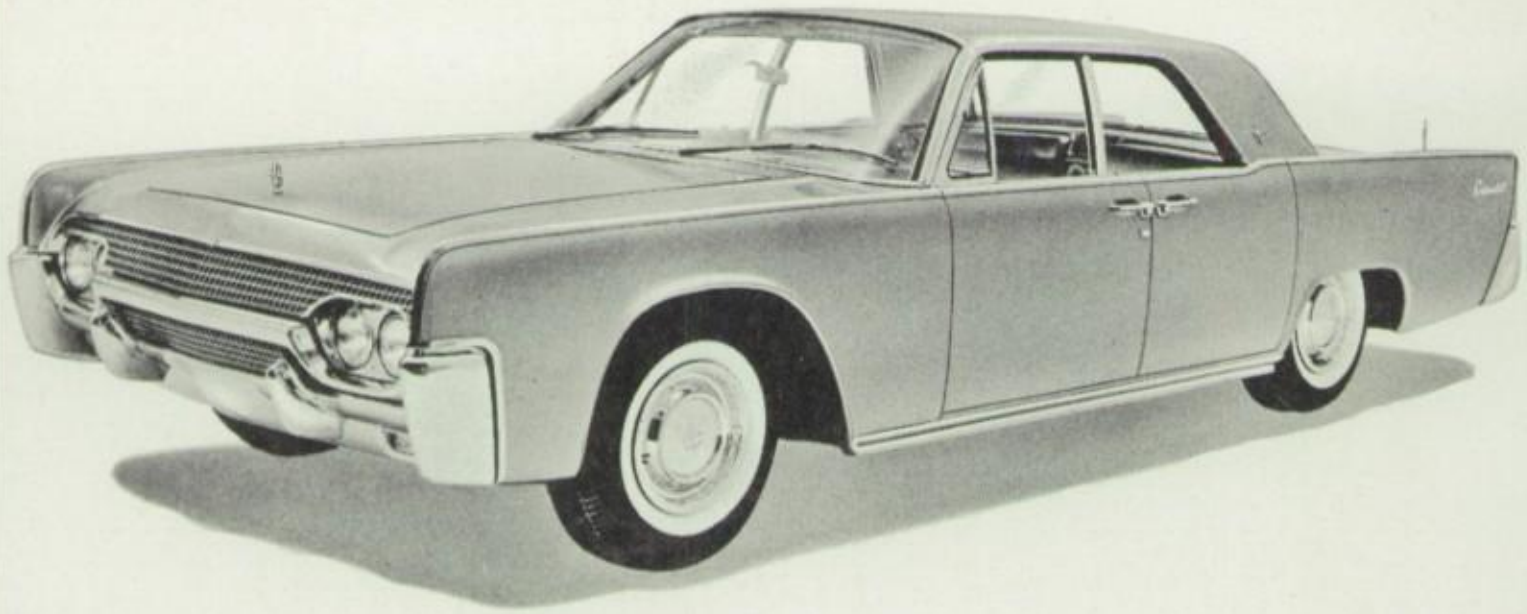

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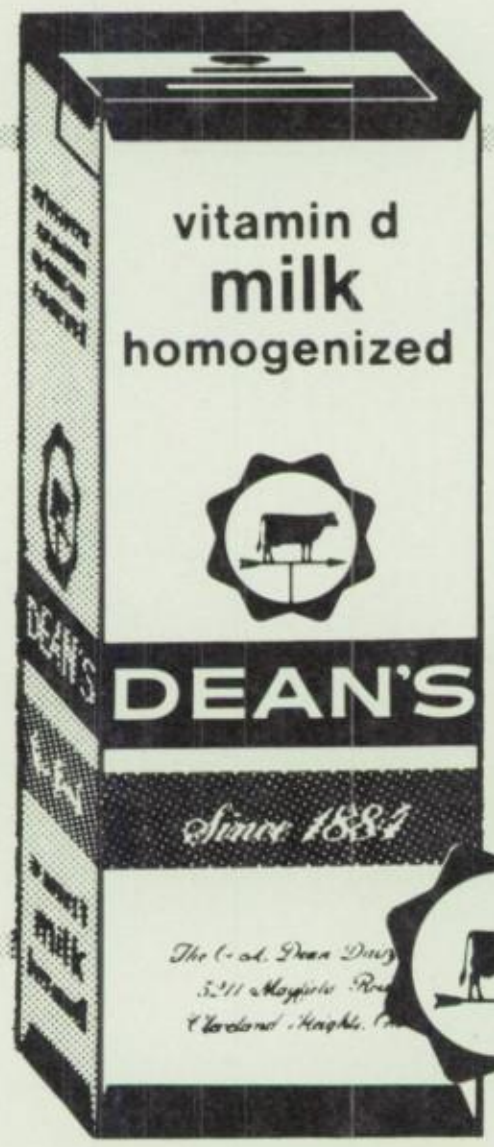

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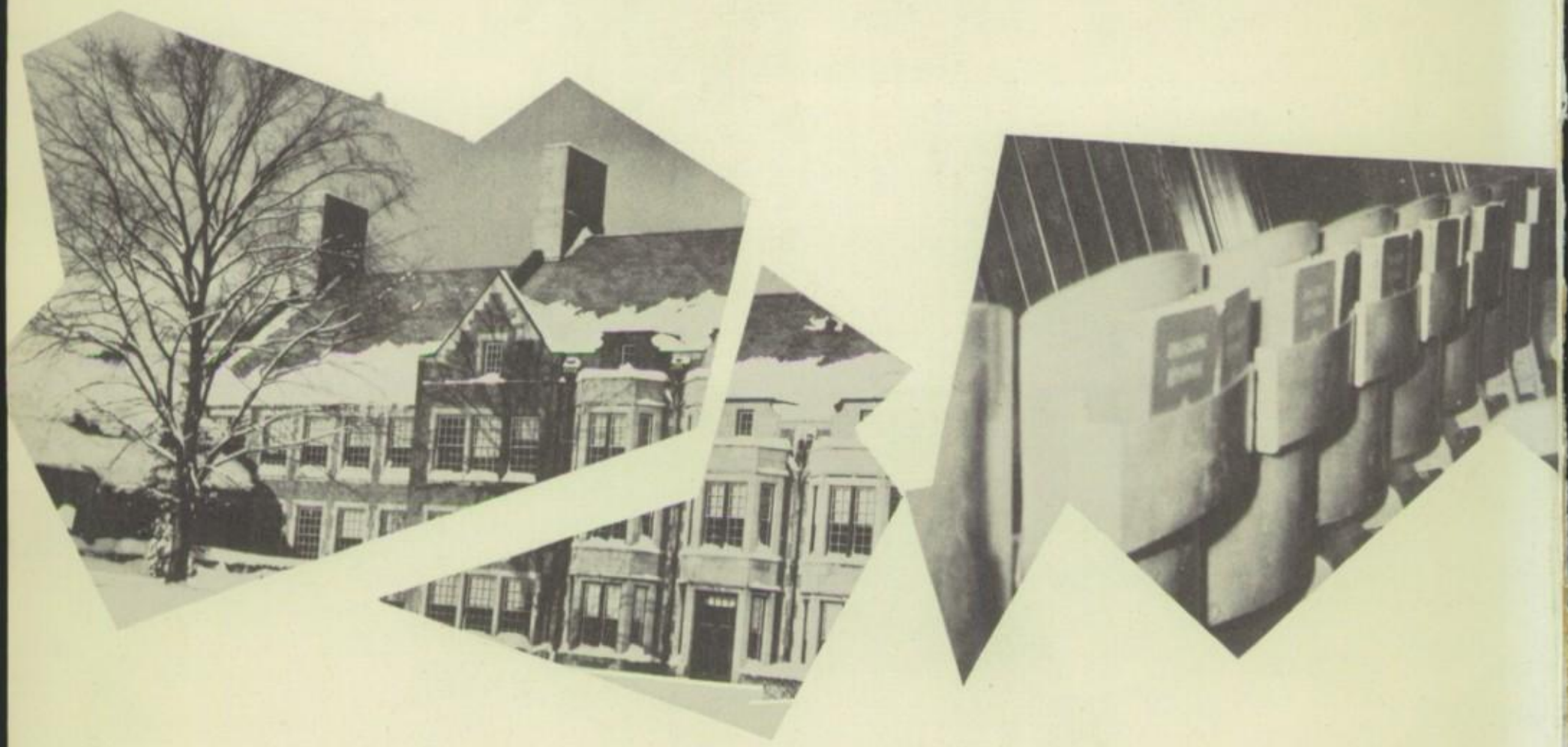
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